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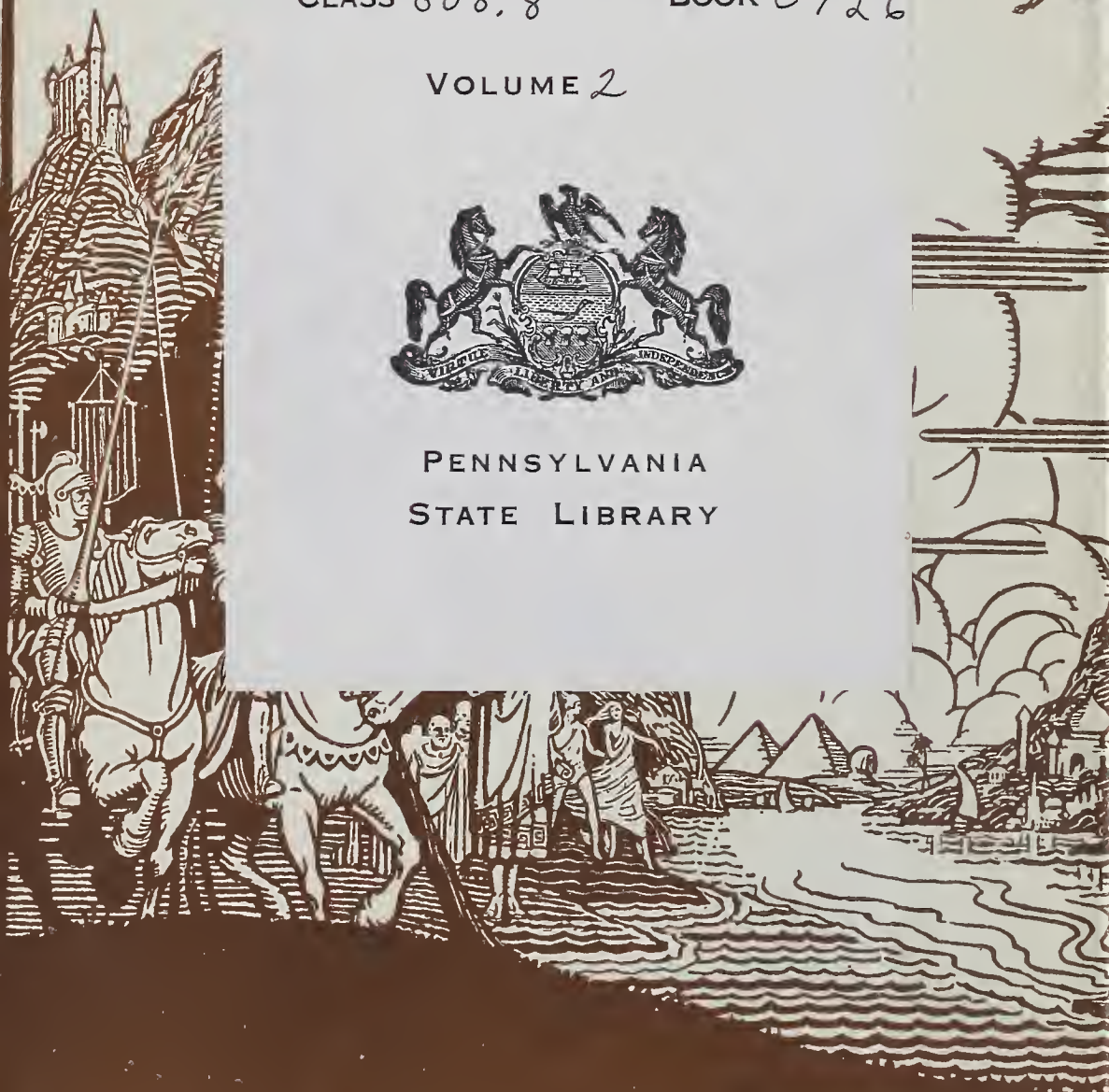
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MORNINGSIDE EDITION

Volume 2

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READING FROM HOMER

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The
Columbia University Course
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Literature



The Glory that Was Greece



New York

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THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE

WHO WERE THE GREEKS?

ANCIENT Greece was a country of limited extent occupying the most easterly of the three peninsulas that project from Europe into the Mediterranean Sea. Its extreme length from north to south barely exceeded 250 miles and it was not, at its widest, more than 180 miles in breadth. Mountain barriers cut it up into small districts which could each boast hardly more than one city of any size or importance. In the north was the fertile plain of Thessaly, girt on all sides by mountains, and to the west of this Epirus with its deeply cut valleys. To the south of these, stretching from east to west and forming the central part of Greece, came Attica, Bœotia, Phocis, where Delphi was situated, Locris, Ætolia, and Acarnania; these, with the exception of Attica and Acarnania, bordered the Corinthian Gulf on the north. South of this gulf lay Corinth and Achæa, forming the northern part of the Peloponnesus, or Pelops' Island, as the Morea was called in ancient times. The rest of this peninsula, which within the last few decades has actually been made an island through the cutting of the Isthmus of Corinth by a canal, is made up of the mountainous Arcadia in the center, with Argolis to the east, Elis, where the Olympian games were celebrated, to the west, and Sparta and Messenia to the southeast and southwest respectively.

This land, like much of the littoral of the Mediterranean, was inhabited in the second millennium B.C. by a highly civilized people of fairly homogeneous type, who built strong fortresses of so-called Cyclopean masonry, the separate stones of which were often so huge that the Greeks of historical times thought that only giants could have laid them. They had extensive water systems, and built elaborate palaces with bathing arrangements that would put many medieval palaces to shame. These palaces were beautifully decorated with friezes, mosaics, terra-cotta tiles and ornaments, fresco wall-paintings, and sculpture which had passed far beyond a rudimentary stage. They were richly furnished with utensils of copper, gold, and silver, and with pottery adorned with geometric and figured decoration. The uniform character of this culture and its points of contact with Assyria and Phœnicia on the one hand and with Egypt on the other indicate that the great inland sea of the Mediterranean must have been plowed for centuries by the sailing-craft of these maritime peoples. The location of their great cities on islands like Crete or near isthmuses like that of Corinth or on straits like the Hellespont, to the control of which Troy owed its greatness, is an added proof that trade and industry were what gave these people their wealth and power.

The excavations of Schliemann at Troy, Tiryns, and Mycenæ, and of Evans and others at Cnossus in Crete, as well as in many parts of Greece and Italy, have given us fairly definite conceptions of this Minoan or Achæan or Ægean civilization as this pre-Greek civilization is variously called. We probably owe the Homeric poems to a more or less direct recollection of this earlier culture, idealized by the imagination of the Greek poets of the ninth and eighth centuries B.C., for the life pictured in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* can easily be fitted into the setting afforded by these prehistoric fortresses. So too the intricate and confused ruins of Cnossus may well have given rise to the myth of the famous Cretan Labyrinth in which Minos is said to have kept the monstrous Minotaur, that offspring of Pasiphaë's passion for a beautiful white bull, whom Theseus, solving the maze by the use of Ariadne's thread, succeeded in slaying.

Toward the close of the second millennium B.C. these earlier inhabitants, who are often referred to by the Greeks as Pelasgi, were conquered or absorbed by a more vigorous people that swept down in successive waves from the regions of the Black Sea and the Danube. Among these invaders were the Achæans (also known to us in Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* as Argives or Danaans). They settled in the rich plain of Thessaly whence they were later driven by newer comers to the northern coast of the Peloponnesus where we find them in historical times. Of them was Achilles, the great fighting hero of the *Iliad*. Later waves seem to have consisted of the Æolians who occupied the more northern districts of the land, the Ionians who settled in the central regions of Greece, particularly in Attica, and the Dorians who penetrated farthest to the south and took possession of the Peloponnesus. Under further pressure from the north these tribes made their way across the Ægean Sea to Asia Minor and the islands off its western coast where they settled in the same geographical relation to each other, Æolians in the north, Ionians in the center, and Dorians in the south. The Trojan War seems, historically speaking, to have been a quarrel between some such earlier and later Greek settlers.

The language of the earlier inhabitants of the lands about the Ægean appears to have had no connection with Greek, but all these later immigrants spoke varying but extremely persistent dialects of the Greek language. These variations survived in the Ionic Greek of Homer and Herodotus, the Æolic of Sappho and Alcæus, the Doric of Stesichorus and Pindar, and the Attic of the Athenian writers. Apart from this kinship of blood, manifested in a common language, these different folk were bound together in a common culture and religion fostered by the great national festivals and athletic contests at Olympia, Nemea, the Isthmus of Corinth, and Delphi, where the great games in honor of the Pythian Apollo were held.

THE HOMERIC POEMS

In order to picture to ourselves what this early Greek life was like we have only to turn to Homer. The king was the commander in war, the arbiter and judge in civil life, and the representative and spokesman of his people in their relations with the gods. He was regarded as a descendant of Zeus, from whom he received his kingly power; this power was, however, limited through public opinion, voiced by a senate of kings and princes of lower rank. Finally, important decisions were referred for approval to an assembly of all the people. In these elements, then, we find the germs of government by kings, oligarchs, and democracies. Life was extremely simple; the homely virtues of courage in war and of skill and dexterity in arts and crafts were highly valued; kings built houses and ships, and the daughters and wives of kings spun and wove, washed the household's clothes and cooked. Slavery existed in a patriarchal form and the common people were heavily burdened but not unhappy. The protection of the powerful repaid them for their fealty. Among the chief pleasures alike of prince and people must have been the festivals and banquets in honor of the gods with their attendant athletic contests.

Among passages from the Homeric poems that cast light on the intellectual pleasures of those early times are the scenes in which Homer depicts the bard's part in the daily life of the nobles. Thus, in the home of Odysseus, as the crowning grace of the banquet, Phemius plays the lyre while the suitors dance, and later, while they sit listening in silence, he sings as a new and popular song the story of the return of the Achæans from Troy; Penelope hears it in her upper chamber and, saddened by the strain, descends and entreats him to select another from the many songs he knows.

We are to think of this poetry as retained by memory, and handed down orally, often, doubtless, from father to son and grandson, through long periods of time, until in the age of Pisistratus, in the sixth century B.C., with the wider diffusion of the ability to read and an increase in the use of manuscript books, the poems were committed to writing. Men began then to be conscious that much that claimed to come from Homer was not his at all. Thus arose the so-called Homeric question, which, in its modern form, at least, tries to decide whether Homer wrote both *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, or, if the former alone, whether even this came in its entirety and in its present form from the single mind of Homer.

At that time interest in the Homeric poems was such that at state festivals, such as the Panathenæa in Athens, contests were held between the rhapsodists, as the reciters were then called, and prizes were awarded to the winners. Pisistratus, in order to keep the poems from further contamination and interpolation by these professional reciters, made certain regulations as to the distribution of the parts which were to be recited by the contestants or as to the

order in which they were to succeed one another, thus fixing the form of the poems more definitely.

It is hard for us to realize how much the Greeks loved their Homer — this poetry of the youth of their people. It was more than a Bible to them, for it was associated not only with their holy days, when they celebrated the worship of their gods, but with all their glad feasts and holidays. Apposite quotations from the poems were the highest evidence of culture and good breeding; elegiac and lyric poetry drew their themes and their treatment of these themes as naturally from this great poetic treasury as they did their varied meters from the ever-changing music of the hexameters. Many were the Greeks who memorized the poems in whole or in part. Herodotus and Thucydides, Plato and Aristotle, knew their Homer thoroughly and quoted freely from both poems, and the tragic poets took their hearers back with them into this heroic world to teach them all they knew and felt about man and god, about life and fate. The Greeks well named Homer the father of poetry, for we can hardly imagine lyric and tragic poetry as coming into being at all without Homer as their source and inspiration.

There is to us moderns, too, something of perennial interest, of eternal freshness about the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, whether appreciated most fully in the sonorous yet facile rhythm of the original hexameters, or presented to us in the translations of men of such different epochs and literary fashions or ideals as Chapman and Pope, or Bryant and Palmer. The *Odyssey* in the prose of Butcher and Lang may be said to "read like a novel"; it combines the skill of high literary art with the ingenuous charm of a folk fairy-tale telling of strange adventures with sorceresses like Circe and Calypso or with giants and ogres like Polyphemus and the *Læstrygonians*. The romantic interest of the *Iliad* is less sustained, but we may still follow the story of the wrath of Achilles and his final reconciliation with the great king Agamemnon with somewhat of the thrill felt by Greek hearers or readers of many ages to whom Achilles became the ideal of sensitive, strong manhood, rebellious against an unjust king and an untoward fate.

The early popularity of the Homeric poems is attested by the rise of the poets of the Epic Cycle who attempted in brief compass to complete the story of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* or to tell of the events antecedent to it. Some of these poems in the uncertainties of oral transmission passed current under Homer's name, as did also the so-called Homeric Hymns, of which the shorter ones give evidence of having served as preludes to epic recitals, while the longer ones form short independent epics telling of the genealogy or history of separate divinities. Such are the hymns of Apollo, Aphrodite, and Dionysus.

HESIOD

The poems of Hesiod fall into an altogether different category. Where Homer had described the life of kings and heroes with all the glamour of war

and adventure, Hesiod tells us of the humdrum life of a poor Bæotian farmer making his living from barren and stony fields by the sweat of his brow. The personality of the poet is here more clearly seen, though his work itself shows far less creative individuality than the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*. His 'Works and Days' is little more than a catalogue of the times and seasons to which the farmer was a slave, interspersed with trite maxims and aphorisms. The bitterness of this rude life is reflected in what the poet tells us of his own life at Ascra, the little town on the slopes of Helicon. Cheated of his inheritance by his brother whom he is constantly chiding, he sourly and crabbedly decries his own time to the advantage of the golden and heroic ages that were past. In the 'Theogony,' Hesiod gathered together the religious lore that was current in his day about the origin of the world, and the relations of the gods to each other and toward men. The baser and more ignoble side of the nature of the gods is presented with a crudeness that differs essentially from the brighter picture in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Hesiod can hardly have written less than a hundred years later than Homer.

THE PERIOD OF COLONIZATION — LYRIC POETRY

In the seventh and sixth centuries B.C., as an outcome of trade expansion and colonization, political and military power was in many places seized by a new aristocracy of wealth. These oligarchies, through increase in the strength of a particular faction or family, were often transformed into tyrannies, which were not as a rule tyrannies in the modern sense of the word but merely governments by irresponsible rulers, who often had the good of their people or the fame of their city deeply at heart. Such were the tyrannies of the Pisistratidæ in Athens, of Polycrates in Samos, and in the fifth century B.C. of Hiero in Syracuse in Sicily, at whose courts poets, artists, and philosophers were wont to gather. The shores of the Mediterranean as far as Massilia (Marseilles) in the west, and Cyprus in the east, as well as the coasts of the Euxine or Black Sea, had been by this time colonized by Greeks from the mainland of Greece or from Asia Minor. A spirit of greater freedom for the individual was everywhere springing into being and experiments in more democratic forms of government were being tried in many places, especially in western Asia Minor.

Epic poetry had come into existence in the palaces of hereditary kings and had glorified them or their mythical ancestors. With their passing a new poetry of the individual, or of those individuals who now made up the state, came into existence, the more subjective Lyric. Interest in the glorious past of one's ancestors or one's race yielded to a desire for self-expression, as the individual began to realize that he was an essential element in the state. In the feuds and factions of colonization, and in the rivalries of commerce, the strongest characters prevail and the sterling qualities of bravery, patriotism, and self-sacrifice are developed. Such emotions, civic and individual, find expression in song. When thrown into close association with their peers in war

and camp, at banquet and drinking-bout, men glory in telling of their prowess in war and of their success in love, of the joys of wine or of the charms of their mistresses. Idealization of a heroic golden age, long since past, gives way to an interest in the passions, hopes, and fears of the present. Hence come the stirring and martial poems of a Gallinus and Tyrtaeus, or the sententious wisdom of a Solon.

The earliest form of this poetry was the Elegy. Not only were the language and dialect used inherited from the epic but even the verse was a variation of the heroic hexameter; for the elegiac distich is a couplet consisting of an ordinary hexameter followed by one in which the last parts of the third and sixth feet are suppressed or replaced by a pause. Elegiac poems, like all lyrics, were in the nature of "occasional verse," and treated of almost any subject in which the writer took a direct personal interest; war, party politics, morals, the joys and sorrows of life, anything in fact that the poet and his hearers might experience, were chosen as subjects for song. Though the elegy was originally a plaintive and mournful song Mimnernus made use of it in erotic poetry and was followed in this by the Alexandrian poets and by the Roman poets Ovid, Catullus, Propertius, and Tibullus.

Iambic poetry broke away from the literary tradition of the epic in using a meter that was more akin to the prose of daily life, and transferred such satirical invective as characterized the religious festival of Demeter to a literary raillery and criticism of one's foes or political opponents. Archilochus' satire is that of a bold and dashing cavalier who gives free vent to his feelings, while Simonides of Amorgos expresses the bitterness of a man disappointed in life and in himself.

The development of lyric poetry was coincident with a great improvement in the lyre. Terpander added three strings to the instrument's four, and a complete octave was attained. Under the inspiration of higher musical skill came a more impassioned poetry. In Lesbos, in the highly musical Æolic dialect with its soft liquid and sibilant sounds and its more open vowel scale, the passionate feelings of a Sappho found adequate expression. No poet of any time has ever succeeded better in making sound voice sense. Even the most inarticulate emotions of joy and sorrow find utterance. Alcæus, too, in poems that deal with love, politics, and patriotism, reflects to us, with the high-spirited carelessness of a wealthy Lesbian noble, the turbulent life of struggle between the oligarchs and the masses. Here, too, belong the beautiful lyric gems of an Anacreon, which were the models for many a later poet, whose work is often confused with that of the master.

The Dorian lyric poetry was less personal than the Æolian, centering as it did around the religious festivals of the race. To its earlier poets, Alcman, Arion, and Stesichorus, respectively, are attributed the invention of strophe and antistrophe, the dithyramb sung by the cyclic chorus, and the epode. Simonides and Pindar transcend the limits of the Dorian school and represent

the highest development of Greek lyric poetry. Both came under the inspiration of the Persian wars and saw Athens extending its empire over the Ægean. What part the rhythmical beauty of the dances and the more highly developed musical skill of the time played in stimulating and exciting the imagination of these poets we can never know. We see an intoxication of sense which, though never so un-Greek as to become neurotic, touches all life with a magic that seems to carry us into another world. Bacchylides of Ceos, a nephew of Simonides, is now known to us by nineteen poems recently found in an Egyptian papyrus (1896); most of these — like the poems of Pindar — are "epinicia," that is, they are poems that celebrate the victories of athletes. Bacchylides fails to reach the heights of imagination of Pindar, but his poems are remarkable for their grace and beauty.

THE RISE OF ATHENS AND THE PERSIAN WARS

The Homeric poems and the earlier forms of the lyric had arisen in western Asia Minor. It remained for the genius of the Attic writers to develop, in that greatest of all periods of Greek literature, the fifth century B.C., dramatic poetry, history, oratory, and philosophy. The way had been prepared for this in the last half of the previous century when, under the Pisistratidæ, the city of Athens had been beautified by the building of great temples to her gods, education had been fostered by the thronging thither of artists, poets, and philosophers, the great religious celebrations such as the Panathenæa and the Eleusinian mysteries had fostered the patriotism of her people, and finally the reforms of Cleisthenes, resulting in a democratic form of government, had prepared the way for the glorious victories over the Persian invaders at Marathon, Salamis, and Plataea, in the years from 490 to 479 B.C.

Coincidentally with the reign of the Pisistratidæ in Athens a great empire had suddenly arisen in southwestern Asia. It is in the highly dramatic narrative of Herodotus, of Halicarnassus in Asia Minor, that we read of the rise of the Persian empire under Cyrus the Great; of his victory over the Medes and the Lydian king Croesus and then of the subjugation to his power of the Greek cities of Asia Minor. Cambyses, his successor, brought Egypt under his sway, and Darius, the third of these kings, invaded Europe, marching through Thrace and even crossing the Danube into Scythia. The Athenians in supporting a revolt of the Greek cities had burned the royal city of Sardis, and Darius in order to punish them sent a great force across the Ægean under Datis and Artaphernes. This was gloriously defeated at Marathon by the Athenians under Miltiades. In the midst of his preparations for a still greater expedition Darius died, but his son Xerxes in the year 480 B.C. with a force that numbered, so Herodotus tells us, more than two million soldiers, crossed the Hellespont on a bridge of boats and marched by land against Greece with a huge fleet accompanying him by sea. Though delayed for a short time at

Thermopylæ by Leonidas and his band of Spartans, he marched rapidly on to Athens which had been hurriedly abandoned, and destroyed it. His fleet was however ignominiously defeated by the combined Greek fleet in the narrow bay of Salamis, and Xerxes, fearing that the Greeks might destroy the bridge over the Hellespont, started to retreat by land, leaving a force of 300,000 men under Mardonius to complete the subjugation of Greece. This force was utterly annihilated a year later by an allied army under the Spartan king Pausanias. Europe and Greek culture had been rescued from inundation by hordes of Asiatics and the credit for victory was due chiefly to the patience, perseverance, and courage of Athens.

THE DELIAN CONFEDERACY AND THE AGE OF PERICLES

The fear of renewed invasions of Greece caused the formation of the Delian confederacy with Athens as its moving and controlling spirit. Through the transfer of its treasury to Athens, this league virtually became an Athenian Empire, with the various states paying tribute to Athens as their defender against the Persians. The national consciousness of the Athenian people was so stimulated by their success in the war with Persia and their city became so beautiful with its temples of Pentelic marble, built largely with this tribute money, that it is not surprising that in this glorious Age of Pericles its dramatists, historians, and philosophers, as well as its statesmen and orators, were inspired to rival these creations of architects and sculptors with the still greater and more lasting achievements of intellectual genius. One of the greatest of these was the Greek drama.

GREEK DRAMA — TRAGEDY

Drama in Greece arose naturally from the two types of literature that we have already discussed. Epic poetry was dramatic in the sense that where it was in any way possible the story was developed in an interchange of speech between the persons of the narrative. Thus long stretches of the *Odyssey* are told in the words of Odysseus himself, and two-thirds of the first book of the *Iliad* is in dialogue. Though it would seem to us that, given such a highly dramatic scene as the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon, the idea of dramatizing it would have occurred to some one at a comparatively early time, such was not the case. Greek drama did not spring from the epic directly, though its effectiveness was largely derived from that remote world of supermen and gods which had been described by Homer so vividly that it still lived in the imagination of the Greeks of the sixth and fifth centuries B.C. It was from the Doric dithyramb that tragedy arose by almost painfully slow steps. Arion had introduced in his cyclic choruses conversations between the members of the chorus about Dionysus' wanderings and adventures, but it was reserved for the Athenian Thespis in the little deme of Icaria, where this worship was

early established, to make the decisive invention — the addition of a real actor who in conversation with the chorus or its leader could take the part, now of a priest of the god, now of the god himself, and again of some mortal like Pentheus resisting the ecstatic frenzy of the god's devotees. The revels and dances of the Dionysia, then, celebrating the rejuvenation of the earth in the glories of spring, became the immediate source of Greek tragedy, and the theater of Dionysus in Athens was to the whole Greek world the center of this, the highest manifestation of the literary genius of the Greeks. The dithyrambic choruses in honor of Dionysus were originally danced by men impersonating satyrs, youthful and lustful creatures, half man, half goat, and it is from the Greek word for goat ("tragos") that tragedy gets its name. The "skene" or tent in which the actor changed his costume has given us the word "scene," which we now interpret as meaning the setting in which a given episode takes place, or the episode itself.

Before entering upon a discussion of the famous Greek dramatists we, who are accustomed to seeing plays within closed and roofed theaters, should picture to ourselves what a Greek theater was like. In Greece when once the spring rains are over in March the weather is uniformly clear. There was no need therefore of anything in the nature of a roof. The seats of the spectators were on a slope that commanded a distant view, usually of the sea. The theater was more rounded than the semicircular Roman theater, thus bringing the orchestra further forward, for, differing from the Roman practice, the acting probably took place in the orchestra and not upon a raised stage. The seats were concentrically arranged and were cut into wedges by aisles that went up from the orchestra like the fingers of a spread hand. The theater of Dionysus at Athens lay on the southeast slope of the Acropolis and seated about 17,000 spectators. The seats in the front row were reserved for state dignitaries, the priest of Dionysus having the seat of honor in the middle of this row. Since the free population of Athens in the decades before the Peloponnesian War (431-404) probably numbered about 100,000, it is clear that nearly all the male population of the city could and did see the great spectacle of the plays at the greater Dionysia.

ÆSCHYLUS. The essence of tragedy lies in the clashing of two moral principles; two personalities, or "characters" in the literal sense of the word, must be brought into juxtaposition and conflict. In dramas, like those of Thespis, with only one actor, tragic situations could only be narrated. It was Æschylus who by the introduction of a second actor really created tragedy, for antagonists were thus brought face to face, the names in fact for first and second actors being protagonist and deuteragonist. In his earliest play, the 'Suppliant Women,' sparing use of this innovation was made, the choral or lyric songs predominating; in the next two tragedies, the 'Persians' and the 'Seven against Thebes,' the choruses are reduced in length and the dialogue increased, but the moments of greatest tragic interest are narrated rather than acted, in

spite of the fact that a second actor was used. In the four later plays, however, the tragic situations are developed by the dialogue itself, and the chorus, except in the 'Eumenides,' ceases to take any real part in the action of the play and becomes merely a sympathetic spectator. Æschylus often made his plays more effective by having the four plays, with which a poet contended for the tragic prize, deal with one theme, in a so-called tetralogy, or at least by connecting three of them so as to form a trilogy with a satyr-play at the end in which the spirit of the old Dionysiac festival was kept up. What distinguishes him most from his two great successors is the lofty grandeur of his art, and the serious moral purpose with which his plays were written. His characters are titanic in strength, and indomitable in will and patience, but the preternatural in them is so tellingly described or suggested that they take us away into a world where fate is inexorable and the gods are ever just in punishing men's crimes.

SOPHOCLES. In the 'Frogs' of Aristophanes, Sophocles cheerfully yields the palm in this grand art to Æschylus. The heroes and heroines of Sophocles are no giants like Prometheus, championing the cause of mankind, no Cassandra, endowed with strange prophetic powers, but real human beings, men and women cast large, but true to type, idealized perhaps and made perfect but still remaining creatures of this world, about whom no veil of mystery could be thrown. It is as the poet who perfected the tragic art, the poet who most fully realized its proper limits, and within these limits brought the most tremendous effects into being with the simplest, truest, most obvious means, that we must evaluate Sophocles. As the relative importance of the dialogue increased, he felt the need of a third actor and this improvement made it possible to contrast the reaction of two different natures like those of Antigone and Ismene to Creon's order that their brother was to lie unburied, and to depict in the face or gesture of a Jocasta, as she listens to the dialogue through which Œdipus learns from the shepherd the facts about his birth, the tragedy in a human soul that sees death and shame before it.

With the increase in the power rapidly to develop the action through the more extended dialogue and the larger number of actors on the stage at one time, the need of a trilogy or tetralogy on the same theme was no longer felt. Rather did the choice of subjects that differed give greater variety to the tragic performances.

EURIPIDES. Sophocles, in comparing himself with the third great tragic writer, said that he represented men as they ought to be, while Euripides represented them as they were, a statement that forcibly contrasts the idealism of the one with the realism of the other. Euripides' plays reflected the newer and more cosmopolitan philosophy of the last part of the fifth century B.C. Nay, they even anticipated or perhaps contributed to produce that of the following century. The appeal was made to personal sentiment and emotion rather than to men's common feelings of right and wrong, and in this more individual and

sentimental view of life the passions of love, jealousy, hate, and fanaticism are naturally the mainsprings. Euripides is therefore in spirit the most modern of the three tragedians. The symptoms of Phædra's lovesickness, her querulousness and petulance, are described almost in the fond detail of a melodramatic novel. Euripides won the first prize only five times, as compared with Sophocles' eighteen victories and Æschylus' thirteen, but after his death his dramas far surpassed in popularity those of his predecessors. In modern times, too, in reaction against almost a cult tendency to put Sophocles on the pedestal of tragic perfection, Euripides has been increasingly appreciated, as the innovations which he introduced have been more fully understood in relation to the changing life of his time.

GREEK DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL FESTIVALS

On no occasions in the life of ancient Athens did popular excitement run higher than at the two grand festivals of Dionysus, the City Dionysia and the Lenæa. These celebrations were distinctly religious. After a spectacular parade, with all the splendor and jollity of a Mardi Gras, the statue of Dionysus was ceremoniously placed in the theater, where the seat of honor was always given to his priest. Happiness reigned supreme. Disorder or crime during these days was regarded as sacrilege and was summarily dealt with. Audiences of fifteen to twenty thousand sat on the ground or on rude benches from morning to night, for five or perhaps six consecutive days, listening unwearied and unsated to play after play of tragedy or comedy, or to the cyclic dithyrambic choruses of men and boys from the different tribes. Prizes were given in all three contests, the award being made by five judges chosen by a somewhat complicated method combining election and lot. At the City Dionysia strangers were present in large numbers to share in this, the greatest of the religious functions of the state, and, during the period of the Athenian supremacy, the tribute from the allied states was exhibited at this time, and ambassadors came to present their causes. Our great musical festivals form perhaps the closest parallel to these celebrations, but the Dionysia were state functions; poets and players were selected by the state, and public money, raised by a tax on the wealthiest citizens, was used to meet the expense; tickets were provided by the state for those who were too poor to pay the merely nominal price of admission. These choruses and plays were the greatest of the literary pleasures of the citizens and took for them the place of magazine and book reading. The tragic and comic poets were their religious, political and social teachers. Sententious aphorisms and quotations in contemporary and later literature testify to the part played by comedy and tragedy in shaping public opinion and morals.

In a city like Athens, beautified by the most graceful temples that the world had ever seen, with its squares and porticos adorned with the sculptures of a

Phidias or a Polyclitus, scenes like these must have been an inspiration to Athenian and foreigner alike. How blest was Athens in its Acropolis, that towering hill of only a thousand feet in length, crowned with the Parthenon, and the Erechtheum, and the magnificent portal the Propylæa! Later on in the year what a scene must the Panathenæa, too, have afforded when the light-hearted and brightly clad Athenian youths and maidens wended their way up the violet-crowned hill to the temple of Athena, patroness of art and literature and embodiment of Athenian moderation and wisdom.

GREEK DRAMA — COMEDY

ARISTOPHANES. Though tragedies as well as comedies were presented at both of the greater festivals of Dionysus, tragedy predominated at the City Dionysia and comedy at the Lenæa. This latter festival occurred in mid-winter and was therefore not frequented by strangers, as the sea was then not safe for travel. Comedy arose from the joyous side of the worship of Dionysus, as tragedy from its more serious phases. The name comedy is probably derived from the "comus" or band of revelers which during these festivals indulged in coarse jokes or licentious banter at the expense of the spectators. Its essence lies therefore in ridicule, in arousing a laugh, and in thus increasing the merriment and jollity of the crowd.

These comic songs had assumed dramatic form first in Megara, from which city they were introduced into Attica in the time of the Pisistratidæ by Susarion. The crude Megarian farce had developed even then into a comedy of manners, for we read of the invention, by a certain Mæson, of masks of uniform types, representing, *e. g.*, slaves and cooks. This comedy of manners must have persisted in many parts of Greece and especially in Sicily, where Epicharmus first brought it to high perfection early in the fifth century. It gave rise later to the Middle and New Comedy or at any rate was parallel to these.

In Attica we find, under the democracy of the fifth century, Eupolis, Cratinus, and Aristophanes (though comedies of the last alone are extant) turning their jibes against the foibles and weaknesses of men prominent in political life, or against the larger policies of the state. This could only take place while democratic free speech reigned, and accordingly we find Aristophanes in his later plays abandoning completely his invective of Cleon and his raillery of the Knights and the Dikasts for literary criticism in 'The Frogs,' and for satire on women's rights in 'The Ecclesiazusæ.' It is a mistake to assume that Aristophanes regarded himself as having any other mission than that of amusing his audiences. He was by nature a conservative, a "laudator temporis acti," and for this reason was unable to see the good in the new philosophy or the new drama of his time. His greatest gift, apart from a keen sense of humor that enabled him to turn anything and everything in the daily life of the Athenians into a jest, was a wonderful vein of the purest lyric melody.

Nothing can ever surpass the joyous warbling songs in the choruses of 'The Birds.'

MIDDLE COMEDY. Aristophanes' 'Plutus' forms a transition to the Middle Comedy of the fourth century in that it has a certain moral tendency, showing as it does the advantage of having the good made rich. During this transition period the comic writers found their subjects in the philosophical, literary, and religious fads of the day rather than in politics. The more sober interest of the Athenians of this time in oratory seems to have removed politics from the comic sphere, or perhaps the more cosmopolitan spirit of the time made things of this nature seem less fit subjects for comedy. We find coming into existence, then, a genuine comedy of manners in which all the characters tend to become types, the parasite, the impecunious lover, the miserly or the indulgent father, the cunning slave occurring again and again. Burlesques of the old gods had helped to establish such types as the glutton, the braggart, or the wanton.

NEW COMEDY. In Menander the culmination of this tendency is reached, though it is only through the Roman writers, Plautus and Terence, and a few rather extensive fragments that have recently been unearthed in Egypt that we can appreciate somewhat fully the nature of his own and of his contemporaries' work. These changes had been accompanied, if not in great measure caused, by a decrease in the part taken by the chorus. This may well have been, at first at any rate, largely a matter of economy in the administration of the Dionysiac festival. Modern comedy, except in the form of the musical extravaganza, has never subjected itself to the incubus of a chorus.

THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR

The last three decades of the fifth century form a terrific and tragic contrast to its glorious beginning. Athens had even from the middle of the century become increasingly unpopular with her allies in the Delian Confederacy, many of whom she had already reduced to the condition of subject states. Her transfer of the treasury from Delos to Athens and the use of the tribute money to beautify the city of Athens had made her many enemies. But it was the growing hatred on the part of Sparta and other Dorian states that finally brought on the Peloponnesian War. These states were by nature conservative, so that the Attic-Ionic aggressiveness in trade and colonization filled them with apprehension for the future. Where they were strong in fighting by land, she was steadily growing in naval power, and this they felt threatened the prosperity of the Dorian colonies in the western Mediterranean and elsewhere. It was in fact the naval intervention of Athens in a quarrel between Corinth and Corcyra that in 431 B.C. started the war. In its earlier period the Peloponnesians invaded Attica annually as the crops ripened, while the Athenians with their fleet made reprisals on the coasts of the Peloponnesus. Gradu-

ally Athens' land allies fell away, but a victory at Sphacteria near Pylus, where a large number of Spartan citizens were captured, was followed in the year 421 B.C. by the Peace of Nicias. This was, however, soon broken. With the disastrous Sicilian expedition the catastrophe of the war, in the literal sense of the word, began, and the defeat at Ægospotami, in the peninsula of the modern Gallipoli, in the year 405 B.C., led to the capture of Athens, the destruction of its walls, and the establishment of an oligarchy in the place of the democracy which had lasted for more than a hundred years (510-404 B.C.). As Herodotus makes a drama of the Persian Wars so Thucydides makes us feel the tragedy of this collapse of Athens' greatness, with its final fall narrated in the *Hellenica* of Xenophon, who completed the history of the war and carried the narrative of events down into the next century. I must at this point trace briefly the origin of historical prose writing and touch upon the work of these three great historians.

HISTORY

History with the Greeks, like the other forms of their literature, followed a course of natural development from the ruder to the more complex. In the logographers of western Asia Minor, as these recorders of dry facts were called, history took its rise, much as in the earlier epic poems we saw the way prepared for Homer, and this earlier stage culminated in Herodotus, who is rightly called the Father of History. Just as centuries were required to develop epic verse, so a considerable time was doubtless necessary to make Ionic prose the facile instrument which we find Herodotus using so gracefully and interestingly. Among a people that makes little use of writing, literature starts in the form of poetry because this is easy for the poet to remember and repeat, and is more interesting for the hearer to listen to, since it has the added charm of musical rhythm and a poetic vocabulary which is rendered poetic by the very fact that it is reminiscent of bygone times, remote from the prosaic present. With heroes and their deeds enveloped in this enchantment of distance, imagination has freer scope, and the pictures thus called forth are sharply impressed on the hearer by their verbal form and are easily recalled in quotation and fancy. Prose came to be used by these historical logographers only when repeated attempts at a use of the hexameter for such purposes had proved how futile it was to put classified and dissected facts into poetry.

HERODOTUS. Herodotus was to the ancients, as he is to us, the prince of story-tellers. His work was not intended primarily to be read in book form, though it is most interesting reading. It was to be read aloud by the author himself, and we hear in fact of such public readings given by him in Athens and at Olympia. Eight or ten readings would cover the history of the Great Persian War, for this was Herodotus' only theme, though he artfully brought

in many a tale of Egyptian wonders that he had seen, and many a description of strange customs like tattooing among the Thracians and the scalping of their enemies by the Scythians. These stories seemed to him to have a bearing on the great events which he naïvely tells us in his preface he cannot allow to be forgotten. This great war so fraught with tragic moment for Greece and Persia he unfolds like a veritable tragedy. How Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Salamis have continued to live in men's memories as among the greatest days in the history of mankind! Herodotus was a genuinely religious man and saw in the disaster to Xerxes' invading millions the hand of divine providence smiting down the things of high estate. If he regarded the gods as envious of man's greatness, it may have been that he saw with timid eyes Athens, too, rising to a supremacy that he felt must challenge defeat and destruction.

THUCYDIDES. Herodotus gives us many a glimpse of his friendly, credulous, garrulous personality, but Thucydides with an austere self-restraint, that arises from his scientifically objective point of view, permits hardly any inferences as to his political or religious opinions. Profiting undoubtedly by what he conceived to be Herodotus' faults, he proposes to himself to set forth the facts about the Peloponnesian War, foreseeing that it was to be one of the most important of wars. His plan was chronological, and it is only because his masterful mind sees events in their just relative importance and their bearing on each other and on the whole war that this way of treating his subject is kept from degenerating into dry annals. As it is, we have perhaps the greatest history that has ever been written dealing with one of the greatest tragedies of history. Thucydides does not attribute the dread result to fate, or even to divine interference. With cold, sharp clearness of vision he describes the weaknesses and sins of men and parties and nations as bringing their dire consequences with the scientific precision of cause and effect. We feel, however, the intenseness of his love for Athens and his sympathy for democracy. His literary style he created for himself. In the narrative portions, as for instance in his description of the plague at Athens, it is direct and terse, but when he attempts to reproduce the speeches of conferences and embassies, as he felt he must, in deference to the Athenians' love of oratory, he shows the influence of the artificial rhetoric of Antiphon and of such sophists as Gorgias of Leontini; his terseness then becomes obscure and his antitheses are frequently false and without point.

XENOPHON. Although Thucydides outlived the Peloponnesian War, his history covered only the first three quarters of it. The last years (411-404) are treated by Xenophon in the first two books of his 'Hellenica' in a strangely summary fashion and with the emphasis frequently on unimportant events. The latter books are not in the same degree open to this criticism, but they too reveal Xenophon as lacking in historical perspective and prejudiced by his own political convictions. In his 'Anabasis,' however, we have a fascinating historical account by an eye-witness and participant in Cyrus'

attempt, with the aid of the Ten Thousand Greeks under Clearchus, to overthrow his brother Artaxerxes. The 'Cyropedia' is an imaginary account of the birth and education of Cyrus the Great, and is really a political pamphlet in a form approaching our novel, in which Xenophon sets forth his ideal of a monarchy.

SPARTAN SUPREMACY FOLLOWED BY THEBAN

The supremacy of Sparta, resulting from her victory in the Peloponnesian War, was short-lived. Athens speedily threw off the oligarchical form of government that had been established by the aid of Sparta and joining forces with her old enemy Thebes succeeded in humbling Sparta at Corinth and at Coronea in the year 394 B.C. The final blow was struck at Leuctra in Bœotia by the Thebans alone under their great general and statesman Epaminondas in the year 371, for Athenian jealousy had led them to conclude the so-called Peace of Callias with Sparta a short time before this event. The Theban supremacy in its turn lasted only for a decade, for Epaminondas fell in the victorious battle against the Spartans at Mantinea in Arcadia (362 B.C.) and soon after this the intervention of Philip of Macedon in the Sacred War waged between Thebes and Phocis over the cultivation of a plain sacred to Apollo of Delphi resulted in the defeat of the Phocians and in Philip's obtaining possession of Thessaly (352 B.C.). Philip next attacked the Athenian possessions in Thrace and along the Hellespont, giving occasion thus to the eloquent Philippic and Olynthiac orations of Demosthenes, but it was not till the year 338 that, acting in the name of the Amphictyonic Council, he undertook to punish the Locrian city, Amphissa, for sacrilege and came into conflict with a combined army of Thebans and Athenians at Chæronea. In the battle the Theban Sacred Band was annihilated and the Athenian army routed. The youthful Alexander took part in the conflict and led one of the wings. Demosthenes shared in the rout and most absurdly was reproached for cowardice on this account.

The successive efforts of Athens, Sparta, and Thebes had thus failed to create a united Greece. The individualistic city-state had proved itself again and again unwilling or unable to merge its independence as a democracy in a superstate. An Isocrates and an Isæus or even an Æschines could see in the mind's eye a greater Greece combining to attack Persia, but to a realist like Demosthenes Athens must at all costs preserve her entity and fight the Macedonians, the imminent foe. Let us now turn to the work of some of these great exemplars of the orator's art and speak briefly of the rise of oratory.

ORATORY

Contemporary with the development of prose for the purposes of recording history was its stylistic growth in the oratory of political life, and of the

Athenian law courts. Even in Homer the heroes are often distinguished by their ability to speak eloquently and fluently, and in the fifth century B.C. we find Themistocles at the time of the Persian wars, and Pericles toward the end of the century, gaining and maintaining their ascendancy by their ability to speak before the people.

ANTIPHON (480-411), the earliest of the ten Attic orators, was the originator of political oratory, the Æschylus of the oratorical art. Though he was active in the oligarchical party and instrumental in establishing the Four Hundred in 411, his speeches were mostly written for those who could not compose their own defenses without professional help. His style was severe, pregnant, and highly poetic in its phraseology.

LYSIAS is distinguished as having been the first professional speech writer to attempt to suit the style of the particular speech to the individuality of his client. The law required that the accuser and defendant should speak for themselves. It was, therefore, necessary that the real artist in speech-writing, and Lysias was pre-eminently this, should make his clients speak in character. His was the masterly art which concealed art. In graceful simplicity and fluent forcefulness his orations are unexcelled.

The orations of ISOCRATES belong to the epideictic or show orations, in which sense is sacrificed to form. In the magniloquence of his 'Panegyricus,' for instance, we can feel that the past greatness of Greece has so completely faded that it has become a subject for rhetorical and sentimental display, and has ceased to stir men to assert themselves and to act. He pretends to desire to rouse Greece against Asia once more, but his eloquence does not ring true. The perfection of his literary style, his attention to matters of rhythm and rhetorical balance, to the musical joining of word to word, and to avoidance of hiatus between words exerted a great influence on Demosthenes and Cicero.

DEMOSTHENES was so much the statesman of strong and decided character and the orator of terrific earnestness, that, while willing by patient effort to master these details of art and style, he could never lose himself in the pettiness and triviality of an Isocrates. His is the intellect of a superman, which draws its moral force and its power of expression from the very highest political and patriotic impulses and convictions. No historian could give us a picture of Greece tottering to its fall that would compare with the dramatic recital in the 'Philippics,' in the oration 'On the Peace,' and in the masterpiece of all—the oration 'On the Crown.' These tell in his own words what this heroic defender did in his effort to save Greece from her fall before the Macedonians.

ÆSCHINES as an orator is second only to Demosthenes, but his was a natural gift of fluent eloquence, far less trained and polished than that of Demosthenes. In argumentative power he was far inferior to him, and less convincing. His moral inferiority, his lack of courage, his pessimistic feeling of hopelessness in the struggle against Macedonia, contributed to make him

less effective than his great rival. In the oration 'Against Ctesiphon' (330 B.C.), which Demosthenes answered with the oration 'On the Crown,' he failed to get one fifth of the votes and, rather than submit to fine and disgrace, left Athens forever.

PHILOSOPHY

The course of philosophical thought in Athens ran parallel with that of oratory. Many of the sophists, notably Gorgias of Leontini, made a specialty of teaching the art of oratory, and the dialectic of Socrates dealt largely with questions of political virtue and with forms and methods of government. Many of this great philosopher's friends and pupils, like Pericles and Alcibiades, were able statesmen and orators. The beginnings of philosophy, like those of literature, were, however, in Asia Minor, and it is of these early philosophers as writers that we must now speak. Heraclitus (540-475 B.C.), called the Dark Philosopher, is the founder of metaphysics; that everything is in a state of change and flux from not-being to being and vice versa was his belief; our senses are no safe witnesses, and all things are relative. His only extant work, 'On Nature,' is obscure, not only in the profundity of the thought, but in the difficulty of expressing this thought in the Greek language as it then existed. Parmenides, who flourished about 500 B.C., has left us only about 160 lines of a poem called 'Nature,' in various fragments, divided between a Proem, a part called Truth, and a part called Opinion. In the second part he treats of the real unity of what is existent, and, in the third part, of the unreality of variety, *i. e.*, of its non-existence. Opinion is what seems to exist but does not really exist. His literary style is to the point and direct, with a certain rugged simplicity. Empedocles (490-430 B.C.), of Agrigentum in Sicily, also wrote a poem on nature of which four hundred lines in unequal fragments remain. His stately hexameters influenced Lucretius greatly. His mysterious personality as statesman, prophet, and reformer gave rise to many strange tales. The "elements," fire, air, water, and earth, are in constant activity, according to him. under the forces of love and strife.

In the latter part of the fifth century we find philosophy taking a more practical turn. It was probably in the hand of those private teachers called the sophists, who were nothing if not practical, that this bent toward ethics and ordinary life was first seen.

Xenophon's philosophical works, which can only be so called because they deal with the philosopher Socrates, comprise the 'Œconomicus,' a treatise on ideal household administration, the 'Symposium,' a banquet scene of well-known Athenians including Socrates, and his 'Memorabilia' which gives a somewhat photographic but entirely inartistic picture of the everyday life of Socrates as seen and, shall we say, misunderstood by this pragmatic man of letters.

PLATO. It is, however, to Plato in the 'Apology,' 'Crito,' 'Phædo,' and

'Euthyphro' that we must look for the judgment of a discerning eye on Socrates, the founder of all philosophy, even modern. Socrates first called the minds of men from abstruse and purely theoretical speculation about the universe of matter to man himself in his relations to his fellowmen and to the divine. He asked such questions as "What is virtue?" "What is a state?" "What is it to govern a state?" In Plato's inimitable way of presenting the dialectic method of Socrates, a method which sought to arrive at the truth inductively by a system of question and answer in dialogue between Socrates and men in all walks of life, we get an impression of the master that is undoubtedly idealized by the writer's own poetic and imaginative temperament, but it is just this artistic element in his work that contributes to make it the highest creation of Attic prose. In his 'Republic' and 'Laws' Plato presents his more constructive work describing the ideal state and setting forth his doctrine of ideas, but into his philosophical views, as being apart from literary study, we shall not enter.

ARISTOTLE. For a similar reason Aristotle also, who systematized more fully what Plato had intuitively sensed, demands here only a passing mention. His literary style is so devoid of charm in spite of its being so pregnant with thought and so logical in its expression, that it is only as the first great critic of literature that he can be mentioned here. The concepts of what constitute the genuinely dramatic, the tragic, and comic were first defined in the 'Poetics' of Aristotle. His 'Rhetoric,' too, analyzed and classified masterpieces of a literature that had ceased to be produced.

The creative power of Greek literary genius had spent itself. From now on only fitful bursts, ineffectual as compared with the old fires, flare here and there through the darker ages till in modern times the ballads of the liberty-loving Klephts sprang up in the mountains of Greece to show that the language and the spirit of ancient Greece still lived.

LATER GREEK LITERATURE

We have, then, thus traced the organic life of Greek literature. What comes later is either imitative, as in the poems of Callimachus and the 'Argonautica' of Apollonius of Rhodes or, as in the case of the pastoral idyls of Theocritus and the elegies of Bion and Moschus, is a harking back to the old touched with new life owing to new conditions. In this bucolic literature, which affected Vergil so strongly, it is a fostered and self-conscious love of nature and the simple life that arises in the breasts of men that are wearied of the refinements of civilization. Later, in the third century A.D., a somewhat similar feeling motivated the writing of romantic novels by Heliodorus, Longus, and Achilles Tatius. Contemporary with the Alexandrian writers mentioned above we find Polybius, who fought against the Romans in their conquest of Greece, giving with almost Roman matter-of-factness the history

of these wars that terminated with the fall of Corinth in 146 B.C., while Josephus narrates the history of the Romans' wars against the Jews of his time and gives an account of Jewish antiquities from the very earliest times. Plutarch in his parallel lives of the most famous Greeks and Romans carries biographical-historical writing to a very high degree of perfection. No other source gives us such clear and authentic details about the life of the ancient world. Among philosophical writings the 'Hymn to Zeus' of the Stoic philosopher Cleanthes has been preserved to us by Stobæus; the 'Discourses of Epictetus' and his 'Encheiridion' give a clear presentation of the practical doctrines of this deeply religious Stoic whose faith in God and in man's ability to will to take his part in God's world was so strong. Among the Atticists who in their language and style as well as in the subjects on which they wrote went back to the centuries before Christ, the satirical Lucian and Alciphron stand pre-eminent. In the drawing of character and the telling of stories of adventure they make that ancient life thoroughly up-to-date and modern in tone. Zeus and Hera talk in almost the lingo of a modern divorce court. Another of the Atticists, Pausanias, an extensive traveler, dryly and prosily tells us of the cities and monuments of his time. His is an early Baedeker's guide. From about this time, the second century A.D., dates what Renan has called "the most human of all books," the 'Reflections or Meditations of Marcus Aurelius,' the moral guide by which the great emperor governed his life. An episodal literature consisting of anecdote and biographical incident is found in Athenæus and Ælianus Claudius, while Diogenes Laertius tells us in his 'Lives of the Philosophers' many details of their beliefs that would otherwise have perished. The eloquent sermons of St. John Chrysostom, *i. e.*, the golden mouthed or tongued, and the works of Agathias who wrote a history of the conquest of Italy in the sixth century by Narses, may be said to close the history of Greek literature.

CONCLUSION

No literature of any age or of any people better deserves and repays study than that of Greece. There are many reasons for this. In the first place, this literature is notably rich in works of the highest importance and excellence. As the oldest European literature, it has been subjected to a longer and more searching scrutiny than any other, and the selective processes that have eliminated the commonplace or the second-rate began earlier and were more effective in the days of the toilsome copying of manuscripts than in these later days, in which the press perpetuates much that merely cumbers the earth.

No other literature has so intimately and perfectly mirrored the whole life of a people, and no people has been so directly interested in literature and so deeply affected by it; the intellectual life of the Greek world centered in Athens; though the age was a simple one, the average intelligence of all

except the servile part of the population was very high. Of no other people can it so truly be said that the history of its art and literature is the history of its achievement as a race, and of its contribution to the civilization of the world. Another fact that we must not forget is that Greek literature is to a very unusual degree truly indigenous, showing few traces of foreign influence; hence its delightful spontaneity, its charming naturalness, and its vigorous directness.

This live influence of Greek has been felt throughout the ages. Whenever a people has rediscovered Greek, it has reached out to take a new hold on the world and its problems. Rome, Italy, France, England, and Germany have successively felt the fructifying influence of Greek literature and philosophy. The comedies of Plautus and Terence, the poems of Vergil, Ovid, and Catullus, the philosophical works of Lucretius and Cicero, would never have come into being but for the Greeks. How great was the debt of Dante and Petrarch to classical prototypes! Boccaccio, with the help of a Calabrian Greek, translated the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* into Latin. Racine and Corneille drew their themes largely from classical subjects, and Schiller and Goethe too came under the inspiration of the Greeks. Chapman, More, Sir Thomas North, and Francis Bacon opened up the wealth of Greek literature and philosophy to the English, and Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, and Keats carried on the tradition. We are able then to trace back to their Greek origins almost all the literary movements of subsequent centuries, and we are forced to recognize that the literary forms in which man's spirit has thus far found its best and richest expression have their sources and prototypes in Greek literature. Just as a knowledge of the constituent elements of the English language is impossible without some study of Germanic and Romance languages, so modern literatures cannot be fully understood and appreciated even in their external form and structure without some familiarity with their predecessors in Greece and Rome; and as for that wealth of classical allusion, literary, historical, or mythological, with which the pages of the writers of a century or two ago abound, this can be only imperfectly understood by one who has never dipped into the Castalian founts of Greek and Roman literature.

The very remoteness of these writings lends to them an objectivity that is in many ways of great advantage to the student. Man's common passions, the eternally living motive forces of all human activity, are caught up in the fresh consciousness of this gifted people, and brought before us with perfect clarity in a setting which is so simple and statuesque, and so far removed from the complications of the life and sentiment of today, that we see these motives in their entirety and in their true relations. Thus we have in Greek literature a norm or canon by which to test what we may call the essential characteristics of all literature.

CARROLL N. BROWN

PREHISTORIC CHRONOLOGY

All the earlier dates are, of course, conjectural. The Minoan or Cretan civilization, which has recently been made known by the explorations of Sir A. J. Evans and others, is assigned by him to the following periods:

3000-2200 B.C.	Early Minoan
2200-1600	Middle Minoan
1600-1350	Late Minoan
2000-1200	The Minoan civilization penetrates the Greek mainland at points like Mycenæ, Tiryns, Amyclæ, Thebes, and Orchomenos
1500-1200	This civilization is at its height in Greece
1184	Traditional date of the fall of Troy
1104	Traditional date of the Dorian invasion of Greece and of the fall of the Achæan civilization
840	Traditional date of Homer, according to Herodotus (probably too late)

HISTORICAL AND LITERARY DATES

(NOTE — *c* means about; *fl.* means flourished.)

HISTORICAL EVENTS

LITERARY DATES

(*Epic Poetry*)

776	Founding of the Olympic Games, the basis of subsequent Greek chronology	840	Homer
	Lycurgus the legislator of Sparta		
743-724	First Messenian War	725	Hesiod (at least 100 years later than Homer)
			(<i>Lyric Poetry</i>)
685-668	Second Messenian War	685-668	Tyrtæus wrote in Sparta
683	Annual Archons instituted at Athens	676-672	Terpander of Lesbos wins a prize in Sparta
		650	Archilochus of Paros <i>fl.</i>

HISTORICAL EVENTS

- 594 Legislation of Solon
- 560 Cræsus King of Lydia
Pisistratus seizes power at Athens
- 527 Death of Pisistratus
- 527-514 Sons of Pisistratus rule at Athens
- 521-485 Reign of Darius, King of Persia
- 514 Hipparchus slain. Hippias rules till 510
- 512 First European expedition of Darius
- 502 Constitution of Clisthenes at Athens
- 492 Expedition of Mardonius
- 490 Battle of Marathon
- 485 Accession of Xerxes
- 480 Battles of Thermopylæ and Salamis

LITERARY DATES

- 639-559 Solon, the most famous of the Seven Wise Men, lived at Athens
- 625 Simonides of Amorgos *fl.*
- 612- ? Sappho of Lesbos
- 610-550 Alcæus of Lesbos
- 562-477 Anacreon of Teos
- 556-468 Simonides of Ceos
- 550-500 Theognis of Megara
- 522-442 Pindar of Thebes
(*Dramatic Poetry, chiefly*)
(Earlier and somewhat uncertain dates: Arion, about 600 B.C., introduced dialogues between members of Cyclic choruses; and Thespis, 534 B.C., introduced an actor for the first time)
- 525-456 Æschylus
- 496-406 Sophocles
- 484 Æschylus wins his first victory
- 484-425 Herodotus (in 445 read his History at Athens)
- 480-406 Euripides

HISTORICAL EVENTS

LITERARY DATES

- 479 Battle of Plataea
 478 Confederacy of Delos
- 454 Treasury of Confederacy transferred to Athens
- 445 Thirty Years' Truce between Athens and Sparta
- 431-421 First period of Peloponnesian War
 429 Death of Pericles
- 415 Athenian expedition to Sicily
- 472 *Persians* of Æschylus
 467 *Seven against Thebes* of Æschylus
 458 The trilogy *Agamemnon*, *Choëphori*, and *Eumenides* of Æschylus
 c 455-c 400 Thucydides. He commanded a Thracian expedition in 424, and was banished until 403 for failure there
 455 First play of Euripides
- c 450-c 385 Aristophanes
- 442 (?) *Antigone* of Sophocles
 438 *Alcestis* of Euripides
 c 434-c 355 Xenophon
 431 *Medea* of Euripides
- 428 *Hippolytus* of Euripides
 425 (?) *Ædipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles
 425 *Acharnians* of Aristophanes
 424 *Knights* of Aristophanes
 423 First version of *Clouds* of Aristophanes
 422 *Wasps* of Aristophanes
 421 *Peace* of Aristophanes
 415 *Troades* of Euripides
 414 *Birds* of Aristophanes
 412 *Helena* and *Andromeda* of Euripides
 411 *Lysistrata* and *Thesmophoriazousæ* of Aristophanes
 409 *Philoctetes* of Sophocles
 408 *Orestes* of Euripides

HISTORICAL EVENTS

- 405 Peloponnesian War ended by
battle of Ægospotami
404 Surrender of Athens
401 Expedition of Ten Thousand
under Cyrus

396 Agesilaus in Asia

387 Peace of Antalcidas

378 Second Athenian League

371 Battle of Leuctra

359-336 Philip of Macedon

338 Battle of Chæronea

336-323 Alexander the Great

334 Battle of the Granicus

333 Battle of Issus

331 Battle of Arbela or Gaugamela

330 Death of Darius Codomannus

323 Death of Alexander

Ptolemaic dynasty begins in
Egypt

311 Partition of Alexander's empire

263 Establishment of Kingdom of
Pergamum

263-133 The Attalids in Pergamum

248 Beginning of Parthian kingdom

245 Reforms of Agis IV in Sparta

LITERARY DATES

405 *Frogs* of Aristophanes
Bacchæ of Euripides (posthu-
mous)

401 *Œdipus at Colonus* of Sopho-
cles

399 Death of Socrates

392 or 389 *Ecclesiazousæ* of Aris-
tophanes

388 *Plutus* of Aristophanes, which
failed in 408, reproduced

(*Other Forms of Literature*)

389-314 Æschines

384-322 Demosthenes

384-322 Aristotle

346 Death of Plato

330 Oration of Æschines against
Ctesiphon, and of Demosthenes
On the Crown

301-232 Cleanthes

270 Theocritus and Bion *fl.*

250 Callimachus *fl.*

222-181 Apollonius of Rhodes

204-122 Polybius

HISTORICAL EVENTS

LITERARY DATES

197 Battle of Cynoscephalæ

168 Battle of Pydna

146 Destruction of Corinth

47 Alexandrian Library partly
burnedc 150 Moschus *fl.*

A.D.

c 37-c 95 Josephus

46-120 Plutarch

60 Epictetus born

Second century — Alciphron
and Pausanias *fl.*

120-180 Lucian

121-180 Marcus Aurelius

c 200 Athenæus *fl.*

End of second century — Longus

222 Ælianus Claudius died

235 Diogenes Laertius *fl.*

Fourth century — Heliodorus

A.D.

330 Byzantium made capital of the
Roman Empire

378 Battle of Adrianople

391 Alexandrian Library further
ruined by Theophilus

396 Invasion of Alaric

484 Greek Church separated from
Roman

345-407 St. John Chrysostom

536-582 Agathias

HOMER

THE Homeric poems are the earliest literary creations which have survived to our day, and they lie at the fountain head of all the later literature of Europe. No literary epic poem has been composed since Homer's day without reference to the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* as the standard. Apollonius of Rhodes followed and imitated Homer; Vergil imitated Homer and Apollonius; Dante took Vergil as his master; Milton followed in the footsteps of Homer, Vergil, and Dante. Plato called Homer the father of tragedy, as well as of the epic. To the ancient Greek mind, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer formed a sort of Bible, to which reference was made as to an ultimate authority. Even in an age when epic poetry was out of fashion, one of the most honored of Athenian generals, Nicias, had his son Niceratus commit to memory all of the two great Homeric poems, of which the shorter is a third longer than Milton's '*Paradise Lost*.' A Homeric quotation was always in order, to illustrate and clinch an argument, or to give poetic flavor to a discussion.

When and where Homer lived no one knows. Many stories about him were invented and told, but all are without support.

Seven cities claimed the mighty Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

A guild of singers on the island of Chios asserted themselves to be his descendants and rightful successors, but no evidence was offered of his family or home. Scholars no longer ask where Homer was born, but where Greek epic poetry had its rise. The Muses were Pierian Muses; they dwelt with the gods on Mount Olympus, and the abode of Achilles, the chief hero of the *Iliad*, was close at hand in Thessaly. These are pretty distinct indications that the early home of Greek poetry was near Mount Olympus. Later this art was carried by the Greeks to their colonies on the western shore of Asia Minor, and there was accepted and perfected.

Homer is represented in ancient works of art as blind, but the greater Homeric poems offer no indication of his blindness. Quite the contrary, he seems to have taken an active part in the doings of men. His interest in the battles which he describes is lively. His description of wounds inflicted shows such exact acquaintance with battles and anatomy that some German critics have been disposed to think he must have been a sort of army surgeon.

While the Homeric poems are the earliest works of Greek literature which have come down to us, they certainly were not the earliest poems of the Greeks. Brief lyric songs of love, grief, feasting, or war are ordinary precursors of epic — *i. e.*, of narrative lays. And short epics must have been well known to the people before any poet thought of composing a long epic. The growth of a poem like the *Iliad* is gradual. The art of writing was known in Greece at an early age, quite certainly by 1000 B.C., but not until much later was it applied to literary compositions; it was used mainly for business memoranda and public records until the fifth century B.C., and even then the Greeks could hardly be called a reading people. But they were patient listeners. When the Greek drama was at its best, great audiences of fifteen to twenty thousand Athenians would sit in the open air, in March, from early in the morning until late in the afternoon, to hear and see three or four tragedies in succession. A century or centuries before this, audiences listened in throngs to continuous epic recitations. But in general each separate lay seems to have contained not more than five or six hundred lines. The outlines of the story, and often the details, were familiar to the hearers. When a long poem was formed by the union of several lays, a singer would select on each occasion what seemed best suited to his audience. Some parts of the Homeric poems are well adapted to be sung at feasts, others on the return from a long journey, others at a funeral, many others after or before a battle.

These poems were *sung*, we say. Perhaps *intoned* would be a more exact expression. The instrumental accompaniment was very slight — that of a cithara of four strings, with a sounding-board formed by a tortoise shell. We cannot assume much melody in the recitation, and probably the cithara served chiefly to give the keynote, and to sound a few simple chords as a prelude or interludes. The cithara was used not only by the professional bards at the courts of kings, but also by the warriors: at least Achilles, while “sulking in his tent,” cheered his heart by singing of the glorious deeds of men, holding a cithara which he had taken from the spoils of a sacked city.

Our poet was a national poet. He gives no special honor to any part of Greece, though the little country was broken up into many principalities. His songs might have been sung in any hamlet without arousing either envy or ill-will. He is impartial, too, between Greeks and Trojans, and excites our sympathy for the Trojan Hector and Andromache as well as for the Achæan Achilles and Patroclus.

The Homeric poet was fortunate not only in the body of myths which descended to him, and which formed the groundwork for his poems, but in his further inheritance from former generations — his language and his verse. The language was the most graceful and flexible which the world has ever known. The verse itself (the so-called dactylic hexameter) would indicate that epic poetry had been cultivated in Greece long before Homer's day. Its laws are fully fixed — its favorite and its forbidden pauses; the places where

a light and those where a heavy movement is preferred. No verse known to man is so well suited to a long narrative poem. No other verse has less monotony or more dignity and stateliness. It was nobly "described and exemplified" by Coleridge's lines: —

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows;
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.

The Roman poet Vergil adopted this verse, but had a much more ponderous language, which was not well fitted for the Greek meters. The verse has been made familiar to us all by Clough's 'Bothie,' and especially by Longfellow's 'Evangeline' and 'The Courtship of Miles Standish'; but the line is rather too long for most modern languages, and has not been used for any long English poem or any great English translation of Homer. Matthew Arnold tried it for the last verses of the eighth book of the Iliad, as follows: —

So shone forth, in front of Troy, by the bed of the Xanthus,
Between that and the ships, the Trojans' numerous fires.
In the plain there were kindled a thousand fires; by each one
There sat fifty men in the ruddy light of the fire;
By their chariots stood their steeds and champed the white barley
While their masters sat by the fire and waited for morning.

With this may be compared Tennyson's translation of the same lines (with a few more) in English heroic verse: —

As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak,
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart:
So many a fire between the ships and stream
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,
A thousand on the plain; and close by each
Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire;
And champing golden grain the horses stood
Hard by their chariots waiting for the dawn.

The essential characteristics of Homer's poetry are enumerated thus by Matthew Arnold: "Homer is rapid in his movement, Homer is plain in his words and style, Homer is simple in his ideas, Homer is noble in his manner. Cowper renders him ill because he is slow in his movement and elaborate in his style; Pope renders him ill because he is artificial both in his style and in his words; Chapman renders him ill because he is fantastic in his ideas." Each

age has desired its own translation of the Homeric poems. Chapman's, Pope's, and Cowper's translations are now read rather as the works of those English poets than as faithful renderings of the Homeric poems. But we owe to Chapman's translation Keats's splendid sonnet, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer":—

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene,
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold;
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken;
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

The dramatic nature of the Homeric poems deserves remark. About half of the verses are in speeches, although epic poetry is narrative poetry. In long passages the verses between the speeches have almost the quality of "stage directions," and we well see with what justice Plato and Aristotle called Homer the father of the drama. The one passage in the poems (*Odyssey*, vii, 112-131) which resembles a modern description, is on this very ground strongly suspected of not being truly Homeric. "When Homer" (says Lessing) "wishes to tell us how Agamemnon was dressed, he makes the king put on every article of raiment in our presence: the soft tunic, the great mantle, the beautiful sandals, and the sword. When he is thus fully equipped he grasps his scepter. We see the clothes while the poet is describing the act of dressing. An inferior writer would have described the clothes down to the minutest fringe, and of the action we should have seen nothing."

Of few epochs in any country have we more animated pictures than Homer has painted of the early Greeks. Of no other great nation in its childhood have we such a view. Tacitus indeed gave a masterly sketch of the Germans, about one hundred years after Christ: but he was an outsider at best, and seems to have drawn largely from the accounts of others. Of the early Jews the story is far less full than of the early Greeks. Our poet does not claim to have lived at the time of the Trojan War, but rather is conscious that he is in a degenerate age. Hector, Ajax, and Æneas each do "what two men could not do, such as now live upon the earth." The poet never speaks as if

he himself were present at the conflicts, nor does he claim to have heard the story from others. He appeals to the Muse for inspiration. She was present, and knows all things; he is but her mouthpiece. Whether the customs described in the poems were those of Homer's day, or those of an earlier age of which the poet knew only by tradition, is a question which scholars still discuss. In general his manner is distinctly that of familiarity with every detail which he mentions; and his style is too naïve, too far removed from that of studied care, for us to believe that he was anxious to secure historical accuracy of background in painting the picture of an earlier age. In the matters of dress, food, and every-day life in general, he seems as free as the early illustrators of the Bible story, who introduced medieval Dutch, German, or Italian dress and scenery into their pictures of early events in Palestine. But changes of custom were not frequent nor rapid in Greece a thousand years before Christ, and the manner of life which Homer knew was doubtless not very different from that of his heroes. In a few matters only does he seem conscious of a change: he does not represent his warriors as riding on horseback (except as a boy rides bareback from pasture), or using boiled meat, or employing a trumpet in war, yet the poet himself refers to these things as well known.

Life in the Homeric age was primitive and rude in many respects, but still had much wealth and splendor. It is not unlike that of the Children of Israel in the same period. The same customs seem to have prevailed not only throughout all Greece, but even in Troy. Nowhere does the poet indicate a difference of language or manner of life between the Achæans and the Trojans; — unless it is found in the facts that King Priam of Troy is the only polygamist of the poems, and that the Trojans are noisier (and hence, says an old commentator, less civilized) as they go into battle. The tribes are ruled by kings or petty chiefs. The freedom with which the titles king and prince are bestowed is illustrated by the large number of princes on Ithaca in the Homeric age; an island which by a recent census had about 12,500 inhabitants, and probably had no more in Homer's time. The lives of princes were much like those of peasants. They built their own ships and their own houses, and tended their herds and flocks. So princesses went to the spring for water, and washed the family raiment. The unwritten constitutions of the kingdoms were very simple: custom ruled, not law. For the most part each man was obliged to vindicate his own rights; even murder was a personal offense against the friends of the slain man, and these (not the government) were bound to avenge his death. Murder and theft in themselves were no mortal sins against the gods. Fidelity to oaths, honor to parents, and hospitality to strangers and suppliants, were cardinal virtues. No moral quality inhered in the terms usually translated by *good*, *bad*, *blameless*, *excellent*. The existence of the soul after death was supposed to be as shadowy as a dream. Ghosts and dreams behaved in exactly the same way, and the land of dreams immediately adjoined that of the dead. The dead met no judgment on "the

deeds done here in the body, but all alike followed the shadowy likeness of their former occupations: the shade of the mighty hunter Orion chased in Hades the shades of the wild beasts which he had killed while on earth. Coined money was unknown; all commerce was by way of barter. The standard of value was cattle: one woman slave was estimated to be worth four cattle; another twenty; a suit of bronze armor was worth nine cattle; a tripod to stand over the fire was valued at twelve cattle. Horses were never put to menial toil: the plowing was done with oxen and mules. The milk of cows was not used for food, but the milk and milk products of goats and sheep were of great importance. The olive berry and its oil were not yet used for the relish of food, but olive oil was used as an unguent. The warriors were hearty eaters, but their feasts were simple; they ate little but bread and roast meat, and they were moderate drinkers, enjoying wine, but always diluting it with water. The Homeric Greeks were not bold mariners. They shrunk from the dangers of the sea, and preferred to go a long way around rather than to trust themselves in their craft far from a safe harbor. Their geographical world was limited. Even the island which the later Greeks identified with Corfu was in fairyland.

Both the great Homeric poems, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, have to do with the siege of Troy by the Greeks, ending with the sack of the city, and the return to their homes of the besiegers with various fortunes. Troy stood on a hill of no imposing dimensions in the northwest corner of Asia Minor, about five miles from the Hellespont. Until within the last half-century, scholars have been inclined to look upon this city as no more real than that of the Lilliputians, or Utopia itself, and authorities were divided as to the site which the poet had in mind. Heinrich Schliemann, however, German-born but a citizen of the United States by naturalization, who had gained wealth in Russia and chosen Greece to be his home—a true cosmopolite—in ardent admiration for Homer and with implicit belief in the literal accuracy of the Homeric story began excavations on the site of Hissarlik, the traditional successor of the ancient city. There he found in several layers, one upon another, the ruins of more cities than he knew what to do with! But he assigned to the Homeric city the remains which indicated the greatest power and wealth. In subsequent years he dug on Homeric sites in Greece—at Mycenæ and Tiryns in Argolis—and there too laid bare abundant evidence of wealth and culture, though manifestly a different culture from that which he had discovered on the banks of the Hellespont. Continued excavations at Hissarlik, however, under the direction of Dr. Dörpfeld, the distinguished head of the German Archaeological Institute in Athens, brought to light what Schliemann's eyes had longed to see—the remains of a city of like culture, and apparently of the same age, as the ruins of Mycenæ and Tiryns. Schliemann's Homeric Troy may have flourished three thousand years before Christ. The later Trojan city (found by Dörpfeld) and Mycenæ seem to have

been in their glory at just about the time set by tradition for the sack of Troy, 1184 B.C. The assignment of these ruins to the close of the second millennium before Christ gives plausibility to the belief that Homeric poetry flourished as early as the ninth century B.C. The "father of history," Herodotus, thought that Homer lived four hundred years before him, or 850 B.C. By that time the myths are likely to have been fully developed. Clearly the existence of the massive ruined walls would stimulate the imagination of story-tellers and poets.

According to the story which our poet follows, Paris, one of the sons of Priam, King of Troy, had been hospitably received as a guest at the palace of Menelaus, son of Atreus, King of Sparta, and had violated the most sacred bond of hospitality by carrying away to his own home Menelaus' wife Helen, the most beautiful woman of the world. The brother of Menelaus, Agamemnon, was King of Mycenæ, and the most powerful prince of Greece. Allies were invited from all parts of the country. Odysseus (Ulysses) from Ithaca, one of the Ionian islands, and Nestor, the oldest and wisest in counsel of the Greeks, who had known three generations of men, enlisted the services of the young warriors of Greece: Achilles from Thessaly, Diomedes from Argos, Ajax from Salamis, and others. A fleet of twelve hundred ships gathered at Aulis, on the strait north of Athens, between Eubœa and the mainland.

The expedition against Troy thus became a great national Hellenic undertaking. This was regarded by Herodotus as the historical beginning of the conflicts between Greece and Asia, of which the culmination appeared in the great expedition of Xerxes against Greece (this too with twelve hundred, but much larger, ships) early in the fifth century before Christ, and that of Alexander the Great from Greece into Asia a century and a half later.

The ships sent against Troy were not ships of war; they were for transport only, and the warriors were their own sailors. The largest of these ships carried one hundred and twenty men, and the total number of fighting Greeks before Troy was reckoned at about one hundred thousand. But in this we may see a certain amount of poetic exaggeration. The ships might fairly be called *boats*, since they had no deck except a small one at bow and stern, and their oars were more important than their sails, though they were always able to avail themselves of a favoring breeze. Each separate voyage would be only the distance which could be sailed or rowed in a single day. The islands of the Ægean formed convenient resting-places on their way. Nowhere were they out of sight of land in fair weather, such as Greece enjoys during the summer. On reaching their destination, the boats were drawn up on shore, and the barracks for the camp were built by their side; so the "ships of the Achæans" became a synonym for the "camp of the Greeks."

Menelaus, the injured husband of Helen, accompanied by Odysseus, the shifty orator "of many devices," went to Troy with a formal demand for the return of Helen. But though some of the older Trojans favored peace,

the party of Paris prevailed, and the ambassadors and their cause were treated with despatch.

The war continued for ten years, and ended with the sack of the city. The siege was not close. The ancient Greeks in general shrank from warfare by night. At evening the Greek forces which had been fighting by the gates of Troy retired to their own camp. Consequently the Trojans, though they were not able to cultivate their fields, were able to supply their city with all necessaries and maintain unbroken relations with their friends abroad, though the city, "rich in gold and rich in bronze," was obliged to part gradually with all its treasures in order to buy food and to reward its allies. The Greeks, on the other hand, who had come without stores of provisions, naturally turned to foraging expeditions, first in the immediate neighborhood of Troy, and then at a greater distance. In these forays they destroyed towns and killed many of the inhabitants. The male captives were sent to distant islands to be sold as slaves; the women were ransomed or kept as slaves in the camp. Obviously, when the Greeks went forth to battle they could not with safety have left in their camp a large body of male slaves whom they had reduced to servitude.

In the tenth year of the war, one of these female captives — the beautiful daughter of a priest of Apollo, the fair-cheeked Chryseis — was allotted as prize of honor to Agamemnon, the commander-in-chief of the expedition. The *Iliad* opens with the visit of her father to the Greek camp in order to effect her ransom. Agamemnon at first refuses, but is later moved to give back the girl by a dread pestilence which Apollo sends upon the Greeks. In requital, however, upon Achilles, whom he regards as responsible for the loss of Chryseis, he seizes his prize Briseis. Upon this Achilles withdraws from the war and the Greeks are steadily worsted in battle until Patroclus, the dear comrade of Achilles, moved by their distress, leads out the Myrmidons and is slain by Hector. Then Achilles, to avenge his friend's death, enters the conflict again and slays Hector. The closing books tell of the burial of Patroclus and the funeral games held in his honor, and of the aged Priam's visit to the Greek camp to ransom his son's corpse. This the magnanimous Achilles, in pity for the father's sorrow, surrenders to him for honorable burial. The action of the *Iliad* occupies only seven weeks: from the visit of the old priest to the Greek camp, to the burial of Hector. And these weeks are neither at the beginning nor at the close of the war; yet no reader is left in ignorance of facts necessary for an understanding of the story. Few readers feel that the poem is in any way incomplete, though Goethe thought the sack of Troy ought to have been included. The so-called *Cyclic* poets — Arctinus, Stasinus, Lesches, and others — continued the tale, amplifying the story and supplying details. But their poems, though the action extended over twice as many years as that of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* covered weeks, were all together not so long as the *Odyssey*.

According to the *Cyclic* poets, the queen of the Amazons, Penthesilea, is

slain by Achilles. Further reinforcement for the Trojan army comes from the Æthiopians under the command of Memnon, the beautiful son of the Dawn. Achilles is slain by Paris and Apollo. Paris himself falls. Achilles' young son Neoptolemus is brought to the war; and Philoctetes, who had been left behind on the island Lemnos on the voyage to Troy (being bitten by a water-snake), is fetched and brings with him the bow of Heracles. But even after a ten-years' siege, Troy is not taken by storm, nor does it surrender. The goddess Athena suggested to Odysseus the successful device. Making a great hollow wooden horse, a small company of chieftains took their places within this ambush, while the rest of the Greeks set fire to their camp and sailed away. The wooden horse is drawn by the Trojans to their citadel as an offering to the gods. At night, when the city is still, and the people are sleeping free from anxiety for the first time in ten years, the Greek ships return; their chieftains leap out of the wooden horse, open the city gates to admit their comrades, and set fire to the town.

As the Greeks set out to return to their homes, a storm arises. Menelaus and his newly recovered Helen are driven to Egypt; a large part of his fleet is wrecked, and they wander for eight years before they see Greece again. Agamemnon escapes the dangers of the storm, but on his return is slain by his cousin Ægisthus, the paramour of his faithless wife Clytæmnestra.

But Odysseus suffers the hardest lot; the entire *Odyssey* recounts his long and eventful homeward journeying, and the recovery of his throne and wife.

The *Odyssey* ends only six weeks after its action began. The poet condenses into this brief period the action which would seem naturally to cover many years, by putting the story of Odysseus' wanderings and experiences from the time that he left Troy until he reached Calypso's island, into the mouth of the hero himself. This device was copied by Vergil, who makes his hero Æneas tell Dido of the destruction of Troy and of his wanderings; and later by Milton in his '*Paradise Lost*,' where the archangel Raphael tells Adam of the conflict in heaven, and Michael foretells the history of the human race.

THOMAS D. SEYMOUR

THE TROJAN ELDERS AND HELEN

From the *Iliad*, iii, 149-160

THESE elders sate beside the gate, where passed that wondrous fair.
 Them hoary eld had loosed from fight, but their voice was clear
 and strong,
 With mellow wisdom's word of might, to sway the Trojan throng;
 Like the blithe cricket on the tree, that stirs the leafy bower

With tremulous floods of whirring glee, in the bright and sunny hour,
 Close by the gate these elders sate, and looked down from the tower.
 And when they saw the lovely Helen tread the path below,
 They from their breast forth sent the winged words, and whispered so:
 Soothly nor Trojan men nor Greeks should reap great crop of blame,
 That they did suffer sorrow and teen so long for such a dame,
 Who like a goddess walks — not one from mortal womb who came.
 Natheless we wish her gentle speed, across the briny waters,
 That she no more may mischief breed, to our blameless sons and daughters.

Translated by John Stuart Blackie

PARIS, HECTOR, AND HELEN

From the Iliad, vi, 332-362

THEN, in reply to his brother, thus spake Alexander the godlike:
 "Hector, indeed you reproach me with justice, no more than I merit.
 Therefore to you will I speak, and do you give attention and hearken.
 Not out of rage at the Trojans so much, nor yet in resentment
 Here in my chamber I sate, but I wished to give way to my sorrow.
 Yet even now my wife, with gentle entreaty consoling,
 Bade me go forth to the fray, and I too think it is better.
 Victory comes unto this one in turn, and again to another.
 Tarry a moment, I pray, till I don mine armor for battle;
 Or do you go, and I will pursue, and I think overtake you."
 So did he speak; and to him bright-helmeted Hector replied not.
 Helen, however, with gentlest accents spoke and addressed him: —
 "Brother of mine — of a wretch, of a worker of evil, a horror!
 Would that the selfsame day whereon my mother had borne me,
 I had been seized and swept by the furious breath of the storm-wind
 Into the mountains, or else to the sea with its thundering billows.
 There had I met my doom, ere yet these deeds were accomplished!
 Or, as the gods had appointed for me this destiny wretched,
 Truly I wish I had been with a man more valorous wedded,
 Who would have heeded the scorn of the folk and their bitter resentment.
 Never a steadfast spirit in this man abides, nor will it
 Even hereafter be found; and methinks his reward will be ready! —
 Nay, but I pray you to enter, and here on a chair to be seated,
 Brother, for on your heart most heavily laid is the burden
 Wrought by my own base deeds, and the sinful madness of Paris.
 Evil the destiny surely that Zeus for us twain has appointed,

Doomed to be subjects of song among men of a far generation.”
 Then unto her made answer the great bright-helmeted Hector:
 “Helena, bid me not sit — nor will you, tho’ gracious, persuade me.
 Eagerly yearns my spirit to fight in defense of the Trojans,
 While among them there is longing already for me in my absence.”

Translated by William C. Lawton

HECTOR TO HIS WIFE

From the Iliad, vi, 441-455

“**I** TOO have thought of all this, dear wife, but I fear the reproaches
 Both of the Trojan youths and the long-robed maidens of Troja,
 If like a cowardly churl I should keep me aloof from the combat:
 Nor would my spirit permit; for well I have learnt to be valiant,
 Fighting aye ’mong the first of the Trojans marshaled in battle,
 Striving to keep the renown of my sire and my own unattainted.
 Well, too well, do I know — both my mind and my spirit agreeing —
 That there will be a day when sacred Troja shall perish.
 Priam will perish too, and the people of Priam, the spear-armed.
 Still, I have not such care for the Trojans doomed to destruction,
 No, nor for Hecuba’s self, nor for Priam, the monarch, my father,
 Nor for my brothers’ fate, who though they be many and valiant,
 All in the dust may lie low by the hostile spears of Achaia,
 As for thee, when some youth of the brazen-mailed Achæans
 Weeping shall bear thee away, and bereave thee for ever of freedom.

Translated by E. C. Hawtreys

FATHER AND SON

From the Iliad, vi, 466-499

THUS having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
 Stretched his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
 The babe clung crying to his nurse’s breast,
 Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
 With sacred pleasure each fond parent smiled,
 And Hector hastened to relieve his child;
 The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
 And placed the beaming helmet on the ground;

Then kissed the child, and lifting high in air,
 Thus to the gods preferred a father's prayer: —
 "O thou whose glory fills the ethereal throne,
 And all ye deathless powers, protect my son!
 Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
 To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
 Against his country's foes the war to wage,
 And rise the Hector of the future age!
 So when, triumphant from successful toils,
 Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
 While hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
 And say, 'This chief transcends his father's fame;'
 While pleased amidst the general shouts of Troy,
 His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
 Restored the pleasing burden to her arms;
 Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
 Hushed to repose, and with a smile surveyed.
 The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
 She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
 The softened chief with kind compassion viewed,
 And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued: —

"Andromache! my soul's far better part!
 Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
 No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
 Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
 Fixed is the term to all the race of earth;
 And such the hard condition of our birth,
 No force can then resist, no flight can save;
 All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
 No more — but hasten to thy tasks at home.
 There guide the spindle and direct the loom:
 Me glory summons to the martial scene —
 The field of combat is a sphere for men;
 Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
 The first in danger as the first in fame."

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
 His towery helmet, black with shading plumes.
 His princess parts with a prophetic sigh;
 Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
 That streamed at every look; then moving slow,
 Sought her own palace and indulged her woe.

Translated by Pope

ACHILLES REFUSES TO AID THE GREEKS

From the Iliad, ix, 307-347

WHOM answered thus Achilles, swift of foot: —
 "Heaven-born Ulysses, sage in council, son
 Of great Laertes, I must frankly speak
 My mind at once, my fixed resolve declare:
 That from henceforth I may not by the Greeks,
 By this man and by that, be importuned.
 Him as the gates of hell my soul abhors,
 Whose outward words his inmost thoughts conceal.
 Hear then what seems to me the wisest course.
 On me nor Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
 Nor others shall prevail, since naught is gained
 By toil unceasing in the battle-field.
 Who nobly fight, but share with those who skulk;
 Like honors gain the coward and the brave;
 Alike the idlers and the active die:
 And naught it profits me, though day by day
 In constant toil I set my life at stake;
 But as a bird, though ill she fare herself,
 Brings to her callow brood the food she takes,
 So I through many a sleepless night have lain,
 And many a bloody day have labored through,
 Engaged in battle on your wives' behalf.
 Twelve cities have I taken with my ships:
 Eleven more by land on Trojan soil.
 From all of these abundant stores of wealth
 I took, and all to Agamemnon gave;
 He, safe on board his ships, my spoils received,
 A few divided, but the most retained.
 To other chiefs and kings he meted out
 Their sev'ral portions, and they hold them still;
 From me, from me alone of all the Greeks,
 He bore away, and keeps, my cherished wife.
 But say then, why do Greeks with Trojans fight?
 Why hath Atrides brought this mighty host
 To Troy, if not in fair-haired Helen's cause?
 Of mortals are there none that love their wives,
 Save Atreus' sons alone? or do not all,

Who boast the praise of sense and virtue, love
 And cherish each his own? as her I loved
 Ev'n from my soul, though captive of my spear.
 Now, since he once hath robbed me, and deceived,
 Let him not seek my aid; I know him now,
 And am not to be won; let him devise,
 With thee, Ulysses, and the other kings,
 How best from hostile fires to save his ships."

Translated by Edward, Earl of Derby

HECTOR PURSUED BY ACHILLES AROUND TROY

From the Iliad, xxii, 136-185

HECTOR beheld and trembled: naught he dared
 To wait, but left the gates, and shuddering flew.
 Achilleus with swift feet behind him fared.
 As mountain hawk, most fleet of feathered crew,
 A trembling dove doth easily pursue;
 Swerving she flutters; he, intent to seize,
 With savage scream close hounds her through the blue; —
 So keenly he swept onward; Hector flees
 Beneath his own Troy wall, and plies his limber knees.

All past the watch-tower and the fig-tree tall
 Along the chariot road at speed they fare,
 Still swerving outward from the city's wall;
 Then reach the two fair-flowing streamlets, where
 Scamander's twofold source breaks forth to air.
 One flows in a warm tide, and steam doth go
 Up from it, as a blazing fire were there;
 But the other runs in summer's midmost glow
 Cold as the frozen hail, or ice, or chilly snow.

Thereby great troughs and meet for washing stand,
 Beautiful, stony, where their robes of pride
 Troy's wives and daughters washed, ere to the land
 The foeman came, in happy peaceful tide.
 Flying and following, these they ran beside,
 He good that flies, he better that pursues;
 For not fat victim 'twas, nor bullock's hide,
 Such meed as men for conquering runners choose,
 But Hector's life the prize they ran to win or lose.

Look how prize-bearing horses, hard of hoof,
 Circle about the goal with eager bound,
 And a great guerdon stands, not far aloof,
 Tripod or woman, at the funeral mound
 Of some dead chief; so thrice they circled round
 King Priam's town, their swift feet winged for flight:
 While all the gods Olympus' summit crowned,
 Looking from high to see the wondrous sight;
 And thus the almighty Sire their counsel did invite: —

"Alas! I see a loved one with mine eyes
 Chased round the city: and my heart doth bleed
 For Hector, for that many an ox's thighs
 He burnt, where Ida overlooks the mead,
 Or in the topmost tower; now with fell speed
 Achilles hunts him round King Priam's town.
 But come, ye gods, take counsel and arede,
 Or shall we save him now, or strike him down
 Under Achilles' spear, despite his fair renown."

To him stern-eyed Athene answered so: —
 "Dread Thunderer in dark cloud, what words are these?
 What, a mere mortal, fated long ago,
 Wouldst thou set free from death's severe decrees?
 Do it; but us gods thy doing shall not please."
 And cloud-compelling Zeus in turn rejoined: —
 "Take heart, dear child, and set thy soul at ease;
 I meant it not, but would to thee be kind:
 Now do it, nor delay, whate'er is in thy mind."

Translated by John Conington

HECTOR'S FUNERAL RITES

Close of the Iliad — xxiv, 777-804

THESE words made even the commons mourn, to whom the king said:
 "Friends,
 Now fetch wood for our funeral fire, nor fear the foe intends
 Ambush, or any violence: Achilles gave his word,
 At my dismissal, that twelve days he would keep sheathed his sword,
 And all men's else." Thus oxen, mules, in chariots straight they put,

Went forth, and an unmeasured pile of sylvan matter cut,
 Nine days employed in carriage, but when the tenth morn shined
 On wretched mortals, then they brought the fit-to-be-divined
 Forth to be burned. Troy swum in tears. Upon the pile's most height
 They laid the person, and gave fire. All day it burned, all night.
 But when the eleventh morn let on earth her rosy fingers shine,
 The people flocked about the pile, and first with blackish wine
 Quenched all the flames. His brothers then, and friends, the snowy bones
 Gathered into an urn of gold, still pouring on their moans.
 Then wrapt they in soft purple veils the rich urn, digged a pit,
 Graved it, rammed up the grave with stones, and quickly built to it
 A sepulcher. But while that work and all the funeral rites
 Were in performance, guards were held at all parts, days and nights,
 For fear of false surprise before they had imposed the crown
 To these solemnities. The tomb advanced once, all the town
 In Jove-nursed Priam's court partook a passing sumptuous feast:
 And so horse-taming Hector's rites gave up his soul to rest.

Translated by Chapman

THE EPISODE OF NAUSICAA

FROM THE ODYSSEY

I—Book vi, 1–84. Translated by George H. Palmer. Copyright 1884, by G. H. Palmer. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston.

THUS long-tried royal Odysseus slumbered here, heavy with sleep and toil; but Athene went to the land and town of the Phæacians. This people once in ancient times lived in the open highlands, near that rude folk the Cyclops, who often plundered them, being in strength more powerful than they. Moving them thence, godlike Nausithous, their leader, established them at Scheria, far from toiling men. He ran a wall around the town, built houses there, made temples for the gods, and laid out farms; but Nausithous had met his doom and gone to the house of Hades, and Alcinous now was reigning, trained in wisdom by the gods. To this man's dwelling came the goddess, clear-eyed Athene, planning a safe return for brave Odysseus. She hastened to a chamber, richly wrought, in which a maid was sleeping, of form and beauty like the immortals, Nausicaa, daughter of generous Alcinous. Near by, two damsels, dowered with beauty by the Graces, slept by the threshold, one on either hand. The shining doors were shut; but Athene, like a breath of air, moved to the maid's couch, stood by her head, and thus

addressed her — taking the likeness of the daughter of Dymas, the famous seaman, a maiden just Nausicaa's age, dear to her heart. Taking her guise, thus spoke clear-eyed Athene: —

"Nausicaa, how did your mother bear a child so heedless? Your gay clothes lie uncared for, though the wedding-time is near, when you must wear fine clothes yourself and furnish them to those that may attend you. From things like these a good repute arises, and father and honored mother are made glad. Then let us go a-washing at the dawn of day, and I will go to help, that you may soon be ready; for really not much longer will you be a maid. Already you have for suitors the chief ones of the land throughout Phæacia, where you too were born. Come, then, beg your good father early in the morning to harness the mules and cart, so as to carry the men's clothes, gowns, and bright-hued rugs. Yes, and for you yourself it is more decent so than setting forth on foot: the pools are far from the town."

Saying this, clear-eyed Athene passed away, off to Olympus, where they say the dwelling of the gods stands fast forever. Never with winds is it disturbed, nor by the rain made wet, nor does the snow come near; but everywhere the upper air spreads cloudless, and a bright radiance plays over all: and there the blessed gods are happy all their days. Thither now came the clear-eyed one, when she had spoken with the maid.

Soon bright-throned morning came, and waked fair-robed Nausicaa. She marveled at the dream, and hastened through the house to tell it to her parents, her dear father and her mother. She found them still indoors: her mother sat by the hearth among the waiting-women, spinning sea-purple yarn; she met her father at the door, just going forth to join the famous princes at the council, to which the high Phæacians summoned him. So, standing close beside him, she said to her dear father: —

"Papa dear, could you not have the wagon harnessed for me — the high one, with good wheels — to take my nice clothes to the river to be washed, which now are lying dirty? Surely for you yourself it is but proper, when you are with the first men holding councils, that you should wear clean clothing. Five good sons too are here at home — two married, and three merry young men still — and they are always wanting to go to the dance wearing fresh clothes. And this is all a trouble on my mind."

Such were her words, for she was shy of naming the glad marriage to her father; but he understood it all, and answered thus: —

"I do not grudge the mules, my child, nor anything beside. Go! Quickly shall the servant harness the wagon for you — the high one, with good wheels, fitted with rack above."

Saying this he called to the servants, who gave heed. Out in the court they made the easy mule cart ready; they brought the mules, and yoked them to the wagon. The maid took from her room her pretty clothing, and stowed it in the polished wagon; her mother put in a chest food the maid liked, of

every kind, put dainties in, and poured some wine into a goatskin bottle — the maid, meanwhile, had got into the wagon — and gave her in a golden flask some liquid oil, that she might bathe and anoint herself, she and the waiting-women. Nausicaa took the whip and the bright reins, and cracked the whip to start. There was a clatter of the mules, and steadily they pulled, drawing the clothing and the maid — yet not alone; beside her went the waiting-women too.

II — Book vi, 85-197. Translated by Butcher and Lang

Now when they were come to the beautiful stream of the river, where truly were the unfailing cisterns, and bright water welled up free from beneath, and flowed past, enough to wash the foulest garments clean, there the girls unharnessed the mules from under the chariot, and turning them loose they drove them along the banks of the eddying river to graze on the sweet clover. Then they took the garments from the wain, in their hands, and bore them to the black water, and briskly trod them down in the trenches, in busy rivalry. Now when they had washed and cleansed all the stains, they spread all out in order along the shore of the deep, even where the sea, in beating on the coast, washed the pebbles clean. Then having bathed and anointed them well with olive oil, they took their midday meal on the river's banks, waiting till the clothes should dry in the brightness of the sun. Anon, when they were satisfied with food, the maidens and the princess, they fell to playing at ball, casting away their tires, and among them Nausicaa of the white arms began the song. And even as Artemis the archer moveth down the mountain, either along the ridges of lofty Taygetus or Erymanthus, taking her pastime in the chase of boars and swift deer, and with her the wild wood-nymphs disport them, the daughters of Zeus, lord of the ægis, and Leto is glad at heart, while high over all she rears her head and brows, and easily may she be known — but all are fair; even so the girl unwed outshone her maiden company.

But when now she was about going homewards, after yoking the mules and folding up the goodly raiment, then gray-eyed Athene turned to other thoughts, that so Odysseus might awake, and see the lovely maiden who should be his guide to the city of the Phæacian men. So then the princess threw the ball at one of her company; she missed the girl, and cast the ball into the deep eddying current, whereat they all raised a piercing cry. Then the goodly Odysseus awoke and sat up, pondering in his heart and spirit: —

“Woe is me! to what men's land am I come now? say, are they froward and wild, and unjust, or are they hospitable and of God-fearing mind? How shrill a cry of maidens rings round me, of the nymphs that hold the steep hill-tops, and the river springs, and the grassy water meadows. It must be, methinks, that I am near men of human speech. Go to; I myself will make trial and see.”

Therewith the goodly Odysseus crept out from under the coppice, having broken with his strong hand a leafy bough from the thick wood, to hold athwart his body, that it might hide his nakedness withal. And forth he sallied like a lion of the hills, trusting in his strength, who fares out under wind and rain, and his eyes are all on fire. And he goes amid the kine or the sheep or in the track of the wild deer; yea, his belly bids him to make assay upon the flocks, even within a close-penned fold. Even so Odysseus was fain to draw nigh to the fair-dressed maidens, all naked as he was, such need had come upon him. But he was terrible in their eyes, all marred as he was with the salt foam, and they fled cowering here and there about the jutting spits of shore. And the daughter of Alcinous alone stood firm, for Athene gave her courage of heart, and took all trembling from her limbs. So she halted and stood over against him, and Odysseus considered whether he should clasp the knees of the lovely maiden, and so make his prayer, or should stand as he was, apart, and beseech her with smooth words, if haply she might show him the town and give him raiment. And as he thought within himself, it seemed better to stand apart, and beseech her with smooth words, lest the maiden should be angered with him if he touched her knees; so straightway he spoke a sweet and cunning word: "I supplicate thee, O queen, whether thou art some goddess or a mortal! If indeed thou art a goddess of them that keep the wide heaven, to Artemis, then, the daughter of great Zeus, I mainly liken thee, for beauty and stature and shapeliness. But if thou art one of the daughters of men who dwell on earth, thrice blessed are thy father and thy lady mother, and thrice blessed thy brethren. Surely their hearts ever glow with gladness for thy sake, each time they see thee entering the dance, so fair a flower of maidens. But he is of heart the most blessed beyond all other who shall prevail with gifts of wooing, and lead thee to his home. Never have mine eyes beheld such an one among mortals, neither man nor woman; great awe comes upon me as I look on thee. Yet in Delos once I saw as goodly a thing: a young sapling of a palm-tree springing by the altar of Apollo. For thither too I went, and much people with me, on that path where my sore troubles were to be. Yea, and when I looked thereupon, long time, I marvelled in spirit — for never grew there yet so goodly a shoot from ground — even in such wise as I wonder at thee, lady, and am astonied and do greatly fear to touch thy knees, though grievous sorrow is upon me. Yesterday, on the twentieth day, I escaped from the wine-dark deep, but all that time continually the wave bore me, and the vehement winds drave, from the isle Ogygia. And now some god has cast me on this shore, and here too, methinks, some evil may betide me: for I trow not that evil will cease; the gods ere that time will yet bring many a thing to pass. But, queen, have pity on me, for after many trials and sore, to thee first of all I come; and of the other folk, who hold this city and land, I know no man. Nay, show me the town, give me an old garment to cast about me, if thou hadst, when thou camest here, any

wrap for the linen. And may the gods grant thee all thy heart's desire: a husband and a home, and a mind at one with his may they give — a good gift; for there is nothing mightier and nobler than when man and wife are of one heart and mind in a house, a grief to their foes, and to their friends great joy, but their own hearts know it best."

Then Nausicaa of the white arms answered him, and said: "Stranger, forasmuch as thou seemest no evil man nor foolish — and it is Olympian Zeus himself that giveth weal to men, to the good and to the evil to each one as he will, and this thy lot doubtless is of him, and so thou must in anywise endure it; — and now, since thou hast come to our city and our land, thou shalt not lack raiment, nor aught else that is the due of a hapless suppliant when he has met them who can befriend him. And I will show thee the town, and name the name of the people. The Phæacians hold this city and land, and I am the daughter of Alcinous, great of heart, on whom all the might and force of the Phæacians depend."

III — Book vi, 198–254. Translated by William Cullen Bryant. Copyright 1871, by James R. Osgood. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

So spake the damsel, and commanded thus
Her fair-haired maids: "Stay! whither do ye flee,
My handmaids, when a man appears in sight?
Ye think, perhaps, he is some enemy.
Nay, there is no man living now, nor yet
Will live, to enter, bringing war, the land
Of the Phæacians. Very dear are they
To the great gods. We dwell apart, afar
Within the unmeasured deep, amid its waves
The most remote of men; no other race
Hath commerce with us. This man comes to us
A wanderer and unhappy, and to him
Our cares are due. The stranger and the poor
Are sent by Jove, and slight regards to them
Are grateful. Maidens, give the stranger food
And drink, and take him to the river-side
To bathe where there is shelter from the wind."

So spake the mistress; and they stayed their flight
And bade each other stand, and led the chief
Under a shelter as the royal maid,
Daughter of stout Alcinous, gave command,
And laid a cloak and tunic near the spot
To be his raiment, and a golden cruse

Of limpid oil. Then, as they bade him bathe
In a fresh stream, the noble chieftain said: —

“Withdraw, ye maidens, hence, while I prepare
To cleanse my shoulders from the bitter brine,
And to anoint them; long have these my limbs
Been unfreshed by oil. I will not bathe
Before you. I should be ashamed to stand
Unclothed in presence of these bright-haired maids.”

He spake; they hearkened and withdrew, and told
The damsel what he said. Ulysses then
Washed the salt spray of ocean from his back
And his broad shoulders in the flowing stream,
And wiped away the sea froth from his brows.
And when the bath was over, and his limbs
Had been anointed, and he had put on
The garments sent him by the spotless maid,
Jove's daughter, Pallas, caused him to appear
Of statelier size and more majestic mien,
And bade the locks that crowned his head flow down,
Curling like blossoms of the hyacinth.

As when some skilful workman trained and taught
By Vulcan and Minerva in his art
Binds the bright silver with a verge of gold,
And graceful in his handiwork, such grace
Did Pallas shed upon the hero's brow
And shoulders, as he passed along the beach,
And, glorious in his beauty and the pride
Of noble bearing, sat aloof. The maid
Admired, and to her bright-haired women spake: —
“Listen to me, my maidens, while I speak.

This man comes not among the godlike sons
Of the Phæacian stock against the will
Of all the gods of heaven. I thought him late
Of an unseemly aspect; now he bears
A likeness to the immortal ones whose home
Is the broad heaven. I would that I might call
A man like him my husband, dwelling here,
And here content to dwell. Now hasten, maids
And set before the stranger food and wine.”

She spake; they heard and cheerfully obeyed,
And set before Ulysses food and wine.
The patient chief Ulysses ate and drank
Full eagerly, for he had fasted long.

White-armed Nausicaa then had other cares.
She placed the smoothly folded robes within
The sumptuous chariot, yoked the firm-hoofed mules,
And mounted to her place, and from the seat
Spake kindly, counseling Ulysses thus: —

IV Book vi, 255-331. Translated by Philip Worsley

“Stranger, bestir thyself to seek the town,
That to my father’s mansion I may lead
Thee following, there to meet the flower and crown
Of the Phæacian people. But take heed
(Not senseless dost thou seem in word or deed),
While ’mid the fields and works of men we go,
After the mules, in the wain’s track, to speed,
Girt with this virgin company, and lo!
I will myself drive first, and all the road will show.

“When we the city reach — a castled crown
Of wall encircles it from end to end,
And a fair haven, on each side the town,
Framed with fine entrance, doth our barks defend,
Which, where the terrace by the shore doth wend,
Line the long coast; to all and each large space,
Docks, and deep shelter, doth that haven lend;
There, paved with marble, our great market-place
Doth with its arms Poseidon’s beauteous fane embrace.

“All instruments marine they fashion there,
Cordage and canvas and the tapering oar;
Since not for bow nor quiver do they care,
But masts and well-poised ships and naval store,
Wherewith the foam-white ocean they explore
Rejoicing. There I fear for my good name,
For in the land dwell babblers evermore,
Proud, supercilious, who might work me shame
Hereafter with sharp tongues of cavil and quick blame.

“Haply would ask some losel, meeting me,
‘Where did she find this stranger tall and brave?
Who is it? He then will her husband be —
Perchance some far-off foreigner — whom the wave
(For none dwell near us) on our island drave.

Or have her long prayers made a god come down,
Whom all her life she shall for husband have?
Wisely she sought him, for she spurns our town,
Though wooed by many a chief of high worth and renown.'

"So will they speak this slander to my shame;
Yea, if another made the like display,
Her I myself should be the first to blame,
If in the public streets she should essay
To mix with men before her marriage day,
Against her father's and her mother's will.
Now, stranger, well remember what I say,
So mayst thou haply in good haste fulfil
Thy journey, with safe-conduct, by my father's will: —

"Hard by the roadside an illustrious grove,
Athene's, all of poplar, thou shalt find.
Through it a streaming rivulet doth rove,
And the rich meadow-lands around it wind.
There the estate lies to my sire assigned,
There his fat vineyards — from the town so far
As a man's shout may travel. There reclined
Tarry such while, and thy approach debar,
Till we belike within my father's mansion are.

"Then to the town Phæacian, and inquire
(Plain is the house, a child might be thy guide)
Where dwells Alcinous my large-hearted sire.
Not like the houses reared on every side
Stands that wherein Alcinous doth abide,
But easy to be known. But when the wall
And court inclose thee, with an eager stride
Move through the noble spaces of the hall,
And with firm eye seek out my mother first of all.

"She in the firelight near the hearth doth twine,
Sitting, the purpled yarn; her maids are seen
Behind her; there my sire, enthroned, his wine
Quaffs like a god; both on the pillar lean.
Him passing urge thy supplication keen,
My mother's knees enclasping. If but she
Think kindness in her heart, good hope, I ween,
Remains, however far thy bourne may be,
That country, friends, and home thou yet shalt live to see."

She ended, and the mules with glittering lash
 Plied, who soon leave the river in their rear.
 Onward continuously their swift feet flash.
 She like an understanding charioteer
 Scourged them with judgment, and their course did steer
 So to precede Odysseus and the rest.
 And the sun fell and they the grove came near.
 There on the earth sat down with anxious breast
 Odysseus, and in prayer the child of Zeus addressed: —

"Virgin, whose eyelids slumber not nor sleep,
 Hear, child of Zeus! who in the time forepast
 Heardest me not, when in the ruinous deep
 Poseidon whirled me with his angry blast.
 Let me find pity in this land at last!"
 So prayed he, and Athene heard: but she
 Not yet revealed herself in form; so vast
 Loomed in her eyes her uncle's fierce decree
 Against divine Odysseus, ere his land he see.

V — Book vii, 1-13. Same Translation

There the much-toiled divine Odysseus prayed.
 She onward passed to the Phæacian town,
 Drawn by the mules. But when the royal maid
 Came to her father's halls of high renown,
 She by the porch drew rein. Thither came down
 Her brothers, circling her, a lucid ring;
 They of Phæacian youth the flower and crown,
 Like gods to look at. Soon unharnessing
 The mules, into the house the raiment clean they bring.

She to her chamber straight ascended. There
 Eurymedusa old, the chamber dame,
 Kindled the fire — who o'er the ocean mere
 Borne in swift ships from land Apeira came,
 Thenceforth assigned by right of regal claim
 To King Alcinous, like a god revered
 In his own land, the first in name and fame.
 She in the halls white-armed Nausicaa reared,
 And now the fire lit well, and sweet repast prepared.

[A final glimpse of Nausicaa is accorded to Odysseus, and to us, at night-fall of the following day.]

VI — Book viii, 454-468. Same Translation

Him then the maidens bathe and rub with oil,
And in rich robe and tunic clothe with care.
He from the bath, cleansed from the dust of toil,
Passed to the drinkers; and Nausicaa there
Stood, molded by the gods exceeding fair.
She, on the roof-tree pillar leaning, heard
Odysseus; turning she beheld him near.
Deep in her breast admiring wonder stirred,
And in a low sweet voice she spake this wingèd word: —

“Hail, stranger guest! when fatherland and wife
Thou shalt revisit, then remember me,
Since to me first thou owest the price of life.”
And to the royal virgin answered he: —
“Child of a generous sire, if willed it be
By Thunderer Zeus, who all dominion hath,
That I my home and dear return yet see,
There at thy shrine will I devote my breath,
There worship thee, dear maid, my saviour from dark death.”

HESIOD

FOR as to Hesiod and Homer, I judge them to have been four hundred years before me, and not more. It was they who made a theogony for the Greeks, assigned names to the gods, distributed their honors and arts, and revealed their forms. The poets stated to have been before these really lived later than they, in my judgment." These words are from the credulous but shrewd father of history, Herodotus, and were written between 450 and 400 B.C. The two poets are thus assigned to the ninth century B.C. As to Homer, the latest investigations are in agreement with this early estimate of their age. Hesiod, however, is a younger member of the Homeric school; probably a century later than the author of the *Iliad*, whom he clearly imitates. Indeed, the use of the Ionic dialect, in an obscure Bæotian village, can hardly have any other explanation.

Hesiod represents a back current of colonial Asiatic culture, returning to the yet rude, undeveloped motherland. His father had emigrated from Kymè in Asia Minor, a center of Trojan myth and epic, back to —

Ascra, in winter vile, most villainous
In summer, and at no time glorious,

as the ungrateful minstrel describes his birthplace. Hesiod actually pastured his sheep on Helicon, and since then the Muses have always been associated with that mountain.

The chief creation of Hesiod is called 'Works and Days'; *i. e.*, farmers' tasks, and lucky or fit days on which to do them. The poem is addressed to his brother Perses. The latter, we hear, had bribed the judges and so secured the lion's share of the family estate. Again reduced to poverty by sloth and waste, he has appealed to the poet, who has nothing for him but caustic advice. Moreover, Hesiod takes a pessimistic view of human life. His own iron age is the worst among five successive ages, and life is hardly endurable. The only break, indeed, in the decay from the golden through the silver and bronze ages, is the interposition — between the latter and the poet's day of iron — of the nobler heroic age; and the sieges of Thebes and Troy are expressly mentioned, to point this reminiscence of Homeric song. Zeus has never forgiven men for Prometheus' theft of fire, and has "hidden the means of subsistence"; *i. e.*, has said to man, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." The Pandora episode, also, is brought in to explain the manifold miseries of mortal life.

The transitions from one branch of this wide-ranging theme to another are stiff and awkward. Some parts of the poem are probably lost; and where it becomes, as often, a mere string of maxims, the temptation to insert similar apothegms has haunted the copyist in every age. Altogether, the poem is more interesting piecemeal than as a whole. Still, in the main, it is a genuine production of a feebly inspired, rather prosy eighth-century rustic philosopher. In fact, it is our earliest didactic sermon in verse.

The other poem usually assigned to Hesiod, the 'Theogony,' is the first orderly attempt at tracing the origin of the Greek gods. It is no description of creation, much less an attempt to solve the mystery of existence. In the main we have a mere genealogy of the family springing from Uranus and Gê (Heaven and Earth), who in turn are supplied with a sort of ancestry. Herodotus must not mislead us into thinking these strange figures are the creation of Hesiod. The poet does little more than to record and harmonize tales already more or less generally current. Many stories of cannibalism and outrageous immorality among the gods must have come down from utterly savage forefathers. These uncanny heirlooms were never definitely discarded in pagan Greece. Some of the accounts of divine wickedness were so entangled with beautiful myths that they have been immortalized in the drama, in lyric, in works of plastic art, and cannot be ignored in any view of Greek life and thought. Philosophers, and even poets, did indeed make fearless protest against the ascription of any grievous wickedness to Deity. Yet it must be confessed that from Homer's song downward, the gods are altogether inferior in motive and action to the truly heroic men and women either of myth and song or of historic record. And this crude and ignoble popular mythology was fixed and nationalized above all by the Hesiodic 'Theogony.' Even so pure, devout, and original a poet as Æschylus in the 'Prometheus' copies Hesiod in many details, though he combats directly the older poet's view of Zeus' purpose and character.

It is evident, then, that the works of Hesiod are of interest and value, not so much as poetry, but as an early record of man's gropings about the roots of religion. The moral philosopher, the student of mythology, and the historian of agriculture may find here more inspiration than the poet.

WILLIAM C. LAWTON

PANDORA

From the 'Works and Days'

ZEUS in the wrath of his heart hath hidden the means of subsistence,
 Wrathful because he once was deceived by the wily Prometheus.
 Therefore it was he devised most grievous troubles for mortals.
 Fire he hid; yet that, for men, did the gallant Prometheus

Steal, in a hollow reed, from the dwelling of Zeus the Adviser;
 Nor was he seen by the ruler of gods, who delights in the thunder.
 Then, in his rage at the deed, cloud-gathering Zeus did address him:
 "Iapetionides, in cunning greater than any,
 Thou in the theft of the fire, and deceit of me, art exulting —
 Source of grief for thyself, and for men who shall be hereafter.
 I in the place of fire will give them a bane, so that all men
 May in spirit exult, and find in their misery comfort!"
 Speaking thus, loud laughed he, the father of gods and of mortals.
 Then he commanded Hephæstus, the cunning artificer, straightway
 Mixing water and earth, with speech and force to endow it,
 Making it like in face to the gods whose life is eternal.
 Virginal, winning, and fair was the shape; and he ordered Athènè
 Skilful devices to teach her, the beautiful works of the weaver.
 Then did he bid Aphroditè the golden endow her with beauty,
 Eager desire, and passion that wasteth the bodies of mortals.
 Hermes, guider of men, the destroyer of Argus, he ordered,
 Lastly, a shameless mind to accord her, and treacherous nature.
 So did he speak. They obeyed Lord Zeus, who is offspring of Cronos.
 Straightway out of the earth the renowned Artificer fashioned
 One like a shamefaced maid, at the will of the Ruler of Heaven.
 Girdle and ornaments added the bright-eyed goddess Athenè,
 Over her body the Graces divine and noble Persuasion
 Hung their golden chains, and the Hours with beautiful tresses
 Wove her garlands of flowers that bloom in the season of springtime.
 All her adornment Pallas Athenè fitted upon her;
 Into her bosom Hermes the guide, the destroyer of Argus,
 Falsehood, treacherous thoughts, and a thievish nature imparted —
 Such was the will of Zeus who heavily thunders; and lastly
 Hermes, herald of gods, endowed her with speech, and the woman
 Named Pandora, because all gods who dwell in Olympus
 Gave to her gifts that would make her a fatal bane unto mortals.
 When now Zeus had finished this snare so deadly and certain,
 Famous Argus-slayer, the herald of gods he commanded,
 Leading her thence, as a gift to bestow her upon Epimetheus.
 He then failed to remember Prometheus had bidden him never
 Gifts to accept from Olympian Zeus, but still to return them
 Straightway, lest some evil befall thereby unto mortals.
 So he received her — and then, when the evil befell, he remembered.
 Till that time, upon earth were dwelling the races of mortals
 Free and secure from trouble, and free from wearisome labor;
 Safe from painful diseases that bring mankind to destruction
 (Since full swiftly in misery age unto mortals approacheth).

Now with her hands Pandora the great lid raised from the vessel,
 Letting them loose; and grievous the evil for men she provided.
 Only Hope was left, in the dwelling securely imprisoned,
 Since she under the edge of the cover had lingered, and flew not
 Forth; too soon Pandora had fastened the lid of the vessel —
 Such was the will of Zeus, cloud-gatherer, lord of the ægis.
 Numberless evils beside to the haunts of men had departed;
 Full is the earth of ills, and full no less are the waters
 Freely diseases among mankind by day and in darkness
 Hither and thither may pass, and bring much woe upon mortals —
 Voiceless, since of speech high-counseling Zeus has bereft them.

Translation taken by permission from 'The School of Homer,'
 by William C. Lawton

TARTARUS AND THE STYX

From the 'Theogony'

THERE, odious to immortals, dreadful Styx
 Inhabits, refluent Ocean's eldest born:
 She from the gods apart for ever dwells
 In mansions known to fame, with arching roofs
 O'erhung, of loftiest rock, and all around
 The silver columns lean upon the skies.
 Swift-footed Iris, nymph of Thaumas born,
 Takes with no frequent embassy her way
 O'er the broad main's expanse, when haply strife
 Be risen, and 'midst the gods dissension sown.
 And if there be among th' Olympian race
 Who falsehood utters, Jove sends Iris down,
 To bear from far in ewer of gold the wave
 Renowned; that from the summit of a rock
 Steep, lofty, cold distils. Beneath wide Earth
 Abundant from the sacred parent flood,
 Through shades of blackest night, the Stygian branch
 Of Ocean flows; a tenth of all the streams
 To the dread oath allotted. In nine streams,
 Round and around earth and the ocean broad
 With silver whirlpools mazy-rolled, at length
 It falls into the main; one stream alone
 Glides from the rock, a mighty bane to gods.
 Who of immortals that inhabit still

Olympus topt with snow, libation pours
 And is forsworn, he one whole year entire
 Lies reft of breath, nor yet approaches once
 The nectared and ambrosial sweet repast;
 But still reclines on the spread festive couch,
 Mute, breathless; and a mortal lethargy
 O'erwhelms him; but, his malady absolved
 With the great round of the revolving year,
 More ills on ills afflictive seize: nine years
 From ever-living deities remote
 His lot is cast; in council nor in feast
 Once joins he, till nine years entire are full;
 The tenth again he mingles with the blest
 In synod, who th' Olympian mansions hold.
 So great an oath the deities of heaven
 Decreed the waters incorruptible,
 Ancient, of Styx.

Translated by C. A. Elton

MAXIMS

From the 'Works and Days'

NEVER a man hath won him a nobler prize than a woman,
 If she be good; but again there is naught else worse than a bad one.

But do thou store these matters away in thy memory, Perses!
 Let not contention, the lover of mischief, withhold thee from labor,
 While in the market-place thou art hearkening, eager for quarrels.

Once we our heritage shared already. Cajoling the rulers —
 Men who were greedy for bribes, and were willing to grant you the judgment —

You then plundered and carried away far more than your portion.
 Fools were they, unaware how the whole by a half is exceeded;

Little they know how great is the blessing with mallow and lentils.

Evil he worketh himself who worketh ill to another.

But remembering still my injunction,
Work, O Perses sprung from the gods, that Famine may ever
 Hate you, and dear may you be to Demeter of beautiful garlands —
 Awesome one — and still may she fill thy garner with plenty.

Work is no disgrace; but the shame is, not to be working:
If you but work, then he who works not will envy you quickly,
Seeing your wealth increase; with wealth come honor and glory.

Summon the man who loves thee to banquet; thy enemy bid not.
Summon him most of all who dwells most closely beside thee;
Since if aught that is strange or evil chance to befall thee,
Neighbors come ungirt, but kinsmen wait to be girded.

Get thee a dwelling first, and a woman, and ox for the plowing:
Buy thou a woman, not wed her, that she may follow the oxen.

This shall the remedy be, if thou art belated in plowing:
When in the leaves of the oak is heard the voice of the cuckoo
First, that across the unbounded earth brings pleasure to mortals,
Three days long let Zeus pour down his rain without ceasing,
So that the ox-hoof's print it fills, yet not overflows it:
Then may the plowman belated be equal with him who was timely.

Pass by the seat at the forge, and the well-warmed tavern, in winter.
That is the time when the man not slothful increases his substance.

Seek thou a homeless thrall, and a serving-maid who is childless.

Praise thou a little vessel; bestow thy freight in a large one.

Do not stow in the hollowed vessel the whole of thy substance;
Leave thou more behind, and carry the less for a cargo.
Hateful is it to meet with a loss on the watery billows;
Hateful too if, loading excessive weight on a wagon,
Thou shouldst crush thine axle and so thy burden be wasted.
Keep thou due moderation; all things have a fitting occasion.

Translation taken by permission from 'The School of Homer,'
by William C. Lawton

AESOP

LIKE Homer, the greatest of the world's epic poets, Æsop, the most famous of the world's fabulists, has been regarded by certain scholars as a wholly mythical personage. The many improbable stories that are told about him gain some credence for this theory, which is set forth in detail by the Italian scholar Vico, who says: — "Æsop, regarded philosophically, will be found not to have been an actually existing man, but rather an abstraction representing a class" — in other words, merely a convenient invention of the later Greeks, who ascribe to him all the fables of which they could find no certain author.

The only tradition upon which the ancient writers are in the main agreed represents Æsop as living in the sixth century before Christ. As with Homer, so with Æsop, many places claimed the honor of having been his birthplace. Though he was born a slave and hideously ugly, his keen wit led his admiring master to set him free; after which he traveled, visiting Athens, where he is said to have told his fable of King Log and King Stork to the citizens who were complaining of the rule of Pisistratus. Still later, having won the favor of King Cræsus of Lydia, he was sent by him to Delphi with a gift of money for the citizens of that place; but in the course of a dispute as to its distribution, he was slain by the Delphians, who threw him over a precipice.

The fables that bore his name seem not to have been committed to writing, but to have been handed down from generation to generation by oral tradition; so that the same fables are often found quoted in slightly different forms, and we hear of men learning them in conversation rather than from books. They were, however, universally popular. Socrates while in prison amused himself by turning some of them into verse. Aristophanes cites them in his plays; and he tells how certain suitors once tried to win the favor of a judge by repeating to him some of the amusing stories of Æsop. The Athenians even erected a statue in his honor. At a later period, the fables were gathered together and published by the Athenian statesman and orator, Demetrius Phalereus, in 320 B.C., and were versified by Babrius (of uncertain date), whose collection is the only one in Greek of which any substantial portion still survives. They were often translated by the Romans, and the Latin version by Phædrus, the freedman of Augustus Cæsar, is still preserved and used as a school-book. Forty-two of them are likewise found in a Latin work by one Avianus, dating from the fifth century after Christ. During the Middle Ages, when much of the classical literature had

been lost or forgotten, Æsop, who was called by the medievals "Isopet," was still read in various forms, and in modern times he has served as a model for a great number of imitations, of which the most successful are those in French by La Fontaine and those in English by John Gay.

Whether or not such a person as Æsop ever lived, and whether or not he narrated the fables ascribed to him, it is certain that he did not himself invent them, but merely gave them currency in Greece; for they can be shown to have existed long before his time, and in fact to antedate even the beginnings of Hellenic civilization. With some changes of form they are found in the oldest literature of the Chinese; similar stories are preserved on inscribed Babylonian bricks; and an Egyptian papyrus of about the year 1200 B.C. gives the fable of 'The Lion and the Mouse' in its finished form. Other Æsopic apologues are essentially identical with the Jatakas or Buddhist stories of India, and occur also in the great Sanskrit story-book, the 'Panchatantra,' which is the oldest monument of Hindu literature.

The so-called Æsopic Fables are in fact only a part of that primitive folklore, which passes from race to race by the process of popular story-telling. They reached Greece, undoubtedly through Egypt and Persia, and even in their present form they still retain certain Oriental, or at any rate non-Hellenic elements, such as the introduction of Eastern animals — the panther, the peacock, and the ape. They represent the beginnings of conscious literary effort, when man first tried to inculcate some maxim of practical wisdom and to teach some useful truth through the fascinating medium of a story. The Fable unites a half-unconscious desire to give concrete form to an abstract principle with a childish love for the picturesque and striking, which endows rocks and stones and trees with life, and gives the power of speech to animals.

That beasts with the attributes of human beings should figure in these tales involves, from the standpoint of primeval man, only a slight divergence from probability. In nothing, perhaps, has civilization so changed us as in our attitude toward animals. It has fixed a great gulf between us and them — a gulf far greater than that which divided them from our first ancestors. In the early ages of the world, when men lived by the chase, and slept in lairs amid the jungle, the purely animal virtues were the only ones they knew and exercised. They adored courage and strength, swiftness and endurance. They respected keenness of scent and vision, and admired cunning. The possession of these qualities was the very condition of existence, and they valued them accordingly; but in each one of them they found their equals, and in fact their superiors, among the brutes. A lion was stronger than the strongest man. The hare was swifter. The eagle was more keen-sighted. The fox was more cunning. Hence, so far from looking down upon the animals from the superior height that a hundred centuries of civilization have erected for us, the primitive savage looked up to the beast, studied his ways, and went to school to him. The man was not in those days the lord of creation, and

the beast was not his servant; they were almost brothers in the subtle sympathy between them, a sympathy like that which united Mowgli and his hairy brethren, in that most weirdly wonderful of all Mr. Kipling's inventions — the one that carries us back, not, as his other stories do, to the India of the cities and the bazaars, of the supercilious tourist and the sleek Babu, but to the older India of unbroken jungle, darkling at noonday through its green midst of tangled leaves, and haunted by memories of the world's long infancy when man and brute crouched close together on the earthly breast of the great mother.

The Æsopic Fables, then, are the oldest representative that we have of the literary art of man. The charm that they have always possessed springs in part from their utter simplicity, their naïveté, and their directness; and in part from the fact that their teachings are the teachings of universal experience, and therefore appeal irresistibly to the consciousness of everyone, whether he be savage or scholar, child or sage. They are the literary antipodes of Kipling's 'Jungle Books,' which may be characterized as the last great effort of genius and art working upon a similar material. The fables show the first stirrings of the literary instinct, the Jungle Stories bring to bear the full development of the fictive art — creative imagination, psychological insight, brilliantly picturesque description, and the touch of one who is a daring master of vivid language; no better theme can be given to a student of literary history than the critical comparison of these two forms of composition, representing as they do the two extremes of actual development.

HARRY THURSTON PECK

THE FOX AND THE LION

THE first time the Fox saw the Lion, he fell down at his feet, and was ready to die of fear. The second time, he took courage and could even bear to look upon him. The third time, he had the impudence to come up to him, to salute him, and to enter into familiar conversation with him.

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN

AN Ass, finding the skin of a Lion, put it on; and, going into the woods and pastures, threw all the flocks and herds into a terrible consternation. At last, meeting his owner, he would have frightened him also; but the good man, seeing his long ears stick out, presently knew him, and with a good cudgel made him sensible that, notwithstanding his being dressed in a Lion's skin, he was really no more than an Ass.

THE ASS EATING THISTLES

AN Ass was loaded with good provisions of several sorts, which, in time of harvest, he was carrying into the field for his master and the reapers to dine upon. On the way he met with a fine large thistle, and being very hungry, began to mumble it; which while he was doing, he entered into this reflection:—"How many greedy epicures would think themselves happy, amidst such a variety of delicate viands as I now carry! But to me this bitter, prickly thistle is more savory and relishing than the most exquisite and sumptuous banquet."

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

A WOLF, clothing himself in the skin of a sheep, and getting in among the flock, by this means took the opportunity to devour many of them. At last the shepherd discovered him, and cunningly fastening a rope about his neck, tied him up to a tree which stood hard by. Some other shepherds happening to pass that way, and observing what he was about, drew near, and expressed their admiration at it. "What!" says one of them, "brother, do you make hanging of a sheep?" "No," replied the other, "but I make hanging of a Wolf whenever I catch him, though in the habit and garb of a sheep." Then he showed them their mistake, and they applauded the justice of the execution.

THE COUNTRYMAN AND THE SNAKE

A VILLAGER, in a frosty, snowy winter, found a Snake under a hedge, almost dead with cold. He could not help having a compassion for the poor creature, so brought it home, and laid it upon the hearth, near the fire; but it had not lain there long, before (being revived with the heat) it began to erect itself, and fly at his wife and children, filling the whole cottage with dreadful hissings. The Countryman heard an outcry, and perceiving what the matter was, caught up a mattock and soon dispatched him; upbraiding him at the same time in these words:—"Is this, vile wretch, the reward you make to him that saved your life? Die as you deserve; but a single death is too good for you."

THE BELLY AND THE MEMBERS

IN former days, when the Belly and the other parts of the body enjoyed the faculty of speech, and had separate views and designs of their own, each part, it seems, in particular for himself, and in the name of the whole, took exception to the conduct of the Belly, and were resolved to grant him supplies no longer. They said they thought it very hard that he should lead an idle, good-for-nothing life, spending and squandering away, upon his own ungodly guts, all the fruits of their labor; and that, in short, they were resolved, for the future, to strike off his allowance, and let him shift for himself as well as he could. The Hands protested they would not lift up a finger to keep him from starving; and the Mouth wished he might never speak again if he took in the least bit of nourishment for him as long as he lived; and, said the Teeth, may we be rotten if ever we chew a morsel for him for the future. This solemn league and covenant was kept as long as anything of that kind can be kept, which was until each of the rebel members pined away to skin and bone, and could hold out no longer. Then they found there was no doing without the Belly, and that, idle and insignificant as he seemed, he contributed as much to the maintenance and welfare of all the other parts as they did to his.

THE SATYR AND THE TRAVELER

A SATYR, as he was ranging the forest in an exceeding cold, snowy season, met with a Traveler half-starved with the extremity of the weather. He took compassion on him, and kindly invited him home to a warm, comfortable cave he had in the hollow of a rock. As soon as they had entered and sat down, notwithstanding there was a good fire in the place, the chilly Traveler could not forbear blowing his fingers' ends. Upon the Satyr's asking why he did so, he answered, that he did it to warm his hands. The honest sylvan having seen little of the world, admired a man who was master of so valuable a quality as that of blowing heat, and therefore was resolved to entertain him in the best manner he could. He spread the table before him with dried fruits of several sorts; and produced a remnant of cold wine, which as the rigor of the season made very proper, he mulled with some warm spices, infused over the fire, and presented to his shivering guest. But this the Traveler thought fit to blow likewise; and upon the Satyr's demanding a reason why he blew again, he replied, to cool his dish. This second answer provoked the Satyr's indignation as much as

the first had kindled his surprise: so, taking the man by the shoulder, he thrust him out of doors, saying he would have nothing to do with a wretch who had so vile a quality as to blow hot and cold with the same mouth.

THE LION AND THE OTHER BEASTS

THE Lion and several other beasts entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, and were to live very sociably together in the forest. One day, having made a sort of an excursion by way of hunting, they took a very fine, large, fat deer, which was divided into four parts; there happening to be then present his Majesty the Lion, and only three others. After the division was made, and the parts were set out, his Majesty, advancing forward some steps and pointing to one of the shares, was pleased to declare himself after the following manner: — "This I seize and take possession of as my right, which devolves to me, as I am descended by a true, lineal, hereditary succession from the royal family of Lion. That (pointing to the second) I claim by, I think, no unreasonable demand; considering that all the engagements you have with the enemy turn chiefly upon my courage and conduct, and you very well know that wars are too expensive to be carried on without proper supplies. Then (nodding his head toward the third) that I shall take by virtue of my prerogative; to which, I make no question but so dutiful and loyal a people will pay all the deference and regard that I can desire. Now, as for the remaining part, the necessity of our present affairs is so very urgent, our stock so low, and our credit so impaired and weakened, that I must insist upon your granting that, without any hesitation or demur; and hereof fail not at your peril."

THE ASS AND THE LITTLE DOG

THE Ass, observing how great a favorite the little Dog was with his Master, how much caressed and fondled, and fed with good bits at every meal; and for no other reason, as he could perceive, but for skipping and frisking about, wagging his tail, and leaping up into his Master's lap: he was resolved to imitate the same, and see whether such a behavior would not procure him the same favors. Accordingly, the Master was no sooner come home from walking about his fields and gardens, and was seated in his easy-chair, but the Ass, who observed him, came gamboling and braying towards him, in a very awkward manner. The Master could not help laughing aloud at the odd sight. But his jest was soon turned into earnest,

when he felt the rough salute of the Ass's forefeet, who, raising himself upon his hinder legs, pawed against his breast with a most loving air, and would fain have jumped into his lap. The good man, terrified at this outrageous behavior, and unable to endure the weight of so heavy a beast, cried out; upon which, one of his servants running in with a good stick, and laying on heartily upon the bones of the poor Ass, soon convinced him that every one who desires it is not qualified to be a favorite.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE AND THE CITY MOUSE

AN honest, plain, sensible Country Mouse is said to have entertained at his hole one day a fine Mouse of the Town. Having formerly been playfellows together, they were old acquaintances, which served as an apology for the visit. However, as master of the house, he thought himself obliged to do the honors of it in all respects, and to make as great a stranger of his guest as he possibly could. In order to do this he set before him a reserve of delicate gray pease and bacon, a dish of fine oatmeal, some parings of new cheese, and, to crown all with a dessert, a remnant of a charming mellow apple. In good manners, he forebore to eat any himself, lest the stranger should not have enough; but that he might seem to bear the other company, sat and nibbled a piece of a wheaten straw very busily. At last, says the spark of the town: — "Old crony, give me leave to be a little free with you: how can you bear to live in this nasty, dirty, melancholy hole here, with nothing but woods, and meadows, and mountains, and rivulets about you? Do not you prefer the conversation of the world to the chirping off birds, and the splendor of a court to the rude aspect of an uncultivated, desert? Come, take my word for it, you will find it a change for the better. Never stand considering, but away this moment. Remember, we are not immortal, and therefore have no time to lose. Make sure of today, and spend it as agreeably as you can: you know not what may happen tomorrow." In short, these and such like arguments prevailed, and his Country Acquaintance was resolved to go to town that night. So they both set out upon their journey together, proposing to sneak in after the close of the evening. They did so; and about midnight made their entry into a certain great house, where there had been an extraordinary entertainment the day before, and several titbits, which some of the servants had purloined, were hid under the seat of a window. The Country Guest was immediately placed in the midst of a rich Persian carpet: and now it was the Courtier's turn to entertain; who indeed acquitted himself in that capacity with the utmost readiness and address, changing the courses as elegantly, and tasting everything first as judiciously, as any clerk of the kitchen. The other sat and enjoyed himself

like a delighted epicure, tickled to the last degree with this new turn of his affairs; when on a sudden, a noise of somebody opening the door made them start from their seats, and scuttle in confusion about the dining-room. Our Country Friend, in particular, was ready to die with fear at the barking of a huge mastiff or two, which opened their throats just about the same time, and made the whole house echo. At last, recovering himself: — "Well," says he, "if this be your townlife, much good may you do with it: give me my poor, quiet hole again, with my homely but comfortable gray pease."

THE DOG AND THE WOLF

ALEAN, hungry, half-starved Wolf happened, one moonshiny night, to meet with a jolly, plump, well-fed Mastiff; and after the first compliments were passed, says the Wolf: — "You look extremely well. I protest, I think I never saw a more graceful, comely person; but how comes it about, I beseech you, that you should live so much better than I? I may say, without vanity, that I venture fifty times more than you do; and yet I am almost ready to perish with hunger." The Dog answered very bluntly, "Why, you may live as well, if you will do the same for it that I do." — "Indeed? what is that?" says he. — "Why," says the Dog, "only to guard the house a-nights, and keep it from thieves." — "With all my heart," replies the Wolf, "for at present I have but a sorry time of it; and I think to change my hard lodging in the woods, where I endure rain, frost, and snow, for a warm roof over my head, and a bellyful of good victuals, will be no bad bargain." — "True," says the Dog; "therefore you have nothing more to do but to follow me." Now, as they were jogging on together, the Wolf spied a crease in the Dog's neck, and having a strange curiosity, could not forbear asking him what it meant. "Pooh! nothing," says the Dog. — "Nay, but pray—" says the Wolf. — "Why," says the Dog, "if you must know, I am tied up in the daytime, because I am a little fierce, for fear I should bite people, and am only let loose a-nights. But this is done with design to make me sleep a-days, more than anything else, and that I may watch the better in the night-time; for as soon as ever the twilight appears, out I am turned, and may go where I please. Then my master brings me plates of bones from the table with his own hands, and whatever scraps are left by any of the family, all fall to my share; for you must know I am a favorite with everybody. So you see how you are to live. Come, come along: what is the matter with you?" — "No," replied the Wolf, "I beg your pardon: keep your happiness all to yourself. Liberty is the word with me; and I would not be a king upon the terms you mention."

THE CYCLIC POETS AND THE HOMERIC HYMNS

JUST as "Æsop" was credited with almost any popular fable which ascribed human reasoning to animals, so nearly every archaic or mock-archaic hexameter poem floating about unclaimed was assigned by the Greeks of historical times to "Homer." The ignoble riddles and bits of autobiographical invention attributed to him may be at once relegated to a late date, and to an obscure corner of the anthology. The fragmentary 'Battle of the Frogs and Mice' (*Batrachomyomachia*) is a spirited Homeric parody. The names of the chief combatants, in particular, with their "sires," are comically appropriate, and amusingly like Homer's "Achilles, offspring of Peleus," or "the son of knightly Tydeus, Diomedes." The origin of the skit is relatively late. Farther back than the fifth century B.C. its defenders rarely attempt to set it.

Aside from the learned revival of the Homeric dialect and style in Alexandrian epic by Apollonius Rhodius and his school, there are still two important masses of verse best discussed as "Homeric," the Cyclic epics and the Homeric Hymns.

Of the Cyclic epics, indeed, very little remains. These were, in part at least, written expressly to piece out the story which the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* left half told. They were probably not based upon any well-settled folk legend current among the Greeks. Rather we get the impression that each poet draws some hints from Homer, and more from his own ingenious fancy.

Perhaps the most famous of all the lost epics is the 'Cypria,' or lay of Aphrodite, planned to give a statelier approach and an adequate explanation leading up to the Trojan tragedy. To this poem, rather than to the *Iliad*, we probably owe the tale of the apple of discord, the judgment of Paris, etc. The opening lines of this epic are preserved: —

Once on a time was Earth by the races of men made weary,
Who were wandering numberless over the breadth of her bosom.
Zeus with pity beheld it, and took in his wise heart counsel
How to relieve of her burden the Earth, life-giver to all things,
Fanning to flame that terrible struggle, the war upon Troia.
So should the burden by death be removed; — and they in the Troad
Perished, the heroes: the counsel of Zeus was brought to fulfilment.
Many famous legends — for instance, the sacrifice of Iphigenia, by Aga-

memnon, and the desertion of Philoctetes in Lemnos by the Greeks — seem to have been first told in the 'Cypria,' and later borrowed by dramatist, lyric poet, and chronicler. It is perhaps from the same source that the Catalogue of Ships was transferred to our Iliad. The poem was said to have been Homer's wedding gift to his son-in-law Stasinus of Cyprus, who was evidently to sing it as his own; a tale which looks like an awkward compromise between two theories of authorship.

Again, there were continuations of the Iliad, one of which, the *Æthiopis*, was so widely accepted that the quiet closing verse of the older poem was mutilated to prepare the way for it. Instead of

So they made ready the grave for Hector the tamer of horses,

some read

So they made ready the grave for Hector: the Amazon straightway
Came, who was daughter to Ares, the haughty destroyer of heroes.

To this feeling that the Iliad is incomplete we also owe the finest book, the second, of Vergil's *Æneid*, Goethe's fragmentary 'Achilleis,' and perhaps many an Attic tragedy, as well as more recent poems like Lang's 'Helen of Troy.' These Cyclic epics probably took shape in the ninth and eighth centuries B.C. A prose summary of their contents, and a few score of verses in brief extracts, alone survive. They seem to have had much influence on later literature and art, suggesting themes to poets and painters, but we cannot suppose them to have had the grace and power that charm us in the Iliad and Odyssey.

The Homeric Hymns are akin in dialect and meter to the Ionic epic. Some are of venerable age. Thucydides (400 B.C.) quotes the Hymn to the Delian Apollo unquestioningly as Homeric. Some are as late as the Attic period, if not far more recent. They have little relation to the tale of Iliad or Odyssey. Nearly all have the form of preludes in which the rhapsode greets the divinity at whose shrine or festival he is about to recite from the heroic epics. In some cases the invocation may have been composed to suit the character of the recitation. Most of these poems are extremely brief, and formal in tone. Others contain a single mythical allusion, or short tale, perhaps sufficient to justify the independent existence of the poem. The most notable in this group is the Hymn to Dionysus, given in full below. As the whole development of drama in Athens sprang up about the Dionysus cult, such tales as this about the wine god probably formed the earliest plots for the mimic scene. Moreover, the transformation of the pirates into dolphins is represented on the frieze of the only surviving monument set up in Athens as the memorial of a victory gained in the Dionysiac theater, the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates.

There are five or six of these hymns, finally, each several hundred lines in length, which can hardly have been used as mere preludes. The hymns to Apollo and to Hermes are composite in character; and in their present form, each looks like a corpus of the chief early myths concerning the divinity in question. The Hymn to Aphrodite, like that to Demeter, details with epic breadth one notable adventure of the goddess. These poems borrow lines and half-lines very freely from "Homer" and from each other. The text has many gaps and corruptions. Still, these hymns are the earliest source for many of the notable legends concerning the Greek gods. It is most surprising, therefore, that they are passed over in the two best brief treatises on Greek poetry, those by Jebb and John Addington Symonds. Mahaffy gives them moderate space in his larger history of Hellenic literature.

There is a tolerable prose version in the Bohn Library, by Buckley, bound with the *Odyssey*; and a far better one, little known, published by Thynne in Edinburgh. Two of Shelley's delightful paraphrases in rhymed verse are given below. George Chapman rendered all save the Hymn to Demeter.

ORIGIN OF THE LYRE

From the 'Hymn to Mercury'

THE babe was born at the first peep of day;
 He began playing on the lyre at noon,
 And the same evening did he steal away
 Apollo's herds; — the fourth day of the moon
 On which him bore the venerable May,
 From her immortal limbs he leaped full soon,
 Nor long could in the sacred cradle keep,
 But out to seek Apollo's herds would creep.

Out of the lofty cavern wandering
 He found a tortoise, and cried out — "A treasure!"
 (For Mercury first made the tortoise sing.)
 The beast before the portal at his leisure
 The flowery herbage was depasturing,
 Moving his feet in a deliberate measure
 Over the turf. Jove's profitable son
 Eyeing him laught, and laughing thus begun: —

"A useful godsend are you to me now,
 King of the dance, companion of the feast,
 Lovely in all your nature! Welcome, you
 Excellent plaything! Where, sweet mountain beast,

Got you that speckled shell? Thus much I know,
You must come home with me and be my guest;
You will give joy to me, and I will do
All that is in my power to honor you.

"Better to be at home than out of door; —
So come with me, and though it has been said
That you alive defend from magic power,
I know you will sing sweetly when you're dead."
Thus having spoken, the quaint infant bore,
Lifting it from the grass on which it fed,
And grasping it in his delighted hold,
His treasured prize into the cavern old.

Then scooping with a chisel of gray steel,
He bored the life and soul out of the beast —
Not swifter a swift thought of woe or weal
Darts thro' the tumult of a human breast
Which thronging cares annoy — not swifter wheel
The flashes of its torture and unrest
Out of the dizzy eyes — than Maia's son
All that he did devise hath featly done.

And thro' the tortoise's hard stony skin
At proper distances small holes he made,
And fastened the cut stems of reeds within,
And with a piece of leather overlaid
The open space and fixt the cubits in,
Fitting the bridge to both, and stretcht o'er all
Symphonious cords of sheep-gut rhythmical.

When he had wrought the lovely instrument,
He tried the chords, and made division meet
Preluding with the plectrum, and there went
Up from beneath his hand a tumult sweet
Of mighty sounds, and from his lips he sent
A strain of unpremeditated wit,
Joyous and wild and wanton — such you may
Hear among revelers on a holiday.

Paraphrase by Shelley

POWER OF APHRODITE

From the 'Hymn to Venus'

MUSE, sing the deeds of golden Aphrodite,
 Who wakens with her smile the lulled delight
 Of sweet desire, taming the eternal kings
 Of Heaven, and men, and all the living things
 That fleet along the air, or whom the sea,
 Or earth with her maternal ministry,
 Nourish innumerable; thy delight
 All seek. O crownèd Aphrodite!
 Three spirits canst thou not deceive or quell.
 Minerva, child of Jove, who loves too well
 Fierce war and mingling combat, and the fame
 Of glorious deeds, to heed thy gentle flame.
 Diana, [clear-voiced] golden-shafted queen,
 Is tamed not by thy smiles; the shadows green
 Of the wild woods, the bow, the . . . [lyre and dance],
 And piercing cries amid the swift pursuit
 Of beasts among waste mountains — such delight
 Is hers, and men who know and do the right.
 Nor Saturn's first-born daughter, Vesta chaste,
 Whom Neptune and Apollo wooed the last,
 Such was the will of ægis-bearing Jove;
 But sternly she refused the ills of Love,
 And by her mighty father's head she swore
 An oath not unperformed, that evermore
 A virgin she would live 'mid deities
 Divine: her father, for such gentle ties
 Renounced, gave glorious gifts; thus in his hall
 She sits and feeds luxuriously. O'er all
 In every fane, her honors first arise
 From men — the eldest of Divinities.
 These spirits she persuades not, nor deceives,
 But none beside escape, so well she weaves
 Her unseen toils; nor mortal men, nor gods
 Who live secure in their unseen abodes.

DIONYSUS AND THE PIRATES

Reprinted by permission, from 'Three Dramas of Euripides,' by William C. Lawton: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1889

GLORIOUS Semele's child I will summon to mind, Dionysus;
 How he appeared on the brink of the sea forever-unresting,
 On a projecting crag, assuming the guise of a stripling
 Blooming in youth; and in beauty his dark hair floated about him.
 Purple the cloak he was wearing across his vigorous shoulders;
 Presently hove in sight a band of Tyrrhenian pirates,
 Borne in a well-rowed vessel along the wine-colored waters.
 Hither their evil destiny guided them! When they beheld him,
 Unto each other they nodded: then forth they darted, and straightway
 Seized him and haled him aboard their vessel, exultant in spirit,
 Since they thought him a child of kings who of Zeus are supported.
 Then were they eager to bind him in fetters that could not be sundered.
 Yet he was held not with bonds, for off and afar did the osiers
 Fall from his hands and feet, and left him sitting and smiling
 Out of his dusky eyes! But when their pilot beheld it,
 Straightway uplifting his voice he shouted aloud to his comrades: —
 "Madmen! Who is this god ye would seize and control with your fetters?
 Mighty is he! Our well-rowed ship is unable to hold him.
 Verily this is Zeus, or else the archer Apollo,
 Or, it may be, Poseidon: — for nowise perishing mortals
 Does he resemble, but gods who make their home on Olympus!
 Bring him, I pray you, again to the darksome shore, and release him
 Straightway! Lay not a finger upon him, lest in his anger
 He may arouse the impetuous gusts and the furious storm-wind."
 Thus he spoke, but the captain in words of anger assailed him: —
 "Fellow, look to the wind, and draw at the sail of the vessel,
 Holding the cordage in hand; we men will care for the captive.
 He shall come, as I think, to Egypt, or may be to Cyprus,
 Or to the Hyperboreans, or farther, and surely shall tell us
 Finally who are his friends, and reveal to us all his possessions,
 Name us his brethren too: for a god unto us has betrayed him."
 So had he spoken, and raised his mast and the sail of his vessel.
 Fairly upon their sail was blowing a breeze, and the cordage
 Tightened; and presently then most wondrous chances befell them!
 First of all things, wine through the black impetuous vessel,
 Fragrant and sweet to the taste, was trickling: the odor ambrosial

Rose in the air; and terror possessed them all to behold it.
 Presently near to the top of the sail a vine had extended,
 Winding hither and thither, with many a cluster dependent.
 Round about their mast an ivy was duskily twining,
 Rich in its blossoms, and fair was the fruit that had risen upon it.
 Every rowlock a garland wore.

And when they beheld this,
 Instantly then to the pilot they shouted to hurry the vessel
 Near to the land: but the god appeared as a lion among them,
 Terrible, high on the bow, and loudly he roared; and amidships
 Made he appear to their eyes a shaggy-necked bear as a portent.
 Eagerly rose she erect, and high on the prow was the lion
 Eyeing them grimly askance. To the stern they darted in terror.
 There about their pilot, the man of wiser perception,
 Dazed and affrighted they stood; and suddenly leaping upon them,
 On their captain he seized. They, fleeing from utter destruction,
 Into the sacred water plunged, as they saw it, together,
 Turning to dolphins. The god, for the pilot having compassion,
 Held him back, and gave him happiness, speaking as follows: —
 "Have no fear, O innocent suppliant, dear to my spirit.
 Semele's offspring am I, Dionysus the leader in revels,
 Born of the daughter of Cadmos, to Zeus in wedlock united."
 Greeting, O child of the fair-faced Semele! Never the minstrel
 Who is forgetful of thee may fashion a song that is pleasing!

CLOSE OF THE HYMN TO DELIAN APOLLO

DEAR all outlooks are unto thee, and the lofty mountains'
 Topmost peaks, and the rivers that down to the sea are descending.
 More than all, O Phæbus, thy heart is in Delos delighted,
 Where in their trailing robes unto thee the Ionians gather,
 They themselves and their modest wives as well, and the children.
 There they do honor to thee with boxing, dancing, and singing.
 So they take their delight, whenever the games are appointed.
 One would believe them to be immortal and ageless forever,
 Whoso met them, when the Ionians gather together.
 Then he the charms of them all would behold, and delight in their spirit,
 Seeing the men of the race, and the women gracefully girdled.
 Fleet are the vessels they bring as well, and many the treasures.
 This is a marvel, too, whose glory never may perish —
 Even the Delian maids, attendant on archer Apollo.

When they first have uttered in hymns their praise of Apollo,
 Next is Leto's turn, and Artemis, hurler of arrows.
Then they remember the heroes of ancient days, and the women,
 Singing their hymn; and the tribes of mortal men are enchanted.
 Speech of all mankind, and even their castanets' rattle,
 They can mimic, and every man would say that he heard them
 Speak his speech; so fairly and well is their minstrelsy fitted.
 Come, O Apollo, be thou, together with Artemis, gracious.

Greeting unto you all; and be ye of me hereafter
 Mindful, when some other of men that on earth have abiding
 Hither may come, an outworn stranger, and ask you the question,
 "O ye maidens, and who for you is the sweetest of minstrels,
 Whoso hither doth come, in whom ye most are delighted?"
 Then do ye all, I pray, with one voice answer and tell him,
 "Blind is the man, and in Chios abounding in crags is his dwelling;
 He it is whose songs shall all be supreme in the future."
 Yet will I not cease from hymning the archer Apollo,
 Lord of the silvern bow, who is offspring of fair-tressed Leto.

Translated by William C. Lawton

HYMN TO DEMETER

FIRST Demeter I sing, that fair-tressed reverend goddess,
 Her, and her daughter the slender-ankled, whom once Aïdoneous
 Stole — for wide-eyed Zeus, who is lord of the thunder, permitted.
 Quite unaware was the mother, Fruitgiver, the Bringer of Springtime.
 She, Persephone, played with Oceanos' deep-bosomed daughters,
 Plucking the blossoms — the beautiful violets, roses, and crocus,
 Iris, and hyacinth too, that grew in the flowery meadow.
 Earth, by command of Zeus, and to please All-welcoming Pluto,
 Caused narcissus to grow, as a lure for the lily-faced maiden.
 Wonderful was it in beauty. Amazement on all who beheld it
 Fell, both mortal men and gods whose life is eternal.
 Out of a single root it had grown with clusters an hundred.
 All wide Heaven above was filled with delight at the fragrance;
 Earth was laughing as well, and the briny swell of the waters.

She, in her wonder, to pluck that beautiful plaything extended
 Both in her hands; — but that moment the wide-wayed earth underneath her
 Yawned, in the Nysian plain; and the monarch, Receiver of all men,
 Many-named son of Kronos, arose, with his horses immortal —

Seized her against her will, and upon his chariot golden
 Bore her lamenting away; — and the hills re-echoed her outcry.
 Kronos' son she invoked, most mighty and noble, her father.
 None among mortal men, nor the gods whose life is eternal,
 Heard her voice — not even the fruitful Nymphs of the marshland.
 Only Perses' daughter, the tender-hearted, had heard her,
 Hecatè, she of the gleaming coronet, out of her cavern;
 Heard her on Kronides calling, her father: he from immortals
 Far was sitting aloof, in a fane where many petitions
 Came to him, mingled with sacrifices abundant of mortals.

So, at the bidding of Zeus was reluctant Persephone stolen,
 Forced by her father's brother, the Many-named, offspring of Kronos,
 Lord and Receiver of all mankind — with his horses immortal.
 While Persephone yet could look upon star-studded heaven,
 Gaze on the earth underneath, and the swarming waters unresting,
 Seeing the light, so long she had hope that her glorious mother
 Yet would descry her — or some from the race of the gods ever-living.
 So long hope consoled her courageous spirit in trouble.
 Loudly the crests of the mountains and depths of the water resounded
 Unto her deathless voice; and her royal mother did hear her.
 Keen was the pain at Demeter's heart, and about her ambrosial
 Tresses her tender hands were rending her beautiful wimple.
 Dusky the garment was that she cast upon both her shoulders.
 Like to a bird she darted, and over the lands and the waters
 Sped as if frenzied: but yet there was no one willing to tell her
 Truthfully, neither of gods nor of human folk who are mortal;
 None of the birds would come unto her as a messenger faithful.
 So throughout nine days over earth imperial Deo,
 Holding in both her hands her flaming torches, was roaming.
 Never ambrosia, nor ever delightful nectar she tasted;
 Never she bathed with water her body — so bitter her sorrow.
 Yet when upon her there came for the tenth time glimmering morning,
 Hecatè met her, a shining light in her hands, and address her,
 Speaking unto her thus, and bringing her news of her daughter: —

“Royal Demeter, our Bountiful Lady, the Giver of Springtime,
 Who among mortal men, or who of the gods ever-living,
 Brought this grief to your heart by stealing Persephone from you?
 Truly her voice did I hear, but yet with my eyes I beheld not
 Who committed the deed. Thus all have I truthfully told you.”

So did Hecatè speak; and in words replied not the other,
 Fair-tressed Rhea's daughter, but hastily with her she darted,
 Hurrying forward, and still in her hands were the glimmering torches.

So they to Helios came, who is watcher of gods and of mortals.
Standing in front of his steeds, she, divine among goddesses, asked him: —

“Helios, you as a goddess should hold me in honor, if ever
Either by word or deed I have cheered your heart and your spirit.
I thro’ boundless ether have heard the lament of a maiden,
Even of her that I bore, fair blossom, of glorious beauty;
Heard her cry of distress, tho’ not with my eyes I beheld her.
Yet do you, who descry all earth and the billowy waters,
Out of the ether resplendent with keen glance watchfully downward
Gazing, report to me truly my child, if perchance you behold her.
Tell me who among men, or of gods, whose life is unending,
Seized, and away from her mother has carried, the maiden unwilling.”

So did she speak; and the son of Hyperion answered her saying: —
“Fair-tressed Rhea’s daughter, our royal lady Demeter,
You shall know: for indeed I pity and greatly revere you,
Seeing you grieved for your child, for the graceful Persephone. No one
Else, save cloud-wrapt Zeus, is to blame among all the immortals.
He as a blooming bride has given your daughter to Hades,
Brother to him and to you; so down to the shadowy darkness
Hades, spite of her cries, has dragged her away with his horses.
Yet, O goddess, abate your grief: it befits you in no wise
Thus insatiate anger to cherish. Nor yet an unworthy
Husband among the immortals is Hades, monarch of all men,
Child of the selfsame father and mother with you; and his honors
Fell to his share, when first amid three was the universe parted.
Still amid those he reigns whose rule unto him was allotted.”
Speaking thus he aroused his steeds; and they at his bidding
Nimbly as long-winged birds with the rushing chariot hastened.
Over Demeter’s heart grief fiercer and keener descended.
Then in her anger at Kronos’ son, who is lord of the storm-cloud,
Leaving the gathering-place of the gods and spacious Olympus,
Unto the cities of men and the fertile fields she departed.

Translated by William C. Lawton

TYRTÆUS, ARCHILOCHUS

AND THEIR SUCCESSORS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF GREEK LYRIC INCLUSIVE OF BACCHYLIDES

IT is hardly necessary to insist upon the intrinsic value of Greek poetry. As a body of literature, Greek poetry is the richest legacy that the modern world has received from ancient times. The Homeric poems, whether we regard them as the work of one mind or as the product of a school of bards, are in their freshness, strength, and artistic beauty without a rival in the early literature of nations. Greek tragedy under the masters, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, comprises works of consummate genius, which take rank with the highest tragic art of all times. Greek comedy, at least that of Aristophanes, is unique in the history of literature; and in later times the pastoral Muse of Theocritus sings with a delicacy and sweetness that have never been surpassed.

In lyric poetry Greece was no less great; but of her lyric writers the modern world is for certain reasons comparatively ignorant.

The Iliad and Odyssey have come down to us in their entirety. In the case of the dramatists, though only a tithe of what they wrote has survived, still so prolific were these masters, that that tithe is very considerable. But the lyric writers have met misfortune at the hands of time. In the case of many, their works are completely lost; and as for the rest, mere fragments of their songs are all that we can pick up. Almost the only lyric poet of whom we know much, because much of him is preserved, is Pindar; and Pindar's grand triumphal odes, written to celebrate the glories of victors in a chariot or foot race, a boxing or wrestling match, are so elaborate and so alien in spirit to modern literary taste, that it is no easy matter to appreciate his grandeur.

It may be asked why the great bulk of Greek lyric verse has disappeared. The main answer is to be found in the essential character of that poetry. It was *song-poetry*; i. e., poetry composed for singing, the soul of which vanished when the music passed away. After the loss of Greek independence, Greek music rapidly degenerated. The music composed by the poets of the classical period was too severe and noble for the Greeks of later days. The older songs, therefore, were no longer sung; and the poetry, minus its music, giving way to shallow and sensational compositions, passed into oblivion.

Scanty, however, as are the fragments of Greek lyric poetry, these scanty fragments are of priceless value. The little we possess makes every lover of literature pray that among the rediscovered treasures of antiquity, to which

every year of late has made valuable contributions, many more of these lost lyrics may come to light.

In one sense or another, singing was characteristic of nearly all forms of Greek poetry. The earliest conditions of epic recitation may be realized from certain scenes in the *Odyssey*. In one passage for example (viii, 62 ff.) the shipwrecked Odysseus is a guest in the palace of King Alcinous. The feast is spread, and the great hall is thronged with Phæacians, when in the midst appears the blind Demodocus, led by the king's herald, who sets the minstrel on a high chair inlaid with silver, hangs up his lyre, and brings him a basket of bread and a goblet of wine. After the feast the minstrel is stirred by the Muse to sing the deeds of famous men, and his theme is a quarrel between Odysseus and Achilles, "whereof the fame had reached the wide heaven."

Thus epic poetry, at least in the earliest times, was sung to the lyre; but this singing was probably unlike the later more musical recitations by the rhapsodists, for the verse of Homer is unsuited for melodies, and Greek writers uniformly distinguish epic from lyric—the former being narrative poetry, the latter song poetry.

Even elegiac poetry was not regarded by the Greeks as lyric; and yet elegiac verse was originally sung to the music of the flute, an instrument used both on mournful occasions and also at festive social gatherings. But as melodies were found to be inappropriate with the hexameter of epic verse, so their use was not long continued with the elegiac couplet, which in its metrical form is so closely allied to the hexameter.

Still less lyric in character was the iambic verse of satire, which was first perfected by Archilochus of Paros. Iambic meter, the meter of English blank verse, is (as Aristotle perceived) of all verse forms the least removed from prose. And yet the iambs of Archilochus, according to Plutarch, were sometimes sung. More frequently this verse was given in recitative with musical accompaniment.

Both elegiac and iambic poetry, then, at an early time lost their distinctly lyrical character; and even if their recitation at a funeral or in camp or round the banqueting-board was accompanied by music, yet they were no more regarded by the Greeks as lyrical than were the poems of Homer. For the sake of convenience, however, and because of their subject-matter, these forms are usually included under the head of lyric poetry by historians of Greek literature.

During the epic period in Greece, lyric poetry existed in an embryonic state. Epic poetry held undisputed sway till near the end of the eighth century before our era. Then began a movement in the direction of political freedom. Oligarchies and democracies took the place of monarchies; the planting of colonies and the extension of commerce gave an impetus to the spirit of enterprise; and the citizen began to assume his proper rôle as a factor in the life of the State.

It was coincident with this change that lyric poetry — the poetry that voiced, not the ancestral glory of kings and princes, but the feelings and experience of the individual — entered upon its course of artistic development. The Ionians of Asia Minor were perhaps the first Greeks among whom democratic institutions came to life. They were certainly the most active in commercial and colonizing enterprises by land and sea, as well as the first to enter the hitherto unexplored field of speculative philosophy.

To the student of Greek history, lyric poetry is very significant. Without it we should hardly realize the great extent of the Greek world toward east and west. Greece would mean little more than Athens and Sparta. But lyric poetry widens our vision. Here we learn of the wealth and luxury of the Asiatic Ionians, of the noble chivalry and refinement of life in the Æolian isles of the Ægean Sea, of the beauty and grace of festal celebrations in the Dorian Peloponnesus, in southern Italy and distant Sicily. Then comes Pindar, the heroes of whose triumphal odes dwell in all parts of the Hellenic world — in Thessaly, Bœotia, Attica, and the Peloponnesus, in Ægina and Rhodes, in the Sicilian cities and in Libyan Cyrene.

In Ionic Greece this poetry took two forms — elegiac and iambic. The structure of elegiac verse shows its close connection with the epic; for it is written in couplets, of which the first line is the ordinary hexameter as employed by Homer, and the second the same line abbreviated by the cutting out of the last half of the third and sixth feet. The name *elegy*, however, indicates the presence of a foreign element; for it comes from that of a plaintive instrumental dirge, in vogue in Asia Minor, especially among the Phrygians, to which people belonged Olympus, a musical reformer of the eighth century. As adopted by the Greeks, elegy was not confined to mournful themes, but its application varied as much as that of the flute, the Asiatic instrument which at first accompanied it.

The earliest Greek elegists of whom we have any records are Callinus and Tyrtaeus, who lived at the beginning of the seventh century B.C. Callinus is a rather shadowy personage; but he was regarded as the inventor of elegy, and is known to have lived at Ephesus, at a time when Asia Minor was overrun by hordes of Cimmerians, who came down from the northern shores of the Black Sea.

Tyrtaeus, according to one tradition, was born in Attica; but his poetic career centers in Sparta. Here, during and after the second Messenian war, there was much civic discord; and both Tyrtaeus the poet and Terpander the musician are said to have been invited by the Lacedæmonians to apply the resources of art in inspiring a lofty patriotism, and thus healing the wounds of the body politic. The lame schoolmaster — for tradition thus describes Tyrtaeus — was eminently successful in his noble task; and the Spartans not only conferred upon the poet the rare favor of citizenship, but did him the greater honor of preserving his poems from age to age, and revering them as

national songs. These were sung by the soldiers round the camp-fires at night; and the officers rewarded the best singer with extra rations. Tyrtaeus also composed choruses for groups of old men, young men, and boys, the general character of which may be inferred from the following popular round, which was sung to a dance accompaniment: —

Old men. In the days of yore, most sturdy youths were we.

Young men. That *we* are now: come, watch us, if you will.

Boys. But *we'll* be stronger far than all of you.¹

Famous too were the marching-songs of Tyrtaeus, which were accompanied by flute music, and sung by the soldiers advancing to battle. These were written in the tripping anapæstic measure, and in the Dorian dialect. One example may be paraphrased thus: —

On, ye glory of Sparta's youth!

Ye whose sires are the city's might:

Grasp the shield with the left hand thus,

Boldly poise the spear in the right;

Of your lives' worth take ye no heed —

Sparta knows not a coward's deed.

It is for his elegies, however, that Tyrtaeus is best known. True to their origin, these poems, though addressed to a Dorian audience, are written in the Ionic dialect. We have fragments of one elegy called 'Good Government,' which eulogizes the Spartan constitution and King Theopompus, one of the heroes of the first Messenian war. But most of the elegies of Tyrtaeus are less distinctly political, and aim simply at infusing into the citizen soldiery a spirit of valor, military honor, and contempt for cowardice. The following is a rendering of one of these martial elegies, by the poet Thomas Campbell. The picture of the youth whose fair form lies outstretched in death, is not only pathetic and beautiful but also peculiarly Greek: —

How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,

In front of battle for their native land!

But oh! what ills await the wretch that yields,

A recreant outcast from his country's fields!

The mother whom he loves shall quit her home,

An aged father at his side shall roam;

His little ones shall weeping with him go,

And a young wife participate his woe;

While, scorned and scowled upon by every face,

They pine for food, and beg from place to place.

¹ Unless otherwise credited, translations are by the author.

Stain of his breed! dishonoring manhood's form,
 All ills shall cleave to him; affliction's storm
 Shall blind him wandering in the vale of years,
 Till, lost to all but ignominious fears,
 He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name,
 And children, like himself, inured to shame.

But we will combat for our fathers' land,
 And we will drain the life-blood where we stand,
 To save our children: fight ye side by side,
 And serried close, ye men of youthful pride,
 Disdaining fear, and deeming light the cost
 Of life itself in glorious battle lost.

Leave not our sires to stem the unequal fight,
 Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant might:
 Nor, lagging backward, let the younger breast
 Permit the man of age (a sight unblest)
 To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,
 His hoary head disheveled in the dust,
 And venerable bosom bleeding bare.

But youth's fair form, though fallen, is ever fair,
 And beautiful in death the boy appears —
 The hero boy, that dies in blooming years:
 In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears;
 More sacred than in life, and lovelier far,
 For having perished in the front of war.

In striking contrast with Tyrtæus and Callinus, whose elegies are so full of martial spirit, stands Mimnermus, an Ionian poet of Smyrna, who flourished near the end of the seventh century B.C. This century witnessed the gradual subjection of the Asiatic Greeks to the Lydian yoke; and from Mimnermus we gather that his Ionian fellow-countrymen, who in former days had successfully resisted the barbarian might, were now sunk in inglorious inactivity and fettered in complacent slavery. Yet the poet can rejoice in the brave days of old, when "on the Hermian plain the spearmen mowed down the dense ranks of Lydian cavalry, and Pallas Athene ne'er found fault with *his* keen valor, as on he rushed in the vanguard, escaping the piercing arrows of his foes in the clash of bloody battle." The poet's forefathers too once "left lofty Pylus, home of Neleus, and came in ships to lovely Asia, and in fair Colophon settled with the might of arms, being leaders of fierce boldness; and thence they passed by the counsel of the gods and captured Æolian Smyrna."

But the prevailing tone of Mimnermus' verse is that of luxurious indolence and sensual enjoyment. This is the main characteristic of the elegies addressed to a favorite flute-player called Nanno.

Where's life or joy, when Love no more shines fair?

The beauty of comely youth fires the poet with intense passion: —

Then down my body moisture runs in streams,
As gazing on the bloom of joyous youth,
I tremble oft; so bright are beauty's beams.

But his heart is flooded with melancholy: for all this joy and beauty remind Mimnermus that crabbéd age, "unhappy and graceless," is coming on apace,

And cherished youth is short-lived as a dream.

As Homer had said long before, "we are but as the leaves which appear with the flowers of spring"; and "when springtime is past then is it better to die than live": for "at our side stand two black Fates, one of gloomy age and the other of death"; and of the two, old age and death, the soft, effeminate, pleasure-loving Mimnermus hesitates not to choose the latter: —

Ah! fair and lovely bloom the flowers of youth —
On men and maids they beautifully smile;
But soon comes doleful eld, who, void of ruth,
Indifferently afflicts the fair and vile:
Then cares wear out the heart; old eyes forlorn
Scarce reckon the very sunshine to behold,
Unloved by youths, of every maid the scorn —
So hard a lot God lays upon the old.

Translated by John Addington Symonds

If disease and care trouble not, Mimnermus would make sixty years the extreme limit of life; but his younger contemporary, the Athenian Solon, who had little sympathy with such gloomy views, appeals to the "sweet singer" to change his *three* to *four* score years.

Mimnermus lived before his time; and it is therefore a less remarkable fact that when elegiac verse was long afterwards cultivated by learned poets and versifiers in the artificial society of Alexandria and Augustan Rome, the sweet sentimental Mimnermus should have been more often taken as a model than were the saner and more robust writers of early Greek elegy.

From elegiac we pass to iambic verse; which, like elegy, has an Ionic origin, is written in the Ionic dialect, and lies midway between epic and lyric poetry proper. But there is this important difference between iambic and elegiac

verse: the latter is in form but slightly removed from the dignified measure of heroic poetry; the former — the meter of English blank verse — is but one remove from the language of every-day life. It is therefore suitable for poetry of a personal tone and conversational style; and thus it became the common form for miscellaneous subjects of no great elevation in thought, as well as for sharp satire and dramatic dialogue.

There is a story that connects the name *iambic* with the festivals of Demeter. When that goddess was bewailing the loss of her daughter Persephone, none could relieve her grief until the maid Iambe, with her sparkling witticisms, raised a smile on the sorrowful mother's lips. Archilochus, the reputed inventor of iambic poetry, was a competitor with his verses at the feasts of Demeter; and it is doubtless in the freedom of satiric and jocular utterance tolerated on such occasions, that we are to seek the origin of this species of verse.

Both iambic and elegiac verse were often cultivated by the same poets. Certain fragments of the elegies of Archilochus, as well as of Solon, have come down to us. In one elegy Archilochus lamented, in graceful language, the loss of a friend at sea. In another we find the martial tone of Callinus. "I serve the Lord of War," says the soldier-poet, "and am skilled in the Muses' pleasing gifts. With my spear I earn my kneaded bread, with my spear my Thracian wine, and when I drink 'tis on my spear I rest."

Archilochus was born in the island of Paros, one of the Cyclades, and flourished at the beginning of the seventh century B.C. His father Telesicles was a man of aristocratic rank, but his mother Enipo was a slave. While a mere youth he accompanied his father, when the latter led to Thasos, in the northern Ægean, a colony of gold-seekers from Paros. To the young man, disappointed in his quest, Paros with her "figs and sailor life" seemed infinitely superior to Thasos. "'Tis a place by no means fair or lovely or pleasant, as is the land by Siris' streams." This allusion to the Siris would seem to imply that the poet had previously traveled to southern Italy. Archilochus soon found the condition of Thasos to be desperate: —

All the woes of Hellas throng the Thasian isle,

over which "the stone of Tantalus was suspended." The colonists attempted to gain a foothold on the mainland opposite, but the Thracian tribes drove them back; and in one conflict Archilochus, though he managed to save his life, had to part with his shield. "I'll get another just as fine," he adds with cheerful composure. This roving soldier-poet afterwards engaged in war in Eubœa, and visited Sparta; but the paternal government of that model State would have none of him, and he was promptly ordered to withdraw. Subsequently he returned to his native place, and was eventually killed in a battle between the Parians and the people of the neighboring island of Naxos.

The poet's private life seems to have been deeply colored by his ill-success in love. He was betrothed to Neobule, daughter of Lycambes, a Parian, and was passionately enamoured of the girl.

But oh! to touch the hand of her I love!

he sighs; and then gives us this simple and beautiful picture: —

Holding a myrtle rod she blithely moved,
And a fair blossoming rose; the flowing hair
Shadowed her shoulders, falling to her girdle.

Translated by John Addington Symonds

In the depth of personal feeling, and the impetuosity and fire of his passion for Neobule, Archilochus belongs to the same class as the Lesbian singers, Alcæus and Sappho. "So strong," he writes, "was the storm of love which gathered in my heart, that over my eyes it poured a heavy mist, and from my brain stole my wits away."

For what reason we can only conjecture, Lycambes withdrew his consent to the marriage of his daughter; whereupon the poet, in furious rage, assailed him with merciless abuse, embracing in his attack both Neobule herself and her innocent sisters. To illustrate the power of this master of satire, tradition assures us that Lycambes and his daughters were driven to self-destruction. Good reason, then, had Archilochus to utter in blunt fashion the unchristian boast: —

One mighty art full well I know —
To punish sore my mischief-working foe.

We possess but scanty fragments of the poems of Archilochus, and therefore are unable to form for ourselves a correct judgment upon his merits. There is, however, plenty of evidence to show in what esteem he was held by antiquity. Though Homer stood supreme above all other poets, yet Archilochus was placed in the same rank. Quintilian assures us that if Archilochus was inferior to any other poet, the inferiority was due to his subject-matter, not his genius. When Plato made his first assaults upon the Sophists, Gorgias exclaimed, "Athens has found a new Archilochus."

The Roman Horace claimed to be not merely the Alcæus but also the Archilochus of Rome. "I was the first," he says, "to show to Latium Parian iambs; following the meter and spirit of Archilochus, but not his subjects or words."² Archilochus in his rhythms, as in other ways, gives proof of a daring originality. One interesting use to which he put his epodes, or system of lines alternately long and short, was in the narration of fables which contained a satiric moral. In one fragment a fox thus prays: "O Zeus, father Zeus!

² A fragment, first published in 1899, shows that Horace's Tenth Epode is closely modeled upon Archilochian iambs.

thine is power in heaven; thou seest the deeds of men, both knavish and righteous, and in beasts too thou payest heed to frowardness and justice." Burns could sing how —

The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley;

but surely no poet-moralist was ever bolder than Archilochus, in thus attributing moral qualities to the lower creatures. In these fables he was the forerunner of Æsop.

Still another metrical creation of this poet's must be mentioned. This is the trochaic system, which like the iambic was destined to become one of the most popular measures in later poetry. Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall' is in its form a distant descendant of the trochaic tetrameters of Archilochus. This measure was used by him for personal description which is humorous rather than malicious in intent. So for example in the passage: "I care not for a tall general with outspread legs — a curled, well-shaven dandy: give me a short man with bandy legs, who treads firmly on his feet and is full of spirit." The tetrameter is further employed in giving counsel or in animated philosophic moralizing: —

To the gods intrust thou all things. Ofttimes out of evil toil
Raise they mortals who lie abject, stretched upon earth's darksome soil.
Ofttimes too they overturn men; and when we have walked in pride,
Trip us up and throw us prostrate. Then all evils throng our side,
And we fare forth lacking substance, outcast and of wits bereft.

The poet's lines on equanimity are well worth remembering: —

Tossed on a sea of troubles, Soul, my soul,
Thyself do thou control;
And to the weapons of advancing foes
A stubborn breast oppose:
Undaunted 'mid the hostile might
Of squadrons burning for the fight.

Thine be no boasting when the victor's crown
Wins thee deserved renown;
Thine no dejected sorrow, when defeat
Would urge a base retreat:
Rejoice in joyous things — nor overmuch
Let grief thy bosom touch
'Midst evil, and still bear in mind
How changeful are the ways of humankind.

Translated by William Hay

Still another side of the manifold literary activity of Archilochus is represented by his hymns composed in honor of gods or heroes. In one of his trochaic couplets we find the first allusion in Greek literature to the *dithyramb*, or convivial hymn, in praise of Dionysus, the seed from which grew the glorious tragedy of Athens. "When my brain," says the poet, "is smitten by wine as by a thunderbolt, I know how to lead off the dithyramb, the beautiful strain of Lord Dionysus." Thus Archilochus was the predecessor of Pindar in the dithyramb of Bacchic festivities, as he was also in the songs of victory sung at Olympia. Even in Pindar's day exultant friends still sang the "Hail Victor" refrain of Archilochus' hymn to Heracles, as they led the conquering hero to the shrine of Zeus.

It is not, however, as an elegiac or love poet, as a fable-writer or singer of hymns and songs of victory, that Archilochus is best remembered: it is as the forerunner of the great Aristophanes, of Lucilius, Horace, and Juvenal, of Swift and Pope, of Molière and Voltaire, and as the most potent wielder in antiquity of the shafts of personal satire by means of what Hadrian called his "frenzied iambs"; for, as Quintilian says, compressed into his "short and quivering sentences was the maximum of blood and sinew." In this sphere his surpassing greatness has completely overshadowed later iambic writers of no little intrinsic merit; such as Simonides of Amorgus, the unsparing reviler of womankind, and the caustic Hipponax of Ephesus, whose crippled lines (for Hipponax was the inventor of the so-called "limping iambs") present vivid and homely pictures of daily life among the Asiatic Greeks of those remote times.

The iambic measure afterwards enjoyed the great distinction of being adopted as the ordinary verse of dialogue in the Attic drama. Greek elegy, too, being applicable to the most heterogeneous subjects, especially to epigrammatic composition, continued an independent existence not only till the glory of Greece herself had departed, but even till after the fall of the Roman empire.

In contrast with this Ionic poetry, let us turn to that which was first brought to perfection by the Æolian and Dorian tribes, and which alone was regarded by the Greeks as lyric. If we cared to employ a term used by the Greeks themselves, we might distinguish Æolian and Dorian lyric by the term *melic*, because such poetry was always set to some *melos* or melody. The Æolian lyric was cultivated chiefly in the Æolian island of Lesbos, the Dorian in the Dorian Peloponnesus and Sicily. The former was sung in the Æolic dialect, the latter chiefly in the traditional epic dialect, but with a sparing admixture of Doric forms. The two schools differ materially in every respect — in style, subject, and form.

The Æolic was intended to be sung by a single voice, the singer accompanying himself on a stringed instrument. It was essentially personal, expressing the singer's own emotion. Political feeling is, to be sure, prominent in Alcæus;

but this is due to the poet's merging his personality so completely with a political party. As to form, Æolic lyrics are very simple, either consisting of a series of short lines of equal length, or of stanzas in which a still shorter line marks the separation of one stanza from another. The four-lined stanza is the commonest form. The Alcaic and Sapphic odes of Horace are illustrations familiar to the Latin student.

On the other hand, Dorian lyric poetry was sung by a chorus, accompanied by dancing and musical instruments. It was usually associated with sacred and festal gatherings of the people, or marriages and funerals of private life. The structure of a choral poem is often very elaborate and artificial; but the movements of the dance assisted the ear in unweaving the intricacies of the rhythm.

Let it always be borne in mind that Greek dancing was very different from the modern art. In Greece the term was applied to all movements of the body which were intended to aid in the interpretation of poetry or the expression of emotion. Thus gestures, postures, and attitudes were most important, and in dance movements the hands and arms played a much larger part than the feet. Aristotle tells us that dancers imitate actions, characters, and passions by means of gestures and rhythmical motion. The character of a dance depended entirely upon the nature of the thought involved. Today Greek practice is best exemplified by the Russian artists, who with extraordinary skill vividly represent through the dance the emotions evoked by striking incidents.

As to Greek music, it too was very different from ours; but in this sphere the advantage certainly lies with the modern art. And yet the music of the Greeks, as illustrated by the few extant remains, especially by the Apollo hymns found at Delphi in 1893, has its own peculiar beauties, which can arouse the sympathy and interest of a cultivated audience even today.

In the best period of Greek poetry, the musical instruments employed were the lyre and the flute, the former being much preferred because it allowed the same person to sing and play. Other string instruments, such as the cithara, phorminx, psaltery, chelys, barbiton, and pectis, were merely variations of the lyre. As to wind instruments, the flute was originally imported from Lydia, and was still unfamiliar to the Greeks in Homer's time. It was also louder and shriller than our modern flute. Flutes varied in length; and a double flute was often used. The syrinx, or Pan's pipe, had seven reeds of different length, giving the seven notes of the scale. For special effect the trumpet or horn was introduced: also the tympanum or drum, and cymbals.

The question is often asked whether the Greeks employed harmony or not. Part-singing was unknown among them, as were also the elaborate harmonies of the modern art. Yet they did understand and employ harmonies; though with the exception of octave singing, these were confined to instrumental music. In the best days of Greek song, however, harmony seems to have been little more than a matter of octaves, fourths, and fifths—the only

concords, it is said, that the Japanese have today. Pythagoras on theory rejected the third, which we regard as the most pleasing of intervals; but it was apparently used in practice.

Yet if the Greeks were inferior to us in harmony, it appears that they developed melody to an extraordinary degree. Quarter-tones, used it is true as merely passing notes, were sung by the voice and played on strings; and as there was no bowing, as with our violin, this was done without sliding from one note to another. Yet this sort of playing, when well done, aroused the greatest enthusiasm.

The first name in the history of Greek melic, or lyric poetry proper, is noteworthy also in the history of music. Terpander, who was the first to add three strings to the primitive four-stringed lyre, was born in the Æolian island of Lesbos. He is said to have won the victor's prize on the occasion when the festival of Apollo Carneus was first established at Sparta in 676 B.C. His consequent fame gave him great influence with the music-loving Lacedæmonians, among whom he introduced his melodies or *nomes*, which received the sanction of State authority. These *nomes*, which were sacred hymns sung by a single voice, were composed chiefly in the stately dactylic and solemn spondaic verses. Only long syllables are used in a hymn to Zeus which begins in this simple but weighty language: "Zeus, of all things the beginning, of all things leader: Zeus, to thee I offer this beginning of hymns."

That the Æolian Terpander should have practised his art in a Dorian state is but one illustration of the way in which the various streams of Greek artistic activity tended to intermingle. In the seventh century, however, Sparta was the greatest power in Greece; and it was but natural that she should act as a magnet, drawing within her borders the leading artists of every state. Thus Terpander the Lesbian was followed by Tyrtaeus a reputed Athenian, Clonas the Theban, Thaletas the Cretan, and Alcman the Lydian. These were the poets who laid the foundations of choral poetry, which was destined to have so magnificent a future.

Meanwhile in Terpander's native isle, the luxurious Lesbos, that form of song which embodied purely personal sentiment was being gradually developed. We know nothing of the immediate predecessors of the great Lesbian poets; but the fact that Terpander was entering upon his career at the beginning of the seventh century is proof that at that time Lesbos was already a center of music and poetry. At the end of this century, suddenly and without warning, we come face to face in Lesbos with the very perfection of lyric art.

The greatest names in Æolian lyric are Alcæus and Sappho. The former was a Lesbian noble, a proud and fiery cavalier, who sang of love and wine or poured forth passionate thoughts on politics and philosophy. The scanty fragments of Sappho's songs fully bear out the verdict of antiquity, that her verse was unrivaled in grace and sweetness. She was "the poetess," as Homer

was "the poet"; and Plato added her to "the choir of Muses nine." With the *Æolian* poets of Lesbos, Anacreon, an Ionian, must be classed, because he too sings simple songs of personal feeling. But Anacreon is not to be compared with Alcæus and Sappho in inspiration and genuine emotion. He has plenty of grace, plenty of metrical charm and polish; but the fire of genius is lacking. Anacreon is a mere courtier who adorns the palaces of princes, and sings lightly and sweetly of youths and maidens, of love and wine and pleasure. His lack of real seriousness of purpose largely accounts for the great popularity of his verse, which in more prosaic days was freely imitated. The admiration bestowed by the modern world upon Anacreon is founded almost entirely upon a collection of odes which pass under his name, but which have long since been proven spurious. These Anacreontics, familiar to us in Thomas Moore's translation, are of unequal merit; some of them being very graceful and pleasing, while others are feeble and puerile.

Æolic song was very short-lived. As an expression of purely personal, individual emotion, apart from the sentiments of one's associates and fellow-citizens, song did not play that part in the Greek world with which we are so familiar today. As a race, the Greeks were not sentimental and introspective; but were distinguished for their practical, objective manner of looking upon the world. The Greek could never forget that he was a member of a community; and even in the expression of his joys and sorrows he would not stand aloof from his fellow-men. Hence, we find that in the creative period of Greek poetry, the song to be sung by a single voice, and setting forth the feelings of the individual heart, was limited to the small field of the Lesbian school, and flourished in splendor for little more than a single generation.

Not so with the poetry which voiced the sentiments and emotions of a whole community. Lyric poetry of a popular character is found from early days in connection with the festivals of the various Greek States. More particularly did it suit the genius of the Dorian tribes, among whom the communal life was more pronounced than elsewhere. After undergoing a rich artistic development, this Dorian lyric became panhellenic in the range of its acceptance; and being adopted in Attica in the service of the gods, it enjoyed a glorious history in the evolution of Athenian greatness, and more particularly in the remarkable development of the Attic drama.

Let us first note the various forms which this poetry assumed. The very earliest lyric poetry of Greece is connected with the worship of nature, such as the Linus-song, incidentally mentioned by Homer (*Iliad*, xviii, 570) and sung at the vintage as an elegy on the death of a beautiful youth who symbolized the passing of summer. Similar songs were the laments for Hyacinthus and Adonis, subjects which often found artistic treatment in the poets of later times.

A fruitful source of lyric song was the worship of the nature-god Dionysus

or Bacchus. Like our Christmas festival, the Bacchic festivities had two sides, a sacred and a secular. Characteristic of the latter was the so-called phallic song, the seed from which was to spring Attic comedy. In the 'Acharnians' of Aristophanes we have a mosaic of such a song, not without much of its primitive coarseness. To the more reverential side belongs the invocation of the god, the dithyrambic hymn, first mentioned by Archilochus. The dithyramb became popular at luxurious Corinth; and here it was that in the beginning of the sixth century B.C., Arion, a Lesbian, first gave it artistic form, adapted it to a chorus, and set it on the path of development, which was to lead to the tragic drama. Before the discovery of Bacchylides, only one such poem had come down to us in any completeness; and that is a beautiful dithyramb of Pindar's, composed for a chorus of fifty voices.

The hymns sung in honor of other deities were probably less popular and general in character; being mainly connected with local cults and often with hereditary priesthoods. Delos and Delphi were the peculiar homes of the worship of Apollo, and there it was that the Apollo hymns chiefly flourished. The most important variety of these was the Pæan, which glorified Apollo as the giver of health and victory. In a lyrical monody of Euripides' 'Ion,' we have what is probably the burden of one of these solemn old Delphian chants, "O Pæan, Pæan, blessed be thou, O son of Leto!"

Processional hymns, sung by a chorus to instrumental accompaniment, were a common feature of solemn festivals. Such *prosodia* were composed by the greatest poets of the day, such as Alcman, Stesichorus, and Pindar. When sung by girls only, these were called *parthenia*. What beauty and splendor these processions of youths and maidens could lend to civic celebrations, may be inferred from those glorious pictures in marble adorning the frieze of the Parthenon.

Still another occasion when the noblest sentiments of civic life found utterance in lyric song, was the celebration of victory in the national games. In this matter-of-fact age, notwithstanding our devotion to athletics and sports, we find it difficult to comprehend the lofty idealism with which in days of old the contests on the banks of the Alpheus, and at other noted centers, were invested. And yet unless we realize how intense was the national and spiritual exaltation which characterized these games, we shall never regard Pindar as more than an idle babbler of meaningless words, whereas in reality he is one of the most sublime and creative geniuses in all literature.

Other occasions for the use of lyric were funeral solemnities and wedding festivities. Even as early as Homer, laments for the dead were sung by professional mourners; and with the growth of the poetic art, dirges became an important form of artistic song. Simonides and Pindar were both distinguished in this field; and in the lyrical part of tragedy the dirge is a prominent element.

The *hymenæus*, or joyous wedding song, is also known to Homer. In one

of the cities represented on the shield of Achilles were depicted bridal feasts, "and with blazing torches they were leading brides from their chambers through the city, and the hymenæus swelled high. And youths were whirling in the dance, while among them flutes and harps resounded; and the women, standing at their several doors, marveled thereat." (Iliad, xviii, 491.) The songs sung in chorus before the bridal chamber were called *epithalamia*, and were deemed worthy of the attention of the greatest lyric artists. Sappho was particularly famous for her *epithalamia*; but only fragments have survived, and we must form our conception of a Sapphic *epithalamium* from Catullus' beautiful imitation: —

Vesper adest, iuvenes, consurgite.
[Lo, Hesper is at hand! Rise, youths!]

Greek drinking-songs belong to the borderland between personal and popular verse. Some of the so-called *scolia* or catches were patriotic songs; an interesting specimen of which is the ode by Callistratus in honor of those idols of the Athenian people, Harmodius and Aristogiton, who slew the tyrant Hipparchus: —

With leaves of myrtle I'll wreath my sword,
Like Harmodius of yore and his comrade brave,
What time they slew the tyrant lord
And equal laws to Athens gave.

Beloved Harmodius, thou hast not died!
The isles of bliss hold thee, 'tis said;
There Achilles the fleet is by thy side,
And Tydeus' son, famed Diomed.

With leaves of myrtle I'll wreath my sword,
Like Harmodius of yore and his comrade brave,
What time at Athene's festal board
Through tyrant Hipparchus the sword they drave.

For aye will men sing with one accord
Of thee, loved Harmodius and thy comrade brave;
For ye did slay the tyrant lord
And equal laws to Athens gave.

Another of these songs, written by Hybrias, a Cretan, was doubtless popular with those proud young cavaliers who adopted arms as a profession, and served in various lands and under various leaders. The sentiment recalls to our minds Archilochus. Here is a spirited translation by the poet Thomas Campbell: —

My wealth's a burly spear and brand,
 And a right good shield of hides untanned
 Which on my arm I buckle:
 With these I plow, I reap, I sow,
 With these I make the sweet vintage flow,
 And all around me truckle.

But your wights that take no pride to wield
 A massy spear and well-made shield,
 Nor joy to draw the sword —
 Oh, I bring those heartless, hapless drones
 Down in a trice on their marrow-bones,
 To call me king and lord.

Most pleasing of the forms of popular poetry are the songs of children. The so-called flower song ran thus: "Where are my roses? Where are my violets? Where are my beautiful parsley-leaves?" "Here are your roses; here are your violets; here are your beautiful parsley-leaves." The children of Rhodes had a pretty custom. On a day in early spring they would go round the town seeking presents from door to door, and singing the advent of the swallow: —

She is here, she is here, the swallow!
 Fair seasons bringing, fair years to follow!
 Her belly is white,
 Her back black as night!
 From your rich house
 Roll forth to us
 Tarts, wine, and cheese:
 Or if not these,
 Oatmeal and barley-cake
 The swallow deigns to take.

What shall we have? Or must we hence away?
 Thanks, if you give; if not, we'll make you pay!
 The house-door hence we'll carry;
 Nor shall the lintel tarry.
 From hearth and home your wife we'll rob;
 She is so small
 To take her off will be an easy job!
 Whate'er you give, give largess free!
 Up! open, open to the swallow's call!
 No grave old men, but merry children we!

Translated by John Addington Symonds

Choral poetry of a definite artistic type seems to have been first cultivated in Sparta by Alcman about the middle of the seventh century B.C. Alcman composed hymns to the gods, marching-songs and choral songs for men, boys, and girls. The Alexandrian grammarians put him at the head of the lyric canon; perhaps because they thought him the most ancient; he was certainly much esteemed in classic times. Ælian says his songs were sung at the first performance of the gymnopædia at Sparta in 665 B.C., and often afterward. His 'Parthenia,' which form a distinct division of his writings, were songs sung at public festivals by choruses of virgins. The subjects were either religious or erotic. His proverbial wisdom, and the forms of verse which he often chose, are reputed to have been like Pindar's. He said of himself that he sang like the birds — that is, was self-taught.

His poems were comprehended in six books. The longest was found in 1855 by M. Mariette, in a tomb near the second pyramid. It is a papyrus fragment of three pages, containing a part of his hymn to the Dioscuri, much mutilated and difficult to decipher.

His descriptive passages are said to have been his best. The best known and most admired of his fragments is his beautiful description of night, which has been often imitated and paraphrased.

NIGHT

Over the drowsy earth still night prevails;
 Calm sleep the mountain tops and shady vales,
 The rugged cliffs and hollow glens;
 The cattle on the hill. Deep in the sea,
 The countless finny race and monster brood
 Tranquil repose. Even the busy bee
 Forgets her daily toil. The silent wood
 No more with noisy hum of insect rings;
 And all the feathered tribes, by gentle sleep subdued,
 Roost in the glade, and hang their drooping wings.

Translated by Colonel Mure

A reputed pupil of Alcman's was Arion the Lesbian, who in Corinth first gave a literary form to the dithyramb. Well known is Herodotus' story of Arion and the dolphin. The poet had traveled through Magna Græcia, and having made a large fortune by his songs, again took ship at Tarentum for Corinth. But the sailors, who coveted his wealth, forced him to jump overboard, and a dolphin bore him safely to land. He made his way to Corinth and much to the amazement of the sailors confronted and accused them on their arrival at the city.

In Stesichorus (630–550 B.C.) we meet for the first time a Sicilian poet, and one of great power. His original name was Teisias, which he resigned for another that indicated his profession as a trainer of choruses. His native city Himera was a Dorian settlement, but had a large Ionic element in the population. Catana was the scene of his death.

According to Quintilian, Stesichorus sustained in lyric form the weight of epic verse. By this is meant that the poet made use of epic material; taking such subjects as the exploits of Heracles, the tale of Orestes, or the story of Helen. But recitation was supplanted by song; and the verse of Stesichorus was such that it could be sung by choruses. It was he who permanently established the triple division of choral odes into strophes, antistrophes, and epodes. These terms refer primarily to the music, and as dance and music were closely interwoven, the orchestric movements must have been in intimate harmony with the song-divisions. Thus the melody and dance of the strophe were doubtless repeated in the rendition of the metrically similar antistrophe, while for the after-song, the dissimilar epode, a change of melody doubtless involved a change, if not a cessation, of dance movements. The triad of strophe, antistrophe, and epode formed one artistic whole. Correspondence of strophe and antistrophe seems to have been known to Alcman; but to Stesichorus must be given the credit for first revealing the capabilities of the choral ode, through the addition of the epode and the elaboration of artistic details. Herein he is the forerunner not only of Pindar, but also of the great dramatists.

In addition to being an originator in the structure of choral verse, Stesichorus seems to have been the first to give literary standing to bucolic subjects. His pastoral on Daphnis was probably based on a form of Sicilian popular poetry; and his love idyls — which were utterly unlike the erotic poems of the Lesbian school, and which also, we may well believe, have a popular origin — are the beginning of Greek romantic poetry.

A peculiarly interesting figure in the history of lyric poetry is Ibycus, a native of Italian Rhegium, another half-Dorian, half-Ionian city. He belongs to the middle of the sixth century; and in his art shows the influence both of Alcman and Stesichorus and of the Æolian school of Lesbos. In form his verse belongs wholly to the Dorian lyric; but in giving free scope to the personal element he resembles Alcman, and when indulging his erotic sentiment he is evidently under the spell of Sappho and his contemporary Anacreon. His career was divided between Sicily and distant Samos. In Sicily he followed in the steps of his master Stesichorus; producing odes of elaborate structure, based largely on epic and mythological material. But at the invitation of Polycrates, Ibycus left western Greece, and crossed the seas to adorn the court of the great tyrant of Samos.

The rule of the tyrants was a transitional period in the development of democratic life in Greece. It came after the overthrow of oligarchic power,

when the people were still unprepared to assume the responsibility of government. But it was a period of great commercial progress, industrial activity, and national ambition. The several tyrants, vying with one another in their display of wealth, adorned their cities and courts with all the embellishments and luxuries that riches and art could provide. Henceforth the courts of tyrants, whether at Syracuse, Athens, or Samos, are thronged with sculptors, musicians, painters, and poets; and art, which had heretofore been largely local in sphere, comes to have more and more of a panhellenic character. By Ibycus the forms of Dorian lyric are planted in Ionian Samos, even as through Arion's career at Corinth they take up their home at Ionian Athens.

The love poetry of Ibycus, though clearly expressive of personal emotion, exhibits a choral structure, and was apparently sung on public occasions. Its tone may be inferred from the following fragment: —

In spring Cydonian apple-trees,
Watered by fountains ever flowing
Through crofts unmown of maiden goddesses,
And young vines, 'neath the shade
Of shooting tendrils, tranquilly are growing.
Meanwhile for me, Love, never laid
In slumber, like a north wind glowing
With Thracian lightnings, still doth dart
Blood-parching madness on my heart,
From Kupris hurtling, stormful, wild,
Lording the man as erst the child.

Translated by John Addington Symonds

Here we can detect an almost romantic sentiment for external nature, as evidenced by fruits and flowers, nightingales, running brooks, and starry nights. For the conception of love in the above passage, we may compare another where love looks upon the poet "from under deep-dark brows," and Ibycus "trembles at his onset like a valiant chariot-horse which in old age must once more enter the race." The love of Ibycus, as of Sappho, was a mighty, terrible creature, not the mischievous baby Cupid of later times.

The panhellenic range of choral lyric, first seen in the career of Ibycus, is manifested most clearly by the two greatest masters in this sphere of art, Simonides and Pindar. Both of these poets enjoyed a national reputation, and both lived through the most glorious period in Hellenic existence, the period when Greece was engaged in her life-or-death struggle with her Persian foe.

Simonides, born in the Ionian island of Ceos, became like Ibycus a court poet, and enjoyed the friendship and hospitality of the Athenian Pisistratidæ, of the powerful Aleuadæ and Scopadæ of Thessaly, and of Hiero the lordly tyrant of Syracuse. So too Pindar, born a Theban aristocrat, became famous

throughout the length and breadth of the whole Greek world. He was intimate with the kings of Macedon, and with the tyrants of Thessaly, Syracuse, and African Cyrene. He sings of Ægina, Corinth, Argos, and the various cities of Sicily. His heroes come from all parts of the Hellenic domains, and win their laurels in those sacred seats of Pythian Apollo, Isthmian Poseidon, Nemean and Olympian Zeus. At Lindos, in the island of Rhodes, the seventh Olympian was set up on the walls of Athena's temple in letters of gold. Especially at Athens was Pindar held in high esteem. His statue was erected near the temple of Ares, and he was made Athenian *proxenus*, or state representative at Thebes. A century after his death, when Alexander the Great destroyed Thebes, the only private house left standing was that of Pindar. Pindar, like Euripides, was more than a mere citizen of a single state: his muse and his fame were panhellenic.

On Simonides and Pindar, however, we have no right to dwell as they will be found treated in separate articles; but some account must be given of Bacchylides, the nephew and disciple of Simonides, who also was numbered by the Greeks among their nine great lyric writers. Born in Ceos, he probably spent some years in the Peloponnesus, and later became intimate with Hiero, who is said to have preferred him to Pindar. The following drinking-song shows that Bacchylides was somewhat allied in thought to Anacreon's school: —

When the wine-cup freely flows,
Soothing is the mellow force,
Vanquishing the drinker's heart,
Rousing hope on Love's sweet course.

Love with bounteous Bacchus joined
All with proudest thoughts can dower;
Wallèd towns the drinker scales,
Dreams of universal power.

Ivory and gold enrich his home;
Corn-ships o'er the dazzling sea
Bear him Egypt's wealth untold:
Thus he soars in fancy free.

This is one of the few poems by which Bacchylides was known to the modern world until in 1896 there was discovered in Egypt a papyrus manuscript of the first century B.C., now in the British Museum, containing nineteen of his Odes. Another familiar citation is now known in its original setting (in the fifth Ode): "'Tis best for mortals," he cries, "not to have been born, or to look upon the light of the sun. No mortal is happy all his days." The best known fragment is from a pæan, giving a foretaste of Aristophanes, who in the lyric songs of his 'Peace' dwells upon the same theme:

To mortal men Peace giveth these good things:
 Wealth, and the flowers of honey-throated song;
 The flame that springs
 On carven altars from fat sheep and kine,
 Slain to the gods in heaven; and all day long,
 Games for glad youths, and flutes, and wreaths, and circling wine.
 Then in the steely shield swart spiders weave
 Their web and dusky woof;
 Rust to the pointed spear and sword doth cleave;
 The brazen trump sounds no alarms;
 Nor is sleep harried from our eyes aloof,
 But with sweet rest my bosom warms:
 The streets are thronged with lovely men and young,
 And hymns in praise of boys like flames to heaven are flung.

Translated by John Addington Symonds

Of the nineteen recently recovered poems, thirteen are odes of victory. These *epinicia* are distributed among the national festivals as follows: four Olympian, two Pythian, three Isthmian, three Nemean, and one Petræan, this last celebrating a victory at certain Thessalian games held in honor of Poseidon. The fifth ode celebrates the same victory that Pindar commemorates in his first Olympian, that of Hiero's famous horse Pherenicus in 476 B.C. It consists of five strophic triads, in contrast with Pindar's four. In the opening words, the poet addresses Hiero as war-lord of Syracuse, who, "better than any other living man, will value the sweet gifts of the violet-crowned Muses." After briefly describing the achievement of Pherenicus, the poet continues: "Happy is he to whom the god has granted a portion of honors, and a life of abundance, with enviable fortune; for no mortal man is in all things blest."

This last reflection, it is said, is due to the fact that Hiero suffered from some incurable disease, and the myth now introduced, and occupying the largest part of the poem, is doubtless intended as the heroic parallel to the prince's misfortune. Heracles, going down to Hades for Cerberus, "there, by Cocytus' streams, perceived the souls of hapless mortals, countless as leaves quivering in the wind on Ida's gleaming headlands, the grazing land of sheep. And conspicuous among them was the shade of a valiant wielder of the spear, Porthaon's seed." This is Meleager, who forthwith narrates to Heracles, not without tears, the story of the Calydonian boar, and how Althæa, in grief for her brother's death, burned the brand, "which fate had decreed should be the measure of my life. . . . And my sweet life waned, and I knew my strength was ebbing away. Ah me! with my latest breath I wept, hapless one, at thus leaving the glory of my youth."

The third Ode, commemorating Hiero's victory in the chariot-race at Olympia in 468 B.C., tells the famous story of Cræsus in a form elsewhere

unknown. Instead of being sentenced to the pyre by Cyrus, the Bacchylidean Cræsus resolves to escape slavery by consigning himself and his family to the flames.

"And Cræsus, on coming to that unlooked-for day, was not minded to await the further grief of slavery. Before the brazen walls of his courtyard he had a pyre built, whereon he mounted with his loyal wife and fair-tressed, wildly-sobbing daughters; then, lifting up his hands to high heaven, he cried: 'O thou most mighty Spirit, where is the gratitude of the gods? Where is our lord, the son of Leto? The house of Alyattes is falling, . . . into shameless captivity women are led forth from the well-built halls: a fate once abhorred is now welcome; death is the sweetest lot.' So saying he bade the attendant kindle the structure of wood. The maidens shrieked, and flung their hands about their mother; for most bitter to mortals is a violent death foreseen. But when the dread fire's gleaming strength was rushing athwart the pile, Zeus brought overhead a dark-bosomed cloud, and quenched the yellow flame. Beyond belief is naught that divine care works. Thereupon the Delian Apollo bare the old king to the Hyperboreans, and there established him with his slender-ankled daughters, in requital of his piety, for that of all mortals he had sent up the richest gifts to divine Pytho."

The last six Odes of Bacchylides are of unusual interest, because, aside from a few fragments, they alone represent for us the Greek dithyramb, as it was developed independently of the tragic drama. Originally composed in honor of Dionysus alone, the dithyramb had come to embrace a variety of heroic legends, and might even be performed at the festivals of various gods. Of the six dithyrambs of Bacchylides, only two are in any obvious way associated with Dionysus. The fifteenth, the Heracles, was intended for performance at Delphi in the winter months, when Dionysus took the place of Apollo, and the eighteenth sets forth the wine god's descent from Io. Two others, the sixteenth and seventeenth, may have been produced with a dithyrambic chorus of fifty. The latter of these, the only extant specimen of a dithyramb in dialogue, was probably performed at the Attic Thargelia in honor of Apollo. Its subject is Theseus, who, having slain Sinis and Sciron, and performed other valorous deeds, is now on his way to Athens, his future home, the city of which he is to become king and national hero.

This narrative is set forth in a dialogue between King Ægeus and a chorus of Athenians, and as the ode is the only extant example of such a dramatic lyric, it is our sole representative of that type of dithyramb from which, according to Aristotle, Attic tragedy was developed.

The sixteenth ode, also dealing with Theseus, is properly a pæan to Apollo, which was sung at Delos by a Cean chorus. In two triads, extending to 132 verses, this beautiful lyric sings the legend of Theseus' descent into the sea, to prove thereby his divine origin. At the outset the poet, in epic fashion, plunges *in medias res*. "A blue-prowed ship, bearing valiant Theseus

and twice seven goodly children of Ionia, was cleaving the Cretan sea. On its far-gleaming sail fell northern breezes, by grace of glorious, ægis-swaying Athene." The youths and maidens whom Theseus accompanies are the tribute exacted for the Minotaur, year by year, by King Minos, son of Zeus and Europa. On the journey Minos, having made advances to one of the maidens, is defied by Theseus, who reminds the king that he too is of divine parentage, being offspring of Æthra and Poseidon. Zeus, appealed to by his son, sends a lightning-flash, whereupon Minos challenges Theseus, if he indeed be of Poseidon's stock, to bring from the sea a gold ring, which he forthwith throws into the waves. "So spake he: and the hero's courage recoiled not, but stepping upon the vessel's shapely stern he leaped, and gladly the deep received him to her groves." Dolphins bore Theseus to the hall of the gods.

"There beheld he with awe the glorious daughters of the blessed Nereus; for a splendor as of fire shone from their beauteous limbs; fillets of woven gold encircled their hair, while with lightly-moving feet they delighted their hearts in the dance. Then in those lovely halls he saw his father's dear wife, the stately, ox-eyed Amphitrite, who flung upon him a purple cloak, and set on his curling hair a wondrous wreath, dark with roses, once bestowed on her as wedding gift by wily Aphrodite.

"Nothing that the gods will is past belief to men of sober wit. He arose at the ship's narrow stern. Ah, with what thoughts did he check the Cnossian commander, when he came forth, unwetted, from the sea, a marvel to all, the gods' adornments glittering on his limbs. The beauteous-throned maidens cried aloud with new-born joy, the sea resounded, while near at hand the youths and maidens raised a pæan with lovely voices. God of Delos, may thy heart be charmed by choruses of Cean, and for our portion vouchsafe us heaven-sent blessings!"

Thus the story ends as abruptly as it began.

From these examples one may learn something of this poet's style and thought. If prince or people preferred Bacchylides to Pindar, this may well have been due to the clarity and simplicity of the Cean as contrasted with the obscurity and difficulty which readers commonly find in the Theban's verse. Bacchylides indulges in wise reflections, but he does not assume the oracular tone of an inspired seer. Moreover, his Ionic *milieu* is revealed in the graceful charm of his narrative, in his decorative coloring, his lavish use of ornamental epithets, and in his general appreciation of picturesque incidents and details. One finds it easy to subscribe to the verdict pronounced by the author of the Greek treatise 'On the Sublime,' who declares that while Bacchylides is "a faultless poet, of elegant and finished style," he nevertheless lacks those qualities of real greatness which we admire in Pindar.

THE YOUTHS AND THESEUS

Bacchylides, xvi

A DARK-PROWED ship, Theseus the bold conveying (Str. 1)
 And twice seven Ionian youths and maidens fair,
 Was cleaving the Cretan sea,
 As full and free .

Upon her sail, its bright beams far deploying,
 The north wind blew, through famed Athena's care —
 War-ægis wielder she.

Now Minos' heart burned fierce with fire

Of Cypris, goddess of desire,
 Who laid on Eribœa her dread dower,
 Till, waxing in the maiden's beauty bold,
 He touched her cheek's white flower.

Aloud she shouted to Pandion's son,
 Bronze-armored Theseus; and his dark eye rolled
 Beneath his brow to see the outrage done,
 And, choking half with agony, he cried:

"Lo, hast thou, son of great Zeus, ceased to guide
 Aright the counsels of thy covetous breast.

Stay, man, thine impious quest.

Once Fate, all-potent, heaping Justice' scale full, (Ant. 1)
 Decrees us aught from the gods, then shall we bow,
 And take the appointed doom

Whenso it come.

But thou, cease to pursue thy purpose baleful.
 What though Phœnix' dear child, 'neath Ida's brow
 Yielding her maiden bloom

To Zeus, bare thee, a lord of earth?

To me the sea-god's bride gave birth,
 Poseidon's: the rich Pittheus was her sire,
 And from the dark-haired Nereids she had dower
 Of a gold-gleaming tire.

Therefore, O Cnossian chieftain, heed thou me.
 Stay thy fell insolence, nor dare deflower
 One of these maidens. Nay, it shall not be.

I could not bear to look again upon
 The lovely light of the unfailing dawn.
 Sooner will I put forth my own hands' might
 And let God judge the right."

Thus spoke the hero, spear-renowned, (Ep. 1)

While awe transfixed the sailors round.
But Helios' kinsman held self-counsel, wroth at heart.

Then from his wily soul he spoke:

"Zeus, mighty father, I invoke
Thine intervention. If in truth my sire thou art,
And white-armed Phœnissa bore me,
Shake the lightning's fire-mane o'er me
For a clear sign out of heaven of my part.

And for thee
That boast to be
Child of Træzenian Æthra and
Poseidon, shaker of earth's walls,
This trinket on my hand,
Behold,

This ring of gold —
Leap boldly down into thy father's halls
And bring it back from the abysmal sea.
So shalt thou know if he hath heard my call,
Cronian, lord of thunder, lord of all."

And to the unblushing prayer the lord Zeus hearkened (Str. 2)

And gave great honor unto Minos, fain
A manifest sign to make
For his son's sake.

The lightning flashed. And to the sky undarkened
The warrior-hero, glad for the portent plain,

Spread forth his hands, and spake:

"Theseus, behold the clear-shown sign,
Zeus-given. What remains is thine.

Plunge thou into the sullen-thundering sea,
And king Poseidon, thy father, Cronos' son,

Will surely accomplish thee
Glory supreme through all the tree-clad land."
So spake; and the other shrunk not, but upon
The vessel's lofty poop took straight his stand
And leaped. And over him the waves closed glad.

Joyous at heart the son of Zeus quick bade
Trim the good ship to fly on the wind's wings.

But Fate planned other things.

The swift ship sped upon her way, for steady (Ant. 2)
And strong the north wind blew behind. Natheless

The Athenians, youth and maid,
Trembled, afraid,
When the hero leaped into the sea, and ready

Tears filled their tender eyes for heaviness
 Of the grief on them laid.
 But dolphins, dwelling 'neath the foam,
 Swift bore to his horseman father's home
 Great Theseus. To the gods' abodes he came.
 He saw rich Nereus' famous daughters there —
 Vision of awe! for flame
 Clothed on their shining limbs as flame of fire,
 And golden bands ran in and out their hair,
 And with lithe feet they danced to the heart's desire.
 There too he saw, within her charming house,
 The noble large-eyed Amphitrite, spouse
 Beloved of his sire, who clothed him new
 With robe of purple hue,
 And on his fleecy locks she set
 A faultless red-rose coronet,
 Her wedding-gift from Aphrodite, subtle queen.
 Gods may work wonders past the ken,
 Not past the faith, of thoughtful men.
 Lo, soon beside the strait-sterned vessel he was seen.
 Ah, how instantly the froward
 Cnossian captain's pride he lowered,
 Risen, oh wondrous, dry from mansions submarine!
 Marred nor dim
 On beauteous limb
 The gifts the gods had given him gleamed;
 And in the rapture of new joys
 The bright-throned maidens screamed,
 The sea
 Broke clamorously,
 And pressing close around, with tuneful voice
 The young men joined in a triumphal hymn. —
 O Delian, now our Cean choirs are heard,
 Be ours the lot of blessings god-conferred.

(Ep. 2)

Translated by Alphonso Gerald Newcomer

Pindar and Bacchylides are the last of the great writers whose poetry was exclusively lyric. With the rise of the drama, lyric poetry came to be regarded mainly as the handmaid of tragedy and comedy; and though a few forms, such as the dithyramb, continued to enjoy an independent existence, still these either failed to attract real genius, or they suffered from the tendency to magnify the accompaniments of music and dance, and thus lost the virtue of a high poetical tone.

It is, however, a peculiarity of Greek poetry that the earlier forms are absorbed in the later. When we reach the drama, we find that this splendid creation of Hellenic genius gathers up in one beautiful and harmonious web the various threads of the poetic art.

The drama, as is well known, originated in the songs which were sung in the festivals of Bacchus. Tragedy is literally the *goat-ode*; that is, the choral song chanted by satyrs, the goat-footed attendants of Bacchus. At first, then, tragedy was of a purely lyric character — a story in song with expressive dance and musical accompaniment. The further history of tragedy and comedy is, in brief, the development of dialogue and the harmonizing of the lyric and dramatic elements.

Already at the end of the sixth century B.C., the drama presents the two-fold character which in Greece it never lost, the chorus and the dialogue, the former due to Dorian lyric poetry, the latter to the Ionic verse-forms of Archilochus. With the full development of dramatic form the lyric was reduced from its supreme position to an inferior station, in which it should no longer be the controlling element, but merely the efficient and beautiful handmaid of dramatic dialogue. In Æschylus the lyric still assumes undue proportions; in Sophocles the lyric and dramatic are blended in perfect harmony; but in Euripides the work of disintegration has set in, and the lyric tends to become a mere artistic appendage.

H. RUSHTON FAIRCLOUGH

SAPPHO

SAPPHO (more properly Psappha), the greatest of all poetesses, was born in 612 B.C., at Eressos in the island of Lesbos. Her father's name was Scamandronymus, her mother's Cleïs. Few facts of her life are recorded. As a girl she doubtless learned by heart her Homer and Hesiod, and sang the songs of her countrymen Terpander and Arion. While still young she paid a visit to Sicily, and possibly there made the acquaintance of the great Western poets, Stesichorus and Ibycus. When she returned home she settled at Mitylene, being perhaps disgusted with the conduct of her brother Charaxus, who had married the courtesan Rhodopis. To one of her satirical poems on him belongs perhaps the line —

Wealth without worth is no harmless housemate.

She found some compensation in her youngest brother Larichus, who for his beauty had been chosen as cup-bearer in the public banquet hall at Mitylene. In an extant fragment she says to him: —

Stand kindly there before me, and unfold
The beauty of thine eyes.

As we may well believe, the beautiful, gifted Sappho had many admirers. Chief among these was the great Alcæus — statesman, warrior, and lyric poet. There is still extant the opening of a poem which he addressed to her: —

Violet-crowned, chaste, sweet-smiling Sappho,
I fain would speak; but bashfulness forbids.

She replied in the spirited lines, showing her simplicity of character: —

Had thy wish been pure and manly,
And no evil on thy tongue,
Shame had not possessed thine eyelids:
From thy lips the right had rung.

To a suitor younger than herself she wrote: —

Remain my friend, but seek a younger bride:
I am too old, and may not mate with thee.

Indeed, a passionate nature like hers was not easily mated; and so we find a strain of longing pathos in her. In one fragment she says: —

The moon hath set,
 The Pleiades are gone:
 'Tis midnight, and the time goes by,
 And I — I sleep alone.

Elsewhere she says (in the exact words of a Scotch ballad): —

For I sall aye gang a maiden mair.

The absurd story of Sappho's flinging herself from the Leucadian Rock, in despair at her unrequited love for Phaon, is due to a confusion between her and a courtesan of the same name. So far from such folly was the poetess, that, late in life apparently, she changed her mind about marrying, and gave her hand to a wealthy Andrian named Cercylas, by whom she had a daughter, named after her own mother, Cleïs. We have still a fragment referring to this child: —

I have a little maid, as fair
 As any golden flower,
 My Cleïs dear,
 For whom I would not take all Lydia,
 Nor lovely Lesbos here.

Elsewhere she says to the same child: —

Let me enfold thee, darling mine.

Of the events of Sappho's life we know little: she lived to a ripe old age, and died leaving a name which the Greeks for a thousand years placed next to that of Homer. After her death the Lesbians paid her divine honors, erected memorial temples to her, and even stamped her image upon their coins, as other cities did those of their tutelary deities. How she was regarded by her great contemporaries we may learn from a story told of Solon. When near his end, someone having repeated to him a poem of Sappho's, he prayed the gods to allow him to live long enough to learn it by heart. From his day to the latest times of antiquity, poets and critics strove in vain for words to express their admiration of herself and her works. Plato calls her "the beautiful Sappho"; and she is often referred to as "the tenth Muse." An epigram on the great lyric poets, after enumerating the eight men, says, "Sappho was not the ninth among men: she is catalogued as the tenth among the Muses." Horace writes: —

Still breathes the love, still live the hues,
 Intrusted to the Æolian maiden's strings.

And the great critic Longinus is even more complimentary.

Such uniform praise may well make us mourn the loss of Sappho's works. For with the exception of two short poems (one incomplete), and about a hundred and twenty fragments of from one to five lines, they are all lost. But what remains is very precious, containing a wealth of deft expression not easy to match, and more than sufficient to enable us to comprehend the estimate given of the poetess by Strabo: "Sappho is a kind of miracle; for within the memory of man there has not, so far as we know, arisen any woman worthy even to be mentioned along with Sappho in the matter of poetry."

Sappho left nine books of poems, the subjects of which were so various that they were arranged according to meters, a book being devoted to each of the nine meters in which she wrote. Of these meters the most famous was the "Sapphic stanza," which she seems to have invented. Another invention of hers was the *plectrum* with which the lyre was struck — the first step toward the piano.

We shall arrange her briefer fragments according to subject, premising the remark that through most of them runs a trait to which she frankly bears testimony — the love of splendor. She says: —

I am in love with luxury:
The love of the sun hath won for me
The splendid and the beautiful.

Her love of nature, and her power of expressing its charm in simple, striking language, remind us of Burns and Goethe. Her pathetic lines about her loneliness at midnight have already been quoted. But it is not merely the pathetic in nature that she feels: she feels all its living beauty. It is not only the night, with the moon and the Pleiades set, that touches her: every hour of the day comes to her with a fresh surprise. Of the morning she says: —

Early uprose the golden-slippered Dawn;

and of the evening: —

O Hesperus! thou bringest all
The glimmering Dawn dispersed.

Of the night she says: —

The stars about the pale-faced moon
Veil back their shining forms from sight,
As oft as, full with radiant round,
She bathes the earth with silver light.

And again of the moon and the Pleiades: —

The moon was shining full, and they
Stood as about an altar ranged.

And just as the hours of the day, so the seasons of the year bring her joy.
Her ear is open to —

Spring's harbinger, the passion-warbling nightingale;
and her eye brightens when —

The golden chick-peas spring upon the banks.

What a picture of the southern summer, with its noonday siesta in the open air, we have in these lines: —

The lullaby of waters cool
Through apple-boughs is softly blown,
And, shaken from the rippling leaves,
Sleep droppeth down.

And how we should like to hear the termination of this simile: —

As when the shepherds on the hills
Tread under foot the hyacinth,
And on the ground the purple flower [lies crushed].

Along with her delight in nature goes a keen joyous feeling for all that is festive: song, wine, and dance, garlands, gold vessels, and purple robes are dear to her. To her lyre she says: —

Come then, my lyre divine!
Let speech be thine.

And to Aphrodite she calls —

Come, Queen of Cyprus! pour the stream
Of nectar, mingled lusciously
With merriment, in cups of gold.

But Aphrodite is not enough. Life requires other ennobling elements — light, sweetness, and art, represented by Hermes, the Graces, and the Muses. Of a wedding-feast she says: —

Then with ambrosia the bowl was mixed,
And Hermes took a cup, to toast the gods,
While all the rest raised goblets, poured the wine,
And prayed for all brave things to bless the groom.

Again she calls: —

Hither come, ye dainty Graces,
And ye fair-haired Muses now!

And again: —

Hither, hither come, ye Muses!
 Leave the golden sky.

Nay, she even calls upon Justice herself to put garlands about her fair locks, and come to the feast; adding that the gods turn away from worshipers that wear no wreaths. From such sayings we see that Sappho's delight in nature was chastened and refined by a delight in art. The Grecian grace of movement and management of drapery are particularly dear to her. She exclaims: —

What rustic hoyden ever charmed the soul,
 That round her ankles could not kilt her coats!

But far more than all outward adornment of the body, which is but an index of the soul, is the adornment of the soul itself with sweetness and art. To an uncultivated woman she says: —

When thou art dead, thou shalt lie in the earth:
 Not even the memory of thee shall be,
 Thenceforward and forever; for no part
 Hast thou, or share, in the Pierian roses;
 But, formless, even in Hades' halls shalt thou
 Wander and flit with the effacèd dead.

On the other hand, to a cultivated woman she says: —

I think no other maid, nay, not even one,
 That hath beheld the sunlight, e'er shall be
 Like thee in wisdom, in all days to come.

She knows too that she herself will not be easily forgotten. She says: —

I think there will be memory of us yet,
 In after days.

But, aware of the labor required by genius, she adds: —

I do not think with these two arms to clasp
 The heavens.

What calls forth Sappho's supreme admiration and love is the cultivated, genial, loving soul, at home in a beautiful body. Her joy in such souls expresses itself in language of the most tempestuous sort. In one fragment she says: —

Love again, unnerving might,
 Bitter-sweet, doth shake and smite,
 Like a serpent folded tight.

In another: —

Love again hath tossed my spirit,
 Like a blast down mountain-gorges,
 Rushing on the oak-tree's branches.

She is sad when her love is not returned. Of one friend she says: —

I loved thee, Atthis, once, in days gone by;
 A little maid thou seemedst, nor very fair.
 Atthis, thou hatest now to think of me,
 And fleest to Andromeda.

Then her sorrow is too great for utterance.

To you, dear ones, this thought of mine may not
 Be told; but in myself I know it well.

There is a whole heart-tragedy in such snatches as this: —

The beings that I have toiled to please,
 They wound me most.

But the strongest expression of her love occurs in the two longer poems which follow this article. Of the second, Longinus says: —

"Do you not admire the manner in which, at one and the same time, she loses soul, body, hearing, speech, color, everything, as if they were passing from her and melting away? how, in self-contradiction, she is at once hot and cold, foolish and wise? how she is afraid, and almost dead, so that not one feeling, but a whole congregation of feelings, appears in her? For all these things are true of persons in love. But it was the seizing of the salient points, and the combination of them, that produced the sublime."

He classes the poem as sublime. Certain it is that her influence, like that of Homer, went far to determine the character of all subsequent Greek poetry and art — to keep it pure and high, above sensuality and above sentimentalism.

The character of Sappho's work may be thus summed up: Take Homer's unstudied directness, Dante's intensity without his mysticism, Keats's sensibility without his sensuousness, Burns's masculine strength, and Lady Nairne's exquisite pathos, that goes straight to the heart and stays there, and you have Sappho. What a darkened world it must have been that allowed such poetry as hers to be lost! And yet it is not all lost. Enough remains to show us the extent of our loss; and of it we may say, in the words of the ancient epigram:

Sappho's white, speaking pages of dear song
 Yet linger with us, and will linger long.

THOMAS DAVIDSON

TO APHRODITE

THOU of the throne of many changing hues,
Immortal Venus, artful child of Jove —
Forsake me not, O Queen, I pray! nor bruise
My heart with pain of love.

But hither come, if e'er from other home
Thine ear hath heard mine oft-repeated calls;
If thou hast yoked thy golden car and come,
Leaving thy father's halls;

If ever fair, fleet sparrows hastened forth,
And swift on wheeling pinions bore thee nigher,
From heights of heaven above the darkened earth,
Down through the middle fire.

Ay, swift they came; then, Blessed One, didst thou
With countenance immortal smile on me,
And ask me what it was that ailed me now,
And why I called on thee;

And what I most desired should come to pass,
To still my soul inspired: "Whom dost thou long
To have Persuasion lead to thine embrace?
Who, Sappho, does thee wrong?"

"For if she flee, she quickly shall pursue;
If gifts she take not gifts she yet shall bring;
And if she love not, love shall thrill her through,
Though strongly combating."

Then come to me even now, and set me free
From sore disquiet; and that for which I sigh
With fervent spirit, bring to pass for me:
Thyself be mine ally!

Translated by Thomas Davidson

TO THE BELOVED

I HOLD him as the gods above,
The man who sits before thy feet,
And, near thee, hears thee whisper sweet,
And brighten with the smiles of love.

Thou smiledst: like a timid bird
My heart cowered fluttering in its place.
I saw thee but a moment's space,
And yet I could not frame a word.

My tongue was broken; 'neath my skin
A subtle flame shot over me;
And with my eyes I could not see;
My ears were filled with whirling din.

And then I feel the cold sweat pour,
Through all my frame a trembling pass;
My face is paler than the grass:
To die would seem but little more.

Translated by Thomas Davidson

ALCÆUS

ALCÆUS, a contemporary of the more famous poet whom he addressed as "violet-crowned, pure, sweetly-smiling Sappho," was a native of Mitylene in Lesbos. His period of work fell probably between 610 and 580 B.C. At this time his native town was disturbed by an unceasing contention for power between the aristocracy and the people; and Alcæus, through the vehemence of his zeal and his ambition, was among the leaders of the warring faction. By the accidents of birth and education he was an aristocrat. With his brothers Cicis and Antimenidas, two influential young nobles as arrogant and haughty as himself, he resented and opposed the slightest concession to democracy. He was a stout soldier, but he threw away his arms when he saw that his side was beaten, and afterward wrote a poem on this performance, apparently not in the least mortified by the recollection. Horace speaks of the matter, and laughingly confesses his own like misadventure.

When Pittacus was chosen dictator, he was compelled to banish the swash-buckling brothers for their abuse of him. But when Alcæus chanced to be taken prisoner, Pittacus set him free, remarking that "forgiveness is better than revenge." The irreconcilable poet spent his exile in Egypt, and there he may have seen the Greek oligarch who lent his sword to Nebuchadnezzar, and whom he greeted in a poem, a fragment of which is thus paraphrased by Symonds: —

From the ends of the earth thou art come
Back to thy home;
The ivory hilt of thy blade
With gold is embossed and inlaid;
Since for Babylon's host a great deed
Thou didst work in their need,
Slaying a warrior, an athlete of might,
Royal, whose height
Lacked of five cubits one span —
A terrible man.

Alcæus is reputed to have been in love with Sappho but only a line or two survives to confirm the tale. Most of his lyrics, like those of his fellow-poets, seem to have been drinking-songs, combined, says Symonds, with reflections upon life, and appropriate descriptions of the different seasons. "No time

was amiss for drinking, to his mind: the heat of summer, the cold of winter, the blazing dog-star and the driving tempest, twilight with its cheerful gleam of lamps, midday with its sunshine — all suggest reasons for indulging in the cup. Not that we are justified in fancying Alcæus a mere vulgar toper: he retained Æolian sumptuousness in his pleasures, and raised the art of drinking to an esthetic attitude."

Alcæus composed in the Æolic dialect as being more familiar to his hearers. After his death his poems were collected and divided into ten books. Bergk has included the fragments — and one of his compositions has come down to us entire — in his 'Poetæ Lyrici Græci.'

His love of political strife and military glory led him to the composition of poems which the ancients called 'Stasiotica' [Songs of Sedition]. To this class belong many of the fragments preserved to us. Besides those martial poems, he composed hymns to the gods, and love and convivial songs.

His verses are subjective and impassioned. They are outbursts of the poet's own feeling toward the world in which he lived; and it is this quality that gave them their celebrity. His meters were lively, and the care which he expended upon his strophes has led to the naming of one meter the "Alcaic." Horace testifies (Odes ii, 13, ii, 26, etc.) to the power of his master.

The first selection following is a fragment from his 'Stasiotica.' It is a description of his palace before "the work of war began."

THE PALACE

FROM roof to roof the spacious palace halls
 Glitter with war's array;
 With burnished metal clad, the lofty walls
 Beam like the bright noonday.
 There white-plumed helmets hang from many a nail,
 Above, in threatening row;
 Steel-garnished tunics and broad coats of mail
 Spread o'er the space below.
 Chalcidian blades enow, and belts are here,
 Greaves and emblazoned shields;
 Well-tried protectors from the hostile spear,
 On other battlefields.
 With these good helps our work of war's begun,
 With these our victory must be won.

Translated by Colonel Mure

A BANQUET SONG

THE rain of Zeus descends, and from high heaven
 A storm is driven:
 And on the running water-brooks the cold
 Lays icy hold;
 Then up: beat down the winter; make the fire
 Blaze high and higher;
 Mix wine as sweet as honey of the bee
 Abundantly;
 Then drink with comfortable wool around
 Your temples bound.
 We must not yield our hearts to woe, or wear
 With wasting care;
 For grief will profit us no whit, my friend,
 Nor nothing mend;
 But this is our best medicine, with wine fraught
 To cast out thought.

Translated by John Addington Symonds

AN INVITATION

WHY wait we for the torches' lights?
 Now let us drink while day invites.
 In mighty flagons hither bring
 The deep-red blood of many a vine,
 That we may largely quaff, and sing
 The praises of the god of wine,
 The son of Jove and Semele,
 Who gave the jocund grape to be
 A sweet oblivion to our woes.
 Fill, fill the goblet — one and two:
 Let every brimmer, as it flows,
 In sportive chase, the last pursue.

Translated by Sir William Jones

THE STORM

NOW here, now there, the wild waves sweep,
 Whilst we, betwixt them o'er the deep,
 In shatter'd tempest-beaten bark,
 With laboring ropes are onward driven,
 The billows dashing o'er our dark
 Upheavèd deck — in tatters riven
 Our sails — whose yawning rents between
 The raging sea and sky are seen.

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Loose from their hold our anchors burst,
 And then the third, the fatal wave
 Comes rolling onward like the first,
 And doubles all our toil to save.

Translated by Sir William Jones

THE POOR FISHERMAN

THE fisher Diotimus had, at sea
 And shore, the same abode of poverty —
 His trusty boat; — and when his days were spent,
 Therein self-rowed to ruthless Dis he went;
 For that, which did through life his woes beguile,
 Supplied the old man with a funeral pile.

Translated by Sir William Jones

THE STATE

WHAT constitutes a State?
 Not high-raised battlement, or labored mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate;
 Not cities fair, with spires and turrets crown'd;
 No: — Men, high-minded men,
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued
 In forest, brake, or den,

As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude: —
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain.

Translated by Sir William Jones

POVERTY

THE worst of ills, and hardest to endure,
Past hope, past cure,
Is Penury, who, with her sister-mate
Disorder, soon brings down the loftiest state,
And makes it desolate.
This truth the sage of Sparta told,
Aristodemus old —
“Wealth makes the man.” On him that’s poor,
Proud worth looks down, and honor shuts the door.

Translated by Sir William Jones

THEOGNIS

OUR ignorance as to the life of this favorite didactic poet is almost ludicrously complete. So competent a critic as Plato quotes from "Theognis, a citizen of Megara in Sicily." Yet the poet himself declares he was but a visitor in Sicily, and a native of the parent-city Megara in Hellas proper — the jealous neighbor of Athens. Again, the lexicographers assign him to about the middle of the sixth century; but he himself thanks Apollo for averting from his native land "the insolent host of the Medes," so he must at least have outlived the first Persian invasion, by Mardonius, in 492 B.C.

There is, however, another possibility. In this corpus of six hundred and ninety-four elegiac couplets are found verses elsewhere accredited to Solon, to Mimnermus, to Tyrtaeus, etc. There is also a deal of repetition. So it appears that the very popularity of the work has drawn into it much alien material. It is perhaps a collection of ethical maxims, representing the morality of an epoch. In that case, all attempt at chronology becomes desperate.

The chief trace of unity in the volume is to be sought in the name of the beautiful boy Cynos, who is often addressed by name, and for whose education these warnings and suggestions are gathered up. Some expressions of warm affection and admiration may remind us that it was almost solely masculine youth and loveliness that aroused in the Hellenic mind the sentiment which the Italian poet devotes to a real or ideal Laura, Beatrice, or Corinna.

Much of this volume is as prosaic as Solon's political harangues; and we could easily accept Athenæus' assertion that Theognis did not set his poems to music. But Theognis himself refutes our later informant; especially in the passage wherein he claims to have immortalized his friend by his songs.

If we may judge from the prevailing tone of the poem, Theognis had little of Solon's gentle and conciliatory nature. In the civic strife that long distracted Megara, he is a fierce partisan of the oligarchs; sharing their exile and poverty, their restoration amid threats of savage vengeance, their utter contempt for the base-born.

His general ethical tone is not high. Loyalty to friendship is the chord most enthusiastically struck. There is a frequent pessimistic tone about human life. Poverty is so bitter that suicide is a justifiable means of escape. Temperance — in the Greek sense — is praised; yet even here there are exceptions: —

Shameful it is for a man to be drunk among those who are sober:
Shameful as well to remain sober when others are drunk!

The book is not very edifying, and the attempt to disentangle the various poems, authors, and times represented is a task "for a laborious man, and a patient — and not very happy at that!" as Plato says of those who would expound the meaning of the myths.

Perhaps Theognis appears at his best — and he certainly appears with great frequency — as he is cited in quotation, by Plato and nearly every later author who discourses on social and ethical themes.

THE BELOVED YOUTH GAINS FAME FROM THE POET'S SONGS

YOU soar aloft, and over land and wave
Are borne triumphant on the wings I gave
(The swift and mighty wings, Music and Verse).

Your name in easy numbers smooth and terse
Is wafted o'er the world; and heard among
The banquetings and feasts, chanted and sung,
Heard and admired; the modulated air
Of flutes, and voices of the young and fair,
Recite it, and to future times shall tell,
When, closed within the dark sepulchral cell,
Your form shall molder, and your empty ghost
Wander along the dreary Stygian coast.

Yet shall your memory flourish fresh and young,
Recorded and revived on every tongue,
In continents and islands, every place
That owns the language of the Grecian race.

No purchased prowess of a racing steed,
But the triumphant Muse, with airy speed,
Shall bear it wide and far, o'er land and main,
A glorious and unperishable strain;
A mighty prize, gratuitously won,
Fixed as the earth, immortal as the sun.

But for all this no kindness in return!
No token of attention or concern!
Baffled and scorned, you treat me like a child,
From day to day, with empty words beguiled.

WORLDLY WISDOM

JOIN with the world; adopt with every man
 His party views, his temper, and his plan;
 Strive to avoid offense, study to please —
 Like the sagacious inmate of the seas,
 That an accommodating color brings,
 Conforming to the rock to which he clings;
 With every change of place changing his hue:
 The model for a statesman such as you.

Learn, Kurnus, learn to bear an easy mind:
 Accommodate your humor to mankind
 And human nature; — take it as you find!
 A mixture of ingredients, good or bad —
 Such are we all, the best that can be had:
 The best are found defective; and the rest,
 For common use, are equal to the best.
 Suppose it had been otherwise decreed —
 How could the business of the world proceed?

Fairly examined, truly understood,
 No man is wholly bad nor wholly good,
 Nor uniformly wise. In every case,
 Habit and accident, and time and place,
 Affect us. 'Tis the nature of the race.

Entire and perfect happiness is never
 Vouchsafed to man; but nobler minds endeavor
 To keep their inward sorrows unrevealed.
 With meaner spirits nothing is concealed:
 Weak, and unable to conform to fortune,
 With rude rejoicing or complaint importune,
 They vent their exultation or distress.
 Whate'er betides us, grief or happiness,
 The brave and wise will bear with steady mind,
 Th' allotment unforeseen and undefined
 Of good or evil, which the gods bestow,
 Promiscuously dealt to man below.

Learn patience, O my soul! though racked and torn
 With deep distress — bear it! — it must be borne!
 Your unavailing hopes and vain regret,
 Forget them, or endeavor to forget:
 Those womanish repinings, unrepressed
 (Which gratify your foes), serve to molest

Your sympathizing friends — learn to endure!
And bear calamities you cannot cure!

“DESERT, A BEGGAR BORN”

BLESSED, almighty Jove! with deep amaze
I view the world, and marvel at thy ways!
All our devices, every subtle plan,
Each secret act, and all the thoughts of man,
Your boundless intellect can comprehend!
On your award our destinies depend.

How can you reconcile it to your sense
Of right and wrong, thus loosely to dispense
Your bounties on the wicked and the good?
How can your laws be known or understood,
When we behold a man faithful and just,
Humbly devout, true to his word and trust,
Dejected and oppressed; whilst the profane
And wicked and unjust, in glory reign,
Proudly triumphant, flushed with power and gain?
What inference can human reason draw?
How can we guess the secret of thy law,
Or choose the path approved by power divine?
We take, alas! perforce, the crooked line,
And act unwillingly the baser part,
Though loving truth and justice at our heart;
For very need, reluctantly compelled
To falsify the principles we held;
With party factions basely to comply;
To flatter, and dissemble, and to lie!

A SAVAGE PRAYER

MAY Jove assist me to discharge the debt
Of kindness to my friends, and grant me yet
A further boon — revenge upon my foes!
With these accomplished, I could gladly close
My term of life — a fair requital made;
My friends rewarded, and my wrongs repaid:
Revenge and gratitude, before I die,
Might make me deemed almost a deity!

Translated by John Hookham Frere

ANACREON

OF the life of this lyric poet we have little exact knowledge. We know that he was an Ionian, and therefore by racial type a luxury-loving Greek, born in the city of Teos on the coast of Asia Minor. The year was probably B.C. 562. With a few fellow-citizens, it is supposed that he fled to Thrace and founded Abdera when Cyrus the Great, or his general Harpagus, was conquering the Greek cities of the coast. Abdera, however, was too new to afford luxurious living, and the singing Ionian soon found his way to more genial Samos, whither the fortunes of the world then seemed converging. Polycrates was "tyrant," in the old Greek sense of irresponsible ruler, and Anacreon became his tutor. He may even have been of his council; for Herodotus says that when Orætes went to see Polycrates he found him in the men's apartment with Anacreon the Teian. Another historian says that he tempered the stern will of the ruler.

After the murder of Polycrates, Hipparchus, tyrant of Athens, sent a trireme to fetch the poet. Like his father Pisistratus, Hipparchus endeavored to further the cause of letters by calling poets to his court. Among others Simonides of Ceos was there; and Lasus of Hermione, the teacher of Pindar. Amid this brilliant company Anacreon lived and sang until Hipparchus fell (514) by the famous conspiracy of Harmodius and Aristogiton. He then returned to his native Teos, and according to a legend, died there at the age of eighty-five, choked by a grape-seed.

To Anacreon music and poetry were inseparable. His themes were simple — wine, love, and the glorification of youth and poetry. His delicacy preserves him from grossness, and his grace from wantonness. Anacreon had no earnest interest in the affairs of life, no morals in the real sense of that word, no aims reaching further than the merriment of the moment. Loving luxury and leisure, he was simply a courtier in a pleasure-loving court. He laments that the bowl is empty, that age is joyless, that women tell him he is growing bald. He is closely paralleled in this by Béranger; but the Frenchman's soul had a passionately earnest half which the Greek entirely lacked. Nor is there ever any outbreak of the deep yearning, the underlying melancholy, which pervades and now and then interrupts, like a skeleton at the feast, the gayest verses of Omar Khayyam.

His meters, like his matter, are simple and easy. So imitators, perhaps as brilliant as the master, have sprung up and produced a mass of Anacreontic songs; it is even doubtful whether any complete poem of Anacreon remains

intact. For this reason the collection is commonly termed 'Anacreontics.' Some of the poems are referred to the school of Gaza and the fourth century after Christ, and some to the secular teachings of the monks of the middle Ages. Since the discovery and publication of the text by Henri Estienne (Stephanus), in 1554, poets have indulged their lighter fancies in such songs, and a small literature of delicate trifles now exists under the name of 'Anacreontics' in Italian, German, and English. Bergk's recension of the poems appeared in 1878. The standard translations, or rather imitations in English, are those of Cowley and Moore. The Irish poet was not unlike in nature to the ancient Ionian. The joy of feasting and music, the color of wine, and the scent of roses, inspire the songs of them both.

DRINKING

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
 And drinks, and gapes for drink again;
 The plants suck in the earth, and are
 With constant drinking fresh and fair;
 The sea itself (which one would think
 Should have but little need of drink)
 Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
 So filled that they o'erflow the cup.
 The busy Sun (and one would guess
 By 's drunken fiery face no less)
 Drinks up the sea, and, when he's done,
 The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun:
 They drink and dance by their own light;
 They drink and revel all the night.
 Nothing in nature's sober found,
 But an eternal health goes round.
 Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
 Fill all the glasses there; for why
 Should every creature drink but I?
 Why, man of morals, tell me why?

Translated by Abraham Cowley

AGE

OFT am I by the women told,
 Poor Anacreon, thou grow'st old!
 Look how thy hairs are falling all;
 Poor Anacreon, how they fall!
 Whether I grow old or no,
 By th' effects I do not know;
 This I know, without being told,
 'Tis time to live, if I grow old;
 'Tis time short pleasures now to take,
 Of little life the best to make,
 And manage wisely the last stake.

Translated by Abraham Cowley

THE EPICURE

I

FILL the bowl with rosy wine!
 Around our temples roses twine!
 And let us cheerfully awhile,
 Like the wine and roses, smile.
 Crowned with roses, we contemn
 Gyges' wealthy diadem.
 Today is ours, what do we fear?
 Today is ours; we have it here:
 Let's treat it kindly, that it may
 Wish, at least, with us to stay.
 Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
 To the gods belongs tomorrow.

II

Underneath this myrtle shade,
 On flowery beds supinely laid,
 With odorous oils my head o'erflowing
 And around it roses growing,
 What should I do but drink away
 The heat and troubles of the day?

In this more than kingly state
 Love himself shall on me wait.
 Fill to me, Love, nay fill it up:
 And, mingled, cast into the cup
 Wit, and mirth, and noble fires,
 Vigorous health, and gay desires.
 The wheel of life no less will stay
 In a smooth than rugged way:
 Since it equally doth flee,
 Let the motion pleasant be.
 Why do we precious ointments show'r?
 Noble wines why do we pour?
 Beauteous flowers why do we spread,
 Upon the monuments of the dead?
 Nothing they but dust can show,
 Or bones that hasten to be so.
 Crown me with roses while I live,
 Now your wines and ointments give,
 After death I nothing crave;
 Let me alive my pleasures have,
 All are Stoics in the grave.

Translated by Abraham Cowley

GOLD

A MIGHTY pain to love it is,
 And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
 But, of all pains, the greatest pain
 It is to love, but love in vain.
 Virtue now, nor noble blood,
 Nor wit by love is understood;
 Gold alone does passion move,
 Gold monopolizes love;
 A curse on her, and on the man
 Who this traffic first began!
 A curse on him who found the ore!
 A curse on him who digged the store!
 A curse on him who did refine it!
 A curse on him who first did coin it!
 A curse, all curses else above,
 On him who used it first in love!
 Gold begets in brethren hate;
 Gold in families debate;

Gold does friendship separate;
 Gold does civil wars create.
 These the smallest harms of it!
 Gold, alas! does love beget.

Translated by Abraham Cowley

THE GRASSHOPPER

HAPPY Insect! what can be
 In happiness compared to thee?
 Fed with nourishment divine,
 The dewy Morning's gentle wine!
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant cup does fill;
 'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
 Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
 Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
 Happier than the happiest king!
 All the fields which thou dost see,
 All the plants, belong to thee;
 All that summer hours produce,
 Fertile made with early juice.
 Man for thee does sow and plow;
 Farmer he, and landlord thou!
 Thou dost innocently joy;
 Nor does thy luxury destroy;
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
 More harmonious than he;
 Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripened year!
 Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
 Phœbus is himself thy sire.
 To thee, of all things upon Earth,
 Life's no longer than thy mirth.
 Happy insect, happy thou!
 Dost neither age nor winter know;
 But, when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
 Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
 (Voluptuous, and wise withal,
 Epicurean animal!)
 Sated with thy summer feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

Translated by Abraham Cowley

THE SWALLOW

FOOLISH prater, what dost thou
 So early at my window do,
 With thy tuneless serenade?
 Well 't had been had Tereus made
 Thee as dumb as Philomel;
 There his knife had done but well.
 In thy undiscovered nest
 Thou dost all the winter rest,
 And dreamest o'er thy summer joys,
 Free from the stormy season's noise:
 Free from th' ill thou'st done to me;
 Who disturbs or seeks out thee?
 Hadst thou all the charming notes
 Of the wood's poetic throats,
 All thou art could never pay
 What thou hast ta'en from me away.
 Cruel bird! thou'st ta'en away
 A dream out of my arms today;
 A dream that ne'er must equaled be
 By all that waking eyes may see.
 Thou, this damage to repair,
 Nothing half so sweet or fair,
 Nothing half so good, canst bring,
 Though men say thou bring'st the Spring.

Translated by Abraham Cowley

THE POET'S CHOICE

IF hoarded gold possessed a power
 To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
 And purchase from the hand of death
 A little span, a moment's breath,
 How I would love the precious ore!
 And every day should swell my store;
 That when the fates would send their minion,
 To waft me off on shadowy pinion,
 I might some hours of life obtain,
 And bribe him back to hell again.

But since we ne'er can charm away
 The mandate of that awful day,
 Why do we vainly weep at fate,
 And sigh for life's uncertain date?
 The light of gold can ne'er illumine
 The dreary midnight of the tomb!
 And why should I then pant for treasures?
 Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures;
 The goblet rich, the hoard of friends,
 Whose flowing souls the goblet blends!

Translated by Thomas Moore

A LOVER'S SIGH

THE Phrygian rock that braves the storm
 Was once a weeping matron's form;
 And Procne, hapless, frantic maid,
 Is now a swallow in the shade.
 Oh that a mirror's form were mine,
 To sparkle with that smile divine;
 And like my heart I then should be,
 Reflecting thee, and only thee!
 Or could I be the robe which holds
 That graceful form within its folds;
 Or, turned into a fountain, lave
 Thy beauties in my circling wave;
 Or, better still, the zone that lies
 Warm to thy breast, and feels its sighs!
 Or like those envious pearls that show
 So faintly round that neck of snow!
 Yes, I would be a happy gem,
 Like them to hang, to fade like them.
 What more would thy Anacreon be?
 Oh, anything that touches thee,
 Nay, sandals for those airy feet —
 Thus to be pressed by thee were sweet!

Translated by Thomas Moore

SOLON

WHEN the grave practical problems of civic organization and foreign war were first effectively debated in the Athens of Solon, even the great lawgiver habitually "recited a poem." The dominant influence of Homeric epic doubtless aided largely here. There are few loftier or stronger orations left us, even by the ten orators of the canon, than the speeches in which Achilles justifies his withdrawal from the war, or Priam pleads for mercy toward Hector dead. This early Athenian folk can have been no ordinary race of tradesmen or farmers. Many generations of artistic growth must have preceded Æschylus and Phidias. The Greek language itself is sufficient evidence of a shaping and molding instinct pervading a whole people.

Solon's elegies were poetical in form, largely because artistic prose had not yet been invented, and because Solon wished his memorable words to be preserved in the memory of the Athenians. They are not creative and imaginative poetry at all. Full of sound ethical teaching, shot through by occasional graces of phrase and fancy, warming to enthusiasm on the themes of patriotism and piety, nearly everything they offer us could have been as effectively said outside the forms of verse.

Among creators of constitutions, Solon deservedly holds a very high place. His first public proposal, indeed, was one to which he could hope to rally the support of all classes: the reconquest of the lovely island of Salamis, lying close to the Attic shores, and destined to give its name to the proudest day in Athenian annals. With Spartan help it was actually wrested again from Megara.

This success hastened the selection of Solon as mediator between the bitterly hostile factions of a people on the verge of civil war. By the desperate remedy of a depreciated coinage the debtor class was relieved. Imprisonment or enslavement of innocent debtors was abolished. Solon's political reforms left the power, at least temporarily, among the wealthier and landed classes; and tended to educate the common people to wield wisely that civic supremacy which he may have foreseen was to be inevitably theirs in subsequent generations.

The story of Solon's prolonged voluntary exile — in order to cut off any proposals for further change while his institutions endured the test of years — may be pure invention. Certainly his famous meeting with Cræsus of Lydia, at the height of that monarch's power, must be given up. Solon died before Cræsus can have become lord of Western Asia. On the other hand, his fear-

less disapproval of his young kinsman, the "tyrant" Pisistratus, is at least probable. The tolerant, genial, self-forgotten, and fearless character of the man was a precious legacy to his countrymen; and they were nowise ungrateful to his memory.

Solon's poetry comes to us almost wholly in the elegiac couplet. This variation on the hexameter was the first invented form of *stanza*, and appears to have been hit upon in the seventh century B.C. It had for a time almost as many-sided currency as our own heroic couplet or rhymed pentameter; but was soon displaced by the iambic trimeter, which, like our blank verse, was extremely close to colloquial prose. This latter rhythm (which is also used by Solon) became the favorite form for the dialogue of Attic drama. Hence, even in the fifth century, both hexameter proper and the elegiac had come to be somewhat archaic. This is still true of such verse in Latin; though Ovid wears the bonds of elegiac with consummate ease and grace. In modern speech it is all but impossible. Longfellow composed, in his later years, clever renderings from several of Ovid's 'Tristia'; but the best isolated examples are Clough's preludes to the 'Amours de Voyage,' especially the verses on the undying charm of Rome: —

Is it illusion or not that attracteth the pilgrim transalpine,
Brings him a dullard and dunce hither to pry and to stare?
Is it illusion or not that allures the barbarian stranger,
Brings him with gold to the shrine, brings him in arms to the gate?

DEFENSE OF HIS DICTATORSHIP

MY witness in the court of Time shall be
The mighty mother of Olympian gods,
The dusky Earth — grateful that I plucked up
The boundary stones that were so thickly set;
So she, enslaved before, is now made free.
To Athens, too, their god-built native town,
Many have I restored that had been sold,
Some justly, some unfairly; some again
Perforce through death in exile. They no more
Could speak our language; wanderers so long.
Others, who shameful slavery here at home
Endured, in terror at their lords' caprice,
I rendered free again.

This in my might
I did, uniting right and violence;

And what I had promised, so I brought to pass.
 For base and noble equal laws I made,
 Securing justice promptly for them both. —
 Another one than I, thus whip in hand,
 An avaricious evil-minded man,
 Would not have checked the folk, nor left his post
 Till he had stolen the rich cream away!

Translated by W. C. Lawton

SOLON SPEAKS HIS MIND TO THE ATHENIANS

NEVER shall this our city fall by fate
 Of Zeus and the blest gods from her estate,
 So noble a warder, Pallas Athena, stands
 With hands uplifted at the city's gate.

But her own citizens do strip and slay,
 Led by the folly of their hearts astray,
 And the unjust temper of her demagogues —
 Whose pride will tumble to its fall some day.

For they know not to hold in check their greed,
 Nor soberly on the spread feast to feed;
 But still by lawless deeds enrich themselves,
 And spare not for the gods' or people's need.

They take but a thief's count of thine and mine;
 They care no whit for Justice's holy shrine —
 Who sits in silence, knowing what things are done,
 Yet in the end brings punishment condign.

See this incurable sore the State consume!
 Oh, rapid are her strides to slavery's doom,
 Who stirs up civil strife and sleeping war
 That cuts down many a young man in his bloom.

Such are the evils rife at home; while lo,
 To foreign shores in droves the poor folk go,
 Sold, and perforce bound with disfiguring chains,
 And knowing all the shame that bondsmen know.

So from the assembly-place to each fireside
The evil spreads; and though the court-doors bide
Its bold assault, over the wall it leaps
And finds them that in inmost chambers hide.

Thus to the Athenians to speak, constrains
My soul: Ill fares the State where License reigns;
But Law brings order and concordant peace,
And fastens on the unjust, speedy chains.

She tames, and checks, and chastens; blasts the bud
Of springing folly; cools the intemperate blood;
Makes straight the crooked; — she draws after her
All right and wisdom like a tide at flood.

Translated by A. G. Newcomer

PINDAR

PINDAR, greatest of Greek lyric poets, was born at Thebes of Bœotia, in 518 B.C. He came of a noble family, and the aristocratic note sounds throughout his poems. The family was not only noble—it was artistic, it was musical. The flute, or rather clarionet, was a favorite Bœotian instrument; and Pindar served an apprenticeship as a flute-player, as a musical composer. Sundry stories are told of his early career: how he was defeated by Corinna, whose fair face and sweet Bœotian brogue won her the victory; and how the same Corinna warned him against overcrowding his poems with mythological figures, summing up her advice in the homely proverb, "Sow with the hand and not with the whole sack." The period of apprenticeship past, he began to compose poems for public occasions; and the fragments show that he became a master in all the ranges of lyric poetry—in hymns, in pæans, in songs for the dance, in processional songs, choruses for virgins, songs of praise, drinking-songs, dithyrambs, dirges—maintaining everywhere his eminence, and striking at times notes that are more sympathetic to the modern soul than his great Songs of Victory. The oldest poem that we have of his, the tenth Pythian—composed, according to the common computation, when he was only twenty years old, in honor of a Thessalian victor—shows little trace of a 'prentice hand. From this time forth his fame grew, and his commissions came from every part of Greece; and as was the wont of lyric poets, he traveled far and wide in the exercise of his art, the peer of Thessalian nobles and Sicilian princes. Honored wherever he went, he was revered at home; for he was a poet-priest, and the Blessed Ones are said to have manifested themselves to him. When he craved of a god what was best for man, the god sent him death, as he lay resting on the lap of his favorite in the theater at Argos. He cannot have long outlived his seventieth year.

Pindar was a proud, self-contained man, and held himself aloof from meaner things; and this pride in his lineage and in his art, this belief in the claims of long descent, and in the supreme perfection of his own consecrated song, may be the reason why the modern heart does not respond to Pindar as it does to other Greek poets—as it does to his rival Simonides, and to his contemporary Æschylus. Simonides is more tender; and Æschylus in his 'Persians' and his 'Seven against Thebes' strikes a warlike note of patriotism, that thrilled the Athenian theater then and thrills us now. But Æschylus was a Marathon man; and Pindar was bound by his people and by his order to the cause of Thebes, which was the cause of the invader.

But the issue of the Persian war interpreted to Pindar the meaning of the struggle; and his praise of Athens — "the stay of Hellas" — was a chaplet that the Athenians wore proudly. The Thebans are said to have fined him heavily for the praise of their enemy, but Athens more than made good the loss; and long afterwards, when the Macedonian soldiery pillaged Thebes, Alexander, grateful for a like honor which Pindar had done to an ancestor of his,

—— bid spare

The house of Pindarus when temple and tower
Went to the ground.

Pindar is known to us chiefly by his Songs of Victory, composed in honor of the victors in the great games of Greece. The preservation of these poems is attributed to the accident of their position in the Alexandrian collection; but one cannot suppress the feeling that it was not accident alone that has preserved for us these characteristic specimens of an unreturning past. For nothing can bring these games back. The semblance may be there, but the spirit is gone forever. The origin of the games was religious, and they were held in honor of the great divinities of Greece — the Olympian and Nemean in honor of Zeus, the Pythian of Apollo, the Isthmian of Poseidon. The praise of the gods is often the burden of the Song of Victory. The times of the games were fixed by a sacred calendar; and the prizes were simply consecrated wreaths of wild olive, laurel, and wild celery. True, abundant honors and many privileges awaited the victor at his home. The blessing of the gods rested on him; he was a man of mark everywhere in Greece. Surely reward enough for the "toil and expense," which Pindar emphasizes so much. Much stress is laid, and justly laid, on the athletic features of the games — on the truly Greek consecration of the body, in its naked perfection, to the service of the deity. But there was a service of the substance as well; and the odes are so arranged as to bring the most expensive, the most princely, to the front. Only one of the odes here selected deals with physical prowess.

The theme is no narrow theme, as it is handled by Pindar. The shining forms of gods and heroes illumine the Songs of Victory; every ode reaches back into the mythic past, and brings out of that treasury some tale of endurance or achievement, some romantic adventure, some vision of the world beyond. Again, the poet dominates the whole by his strong personality, by his belief in God, by his belief in genius as the gift of God. He has a priestly authority; he is not the mouthpiece of the people, he is in a sense the voice of the Most High. Still, the Song of Victory does not belie its name. The note of triumph rings through festal joy and solemn prayer and grave counsel: "Only, the temporary victory is lifted to the high level of the eternal prevalence of the beautiful and the good over the foul and the base; the victor himself is transfigured into a glorious personification of his race,

and the present is reflected, magnified, illumined, in the mirror of the mythic past." This higher point of view gives a wider sweep of vision; and in Pindar's odes the light of a common ideal played over all the habitations of the Hellenes. Proof of pure Hellenic blood was required of all contestants at the great games. In Pindar's Songs of Victory the blood is transmuted into spirit.

For the appreciation of the lofty and brilliant genius of Pindar, the closest study is necessary; and comparatively few of those who profess and call themselves Grecians are Pindaric scholars. And yet much of his "gorgeous eloquence," as Sir Philip Sidney calls it, lies open to the day—the splendor of his diction, the vividness of his imagery. Matthew Arnold calls Pindar "the poet on whom above all other poets the power of style seems to have exercised an inspiring and intoxicating effect." No rendering can give the form and hue of the Greek words, or the varied rhythm, now stately, now impassioned, as the "Theban eagle" now soars, now swoops. But no one can read Pindar, even in a translation, without recognizing the work of a supreme genius, who combined, as no other Greek poet, opulence and elevation with swiftness and strength. The first Olympian is said to have owed its position to the story which it tells of the primal chariot race in Elis; but it holds its place by its brilliance. The second Olympian strikes a note the world is to hear ages afterwards in the 'Divina Commedia' of Dante. In the third Olympian the sustained diction matches the deep moral significance of the life of Heracles; the seventh is as resplendent as the Island of the Rose which it celebrates, the Bride of the Sun; and the majestic harmonies of the first Pythian sway the soul today as they did when the Doric lyre was not a figure of speech. Pindar's noble compounds and his bold metaphors give splendor and vitality to his style; his narrative has a swift and strong movement; and his moral lessons are couched in words of oracular impressiveness. All this needs no demonstration; and so far as details go, Pindar appeals to every lover of poetry.

And yet, as he himself has said, his song needs interpreters. His transitions are bold, and it is hard to follow his flight. Hence he has been set down as lawless; and modern "Pindarists" have considered themselves free from the laws of consecutive thought and the shackles of metrical symmetry. But whatever the freedom of Pindar's thought, his odes are built on the strictest principles of metrical form; strophe is answered by antistrophe, epode responds to epode, bar to bar. The more one studies the meters, the more one marvels at the delicate and precise workmanship. But when one turns to the thought, the story, then the symmetry becomes less evident—and yet it is there. Only, the correspondence of contents to form is not mechanically close. The most common type of the Song of Victory is that which begins with the praise of the victor, passes over to the myth, and returns to the victor. But victor, myth, victor, is not the uniform order. The poet refuses to be bound

by a mechanical law, and he shifts the elements at his pleasure. The first Pythian is not built like the first Olympian. This myth, this story, which is found in almost every Pindaric ode, is not a mere poetical digression. It grows out of the theme. So in the first Olympian the kingly person of Hiero and the scene of the victory suggest the achievement of the first master of the great island of Pelops. In the third, the heroic figure of Theron brings up the heroic figure of Heracles, and the reward of the victory suggests the Quest of the Olive. The seventh Olympian, recording a splendid career, gives it a fit setting in the story of the victor's home, the Island of the Rose. And in the first Pythian the crushed son of Gæa, who answers to the suppressed spirit of discord, lay under the very Ætna whose lord is celebrated in the poem. The historical interpretation has been overdone; and it is a mistake to press the lines of coincidence between the figures of the myth and the figures of the victor and his house: but it is also a mistake to revert to the older view, and deny all vital connection between the mythical past and the actual present.

This controversy as to the function of the myth is but a specimen of what is found in every sphere of Pindaric study. Few of Pindar's interpreters have heeded the words of the poet himself, "Measure is best." Ancient schemes of lyric composition have been thrust on the fair body of the Pindaric odes, in utter disregard of the symmetry of the members; and elaborate theories have been based on the position of recurrent words. There has been much insistence on the golden texts and the central truths; but unfortunately each commentator picks out his own texts and finds his own center. "No true art without consciousness," says one, after Plato. "No true art without unconsciousness," says another, after Hartmann. And the lover of Pindar, weary of all this dispute, recalls the solemn verse, as true in art as in religion, "No man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me draw him." In art as in religion, there is no true acceptance without a "drawing" that defies analysis.

BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE

FIRST OLYMPIAN ODE

FOR HIERO OF SYRACUSE, WINNER IN THE HORSE RACE

[Hiero won this race in 476 B.C., while at the height of his power at Syracuse.]

BEST is Water of all; and Gold, as a flaming fire in the night, shineth eminent amid lordly wealth: but if of prizes in the games thou art fain, O my soul, to tell, then, as for no bright star more quickening than the sun must thou search in the void firmament by day, so neither shall we find any games greater than the Olympic whereof to utter our voice; for

hence cometh the glorious hymn, and entereth into the minds of the skilled in song, so that they celebrate the son of Kronos, when to the rich and happy hearth of Hieron they are come; for he wieldeth the scepter of justice in Sicily of many flocks, culling the choice fruits of all kinds of excellence; and with the flower of music is he made splendid, even such strains as we sing blithely at the table of a friend.

Take from the peg the Dorian lute, if in any wise the glory of Pherenikos at Pisa hath swayed thy soul unto glad thoughts, when by the banks of Alpheos he ran, and gave his body ungoaded in the course, and brought victory to his master, the Syracusans' king, who delighteth in horses.

Bright is his fame in Lydian Pelops' colony, inhabited of a goodly race, whose founder mighty earth-enfolding Poseidon loved, what time from the vessel of purifying, Klotho took him with the bright ivory furnishment of his shoulder.

Verily many things are wondrous, and haply tales decked out with cunning fables beyond the truth make false men's speech concerning them. For Charis, who maketh all sweet things for mortal men; by lending honor unto such, maketh oft the unbelievable thing to be believed; but the days that follow after are the wisest witnesses.

Meet is it for a man that concerning gods he speak honorably; for the reproach is less. Of thee, son of Tantalos, I will speak contrariwise to them who have gone before me, and I will tell how when thy father had bidden thee to that most seemly feast at his beloved Sipylos, repaying to the gods their banquet, then did he of the bright Trident, his heart vanquished by love, snatch thee and bear thee behind his golden steeds to the house of august Zeus in the highest, whither again on a like errand came Ganymede in the after time.

But when thou hadst vanished, and the men who sought thee long brought thee not to thy mother, some one of the envious neighbors said secretly that over water heated to boiling, they had hewn asunder with a knife thy limbs, and at the tables had shared among them, and eaten, sodden fragments of thy flesh. But to me it is impossible to call one of the blessed gods cannibal; I keep aloof: in telling ill tales is often little gain.

Now if any man ever had honor of the guardians of Olympus, Tantalos was that man; but his high fortune he could not digest, and by excess thereof won him an overwhelming woe, in that the Father hath hung above him a mighty stone that he would fain ward from his head, and therewithal he is fallen from joy.

This hopeless life of endless misery he endureth with other three, for that he stole from the immortals, and gave to his fellows at a feast, the nectar and ambrosia whereby the gods had made him incorruptible. But if a man thinketh that in doing aught he shall be hidden from God, he erreth.

Therefore also the immortals sent back again his son to be once more

counted with the short-lived race of men. And he, when toward the bloom of his sweet youth the down began to shade his darkening cheek, took counsel with himself speedily to take to him for his wife the noble Hippodameia from her Pisan father's hand.

And he came and stood upon the margin of the hoary sea, alone in the darkness of the night, and called aloud on the deep-voiced Wielder of the Trident; and he appeared unto him nigh at his foot.

Then he said unto him: "Lo now, O Poseidon, if the kind gifts of the Cyprian goddess are anywise pleasant in thine eyes, restrain Oinomaos' bronze spear, and send me unto Elis upon a chariot exceeding swift, and give the victory to my hands.

"Thirteen lovers already hath Oinomaos slain, and still delayeth to give his daughter in marriage. Now a great peril alloweth not of a coward; and forasmuch as men must die, wherefore should one sit vainly in the dark through a dull and nameless age, and withouten noble deeds? Not so, but I will dare this strife: do thou give the issue I desire."

Thus spake he, nor were his words in vain; for the god made him a glorious gift of a golden car and winged untiring steeds: so he overcame Oinomaos and won the maiden for his bride.

And he begat six sons, chieftains, whose thoughts were ever of brave deeds; and now hath he part in honor of blood-offerings in his grave beside Alpheos' stream, and hath a frequented tomb, whereto many strangers resort; and from afar off he beholdeth the glory of the Olympian games in the courses called of Pelops, where is striving of swift feet and of strong bodies brave to labor; but he that overcometh hath for the sake of those games a sweet tranquillity throughout his life for evermore.

Now the good that cometh of today is ever sovereign unto every man. My part it is to crown Hieron with an equestrian strain in Æolian mood; and sure am I that no host among men that now are shall I ever glorify in sounding labyrinths of song more learned in the learning of honor, and withal with more might to work thereto. A god hath guard over thy hopes, O Hieron, and taketh care for them with a peculiar care; and if he fail thee not, I trust that I shall again proclaim in song a sweeter glory yet, and find thereto in words a ready way, when to the fair-shining hill of Kronos I am come. Her strongest-wingèd dart my Muse hath yet in store.

Of many kinds is the greatness of men; but the highest is to be achieved by kings. Look thou not for more than this. May it be thine to walk loftily all thy life, and mine to be the friend of winners in the games, winning honor for my art among Hellenes everywhere.

Translated by Ernest Myers

SECOND OLYMPIAN ODE

FOR THERON OF AKRAGAS, WINNER IN THE CHARIOT RACE

[Theron's ancestors the Emmenidai migrated from Rhodes to Sicily, and first colonized Gela and then Akragas (the Latin Agrigentum and Italian Girgenti). His chariot won this victory 476 B.C.]

LORDS of the lute, my songs, what god, what hero, or what man are we to celebrate? Verily of Zeus is Pisa the abode, of Herakles the Olympian feast was founded from the chief spoils of war, and Theron's name must we proclaim for his victory with the four-horse car, a righteous and god-fearing host, the stay of Akragas, of famous sires the flower, a saviour of the State.

They, after long toils bravely borne, took by a river's side a sacred dwelling-place, and became the eye of Sicily, and a life of good luck clave to them, bringing them wealth and honor to crown their inborn worth.

O son of Kronos and of Rhea, lord of Olympus' seat and of the chief of games and of Alpheos' ford, for joy in these my songs guard ever graciously their native fields for their sons that shall come after them.

Now of deeds done, whether they be right or wrong, not even Time, the father of all, can make undone the accomplishment; yet with happy fortune forgetfulness may come. For by high delights an alien pain is quelled and dieth, when the decree of God sendeth happiness to grow aloft and widely.

And this word is true concerning Kadmos' fair-throned daughters, whose calamities were great, yet their sore grief fell before greater good. Amid the Olympians, long-haired Semele still liveth, albeit she perished in the thunder's roar; and Pallas cherisheth her ever, and Father Zeus exceedingly, and her son, the ivy-bearing god. And in the sea too they say that to Ino, among the sea-maids of Nereus, life incorruptible hath been ordained for evermore.

Ay, but to mortals the day of death is certain never, neither at what time we shall see in calm the end of one of the Sun's children, the Days, with good thitherto unfailing; now this way and now that run currents bringing joys or toils to men.

Thus destiny, which from their fathers holdeth the happy fortune of this race, together with prosperity heaven-sent, bringeth ever at some other time better reverse: from the day when Laïos was slain by his destined son, who met him on the road and made fulfilment of the oracle spoken of old at Pytho. Then swift Erinnys, when she saw it, slew by each other's hand his warlike sons; yet after that Polyneikes fell, Thersander lived after him, and won honor in the Second Strife and in the fights of war, a saviour scion to the Adrastid house.

From him they have beginning of their race: meet is it that Ainesidamos receive our hymn of triumph on the lyre. For at Olympia he himself received a prize, and at Pytho, and at the Isthmus to his brother of no less a lot did kindred Graces bring crowns for the twelve rounds of the four-horse chariot race.

Victory setteth free the essayer from the struggle's griefs; yea, and the wealth that a noble nature hath made glorious bringeth power for this and that — putting into the heart of man a deep and eager mood, a star far seen, a light wherein a man shall trust, if but the holder thereof knoweth the things that shall be: how that of all who die the guilty should pay penalty, for all the sins sinned in this realm of Zeus One judgeth under earth, pronouncing sentence by unloved constraint.

But evenly, ever in sunlight, night and day, an unlaborious life the good receive; neither with violent hand vex they the earth nor the waters of the sea, for a scant living; but with the honored of the gods, whosoever had pleasure in keeping of oaths, they possess a tearless life: but the other part suffer pain too dire to look upon.

Then whosoever have been of good courage to the abiding steadfast thrice on either side of death, and have refrained their souls from all iniquity, travel the road of Zeus unto the tower of Kronos; there round the islands of the blest the ocean breezes blow, and golden flowers are glowing, some from the land on trees of splendor, and some the water feedeth, with wreaths whereof they entwine their hands: so ordereth Rhadamanthos' just decree, whom at his own right hand hath ever the father Kronos, husband of Rhea, throned above all worlds.

Peleus and Kadmos are counted of that company; and the mother of Achilles, when her prayer had moved the heart of Zeus, bare thither her son, even him who overthrew Hector, Troy's unbending invincible pillar, even him who gave Kyknos to death, and the Ethiop son of the Morning.

Many swift arrows have I beneath my bended arm within my quiver; arrows that have a voice for the wise, but for the multitude they need interpreters. His art is true who of his nature hath knowledge; they who have but learnt, strong in the multitude of words, are but as crows that chatter vain things in strife against the divine bird of Zeus.

Come, bend thy bow on the mark, O my soul! — at whom again are we to launch our shafts of honor from a friendly mind? At Akragas will I take aim, and will proclaim and swear it with a mind of truth, that for a hundred years no city hath brought forth a man of mind more prone to well-doing towards friends, or of more liberal mood, than Theron.

Yet praise is overtaken of distaste, wherewith is no justice; but from covetous men it cometh, and is fain to babble against and darken the good man's noble deeds.

The sea-sand none hath numbered; and the joys that Theron hath given to others — who shall declare the tale thereof?

Translated by Ernest Myers

SEVENTH OLYMPIAN ODE

FOR DIAGORAS OF RHODES, WINNER IN THE BOXING-MATCH

[Diagoras of Rhodes, most famous of great boxers, won the victory here celebrated in 464 B.C.]

Rhodes is said to have been colonized at the time of the Dorian migrations by Argive Dorians from Epidauros, who were Herakleidai of the family of Tlepolemos. They founded a confederacy of three cities — Kameiros, Lindos, and Ialysos. Ialysos was then ruled by the dynasty of the Eratidai. Their kingly power had now been extinct two hundred years, but the family was still pre-eminent in the State. Of this family was Diagoras, and probably the ode was sung at a family festival; but it commemorates the glories of the island generally. The Rhodians caused it to be engraved in letters of gold in the temple of Athene at Lindos.]

AS when from a wealthy hand one lifting a cup, made glad within with the dew of the vine, maketh gift thereof to a youth, his daughter's spouse, a largess of the feast from home to home, an all-golden choicest treasure, that the banquet may have grace, and that he may glorify his kin; and therewith he maketh him envied in the eyes of the friends around him for a wedlock wherein hearts are wedded —

So also I, my liquid nectar sending, the Muses' gift, the sweet fruit of my soul, to men that are winners in the games at Pytho or Olympia make holy offering. Happy is he whom good report encompasseth; now on one man, now on another doth the Grace that quickeneth look favorably, and tune for him the lyre and the pipe's stops of music manifold.

Thus to the sound of the twain am I come with Diagoras sailing home to sing the sea-girt Rhodes, child of Aphrodite and bride of Helios, that to a mighty and fair-fighting man, who by Alpheos' stream and by Kastalia's hath won him crowns, I may for his boxing make award of glory, and to his father Demegetos in whom Justice hath her delight, dwellers in the isle of three cities with an Argive host, nigh to a promontory of spacious Asia.

Fain would I truly tell from the beginning from Tlepolemos the message of my word, the common right of this puissant seed of Herakles. For on the father's side they claim from Zeus, and on the mother's from Astydameia, sons of Amyntor.

Now round the minds of men hang follies unnumbered: this is the unachievable thing, to find what shall be best hap for a man both presently and also at the last. Yea, for the very founder of this country once on a time struck with his staff of tough wild-olive wood Alkmene's bastard brother Likymnios, in Tiryns, as he came forth from Midea's chamber, and slew him in the kindling of his wrath. So even the wise man's feet are turned astray by tumult of the soul.

Then he came to inquire of the oracle of God. And he of the golden hair, from his sweet-incensed shrine, spake unto him of a sailing of ships that should be from the shore of Lerna unto a pasture ringed with sea, where some time the great king of gods rained on the city golden snow, what time by Hephaistos' handicraft, beneath the bronze-wrought axe, from the crown of her father's head Athene leapt to light, and cried aloud with an exceeding cry; and Heaven trembled at her coming, and Earth, the Mother.

Then also the god who giveth light to men, Hyperion, bade his beloved sons see that they guard the payment of the debt, that they should build first for the goddess an altar in the sight of all men, and laying thereon a holy offering they should make glad the hearts of the father, and of his daughter of the sounding spear. Now Reverence, Forethought's child, putteth valor and the joy of battle into the hearts of men; yet withal there cometh upon them bafflingly the cloud of forgetfulness, and maketh the mind to swerve from the straight path of action. For they, though they had brands burning, yet kindled not the seed of flame, but with fireless rites they made a grove on the hill of the citadel. For them Zeus brought a yellow cloud into the sky, and rained much gold upon the land; and Glaukopolis herself gave them to excel the dwellers upon earth in every art of handicraft. For on their roads ran the semblances of beasts and creeping things, whereof they have great glory; for to him that hath knowledge the subtlety that is without deceit is the greater altogether.

Now the ancient story of men saith that when Zeus and the other gods made division of the earth among them, not yet was island Rhodes apparent in the open sea, but in the briny depths lay hid. And for that Helios was otherwhere, none drew a lot for him; so they left him portionless of land, that holy god. And when he spake thereof Zeus would cast lots afresh; but he suffered him not, for that he said that beneath the hoary sea he saw a certain land waxing from its root in earth, that should bring forth food for many men, and rejoice in flocks. And straightway he bade her of the golden fillet, Lachesis, to stretch her hands on high, nor violate the gods' great oath, but with the son of Kronos promise him that the isle sent up to the light of heaven should be thenceforth a title of himself alone.

And in the end of the matter his speech had fulfilment: there sprang up from the watery main an island, and the father who begetteth the keen rays of day hath the dominion thereof, even the lord of fire-breathing steeds.

There some time, having lain with Rhodes, he begat seven sons, who had of him minds wiser than any among the men of old; and one begat Kameiros, and Ialysos his eldest, and Lindos: and they held each apart their shares of cities, making threefold division of their father's land, and these men call their dwelling-places. There is a sweet amends for his piteous ill-hap ordained for Tlepolemos, leader of the Tirynthians at the beginning, as for a god, even the leading thither of sheep for a savory burnt-offering, and the award of honor in games.

Of garlands from these games hath Diagoras twice won him crowns, and four times he had good luck at famous Isthmos, and twice following at Nemea, and twice at rocky Athens. And at Argos the bronze shield knoweth him, and the deeds of Arcadia and of Thebes and the yearly games Bæotian, and Pellene and Aigina, where six times he won; and the pillar of stone at Megara hath the same tale to tell.

But do thou, O Father Zeus, who holdest sway on the mountain ridges of Atabyrios, glorify the accustomed Olympian winner's hymn, and the man who hath done valiantly with his fists: give him honor at the hands of citizens and of strangers; for he walketh in the straight way that abhorreth insolence, having learnt well the lessons his true soul hath taught him, which hath come to him from his noble sires. Darken not thou the light of one who springeth from the same stock of Kallianax. Surely with the joys of Eratidai the whole city maketh mirth. But the varying breezes even at the same point of time speed each upon their various ways.

Translated by Ernest Myers

FIRST PYTHIAN ODE



GOLDEN lyre,
Apollo's, dark-haired Muses' joint heirloom,
Alert for whom

The dancer's footstep listens, and the choir
Of singers wait the sound,
Beginning of the round

Of festal joy, whene'er thy quivering strings
Strike up a prelude to their carolings:

Thou slakest the lancèd bolt of quenchless fire;
Yea, drooped each wing that through the ether sweeps,
Upon his scepter Zeus's eagle sleeps,

The bird-king crowned!
The while thou sheddest o'er his beaked head bowed
A darkling cloud,

Sweet seal of the eyelids — and in dreamful swoond
 His rippling back and sides
 Heave with thy music's tides;
 Thou bidst impetuous Ares lay apart
 His keen-edged spear, and soothe with sleep his heart;
 Thou launchest at the breasts of gods, and bound
 As by a spell, they own thy lulling power,
 Latoides' and the deep-zoned Muses' dower.

But all the unloved of Zeus, far otherwise,
 Hearing the voice of the Pierides,
 Or on the earth or on the restless seas,
 Flee panic-stricken. One in Tartaros lies,
 Typhon, the gods' great hundred-headed foe.

The famed Kilikian cavern cradled him;
 But now the hill-crag, lo,
 O'er Kymè, towering from their ocean-rim,
 And Sicily press upon his shaggy breast;
 Adds to the rest
 The frost-crowned prop of heaven her weight of woe;
 Aitna, the yearlong nurse of biting snow,

Whose founts of fire
 Gush from her caves, most pure, untamable:
 And all day well
 The rivers, and the gleaming smoke-wreath's spire;
 And in the gloom of night —
 A lurid-purple light —
 The flame upheaves vast rocks, and with a roar
 Whirls them far out upon the ocean-floor.
 It is yon monster makes outpour these dire
 Volcanic torrents: wondrous to behold,
 A wonder e'en to hear by others told

How, pinionèd
 'Neath dark-leaved heights of Aitna and the plain,
 He writhes in pain,
 His back all grided by his craggy bed.
 Thine, thine the grace we implore,
 O Zeus, that rulest o'er
 This mountain, forehead of the fruitful land,
 Over whose namesake city near at hand
 Her illustrious founder hath a glory shed,
 Her name proclaiming in the herald's cries
 What time his car at Pytho won the prize,

The car of Hieron. By sailors bound
 On outward voyage is a favoring breeze
 Held first of blessings, bearing prophecies
 Of fair beginning with fair ending crowned.
 Auspicious falls her fortune by that word,
 For conquering steeds ordained to future fame,
 And to an honored name
 In many a song of festal joyance heard.
 O Phoibos, Lykian and Delian king
 That lovest the spring
 Kastalian of Parnasos, hold this fast,
 Make her a nurse of heroes to the last.

For lo, god-sprung
 Are all the means to human high emprise:
 Men are born wise,
 And strong of hand and eloquent of tongue.
 And fain to praise, I trust
 I fling not as in joust
 One whirls and hurls the bronze-cheeked javelin
 Without the lists, yet, hurling far, to win
 Over my rivals. Ah (the wish hath clung),
 If Hieron's days but wealth and bliss bestow
 As now, and add forgetfulness of woe —

How they would lead
 Back crowding memories of battles old
 Wherein, stern-souled,
 He stood what time the gods gave them a meed
 Of honor such as ne'er
 Hath fallen to Hellene's share,
 Wealth's lordly crown. Yea, late he went to war
 Like Philoktetes, while one fawned before —
 A proud-souled suitor for a friend in need.
 Well known is the old story how men came
 To bear from Lemnos a sore-wounded frame,

E'en godlike heroes Poias' archer-son;
 Who, sacking Priam's city, brought to close
 The Danaoi's toils, himself still in the throes
 Of body-sickness. But by fate 'twas done.
 And such a Hieron be God's decrees,
 Granting in season, as the years creep by,
 All things wherefore he sigh.

Nor, Muse, shalt thou forget Deinomenes,
 Chanting the four-horsed chariot's reward.

Hath he not shared
 The triumph of his father? Up then, sing
 A song out of our love to Aitna's king.

Hieron bestowed
 On him that city, built on freedom's base
 By the gods' grace
 After the canons of the Hyllid code.
 Glad are Pamphylos' seed,
 And the Herakleidan breed
 Beneath Taygetos, Dorians to remain
 And keep the laws Aigimios did ordain,
 Rich and renowned. Once Pindos their abode;
 Amyklai then, where, the Tyndárids near
 Of the white horses, flourished still their spear.

O Zeus supreme,
 Such lot may human tongues fore'er award
 In true accord,
 Swayer and swayed by Amenanos' stream.
 Beneath thy blessing hand
 A hero in command,
 Transmitting through his son his wise decrees,
 Shall lead a people on the paths of peace.
 Keep hushed at home, I pray, the battle scream
 Of the Phœnician and Tyrrhenian host
 Whose insolent ships went down off Kymè's coast:

Such fate they suffered at the conquering hands
 Of Syracuse's lord, who plunged the pride
 Of their swift galleys in the whelming tide,
 Rescuing Hellas from her grievous bands.
 For Athens' favor song of Salamis pleads,
 In Sparta let me linger o'er the fight
 Beneath Kithairon's height —
 Disastrous both unto the crooked-bow Medes;
 And where the Himeras rolls his flood along,
 Bides theme for song
 Of triumph in Deinomenes' children's praise,
 Whose valorous deeds cut short their foemen's days.

Time well thy rede.
Gather the many strands that loosely run,
And twist in one:
Less will the noise of censuring tongues succeed.
Once surfeit slips between,
Dulled are hope's edges keen.
And much do words in others' praise oppress
The souls of men in secret. Ne'ertheless,
Since envy better is than pity, speed
On thy fair course; be helmsman just among
Thy people; on truth's anvil forge thy tongue.

The slightest spark
Thy stroke sends glimmering past falls lustrous now:
High steward thou;
And many eyes thine every action mark.
But in thy spirit's flower
Biding from hour to hour,
If honeyed speech of men may gladden thee,
Count not the cost. Let thy sail belly free
Unto the wind, as master of a bark.
No juggling gains allure thee, O my friend!
The voice of fame, that outlives this life's end,

Alone reveals the lives of men that pass,
To song and story. Kroisos' kindly heart
Dies not; but Phalaris, that with cruel art
Burned men alive inside the bull of brass,
A hated bruit weighs down. Nor will the lyres,
Filling the vaulted halls with unison
Of sweet strains, make him one
Among names warbled in the young men's choirs.
Prosperity is first of fortune's meeds;
Glory succeeds.
Who hath won both, and kept wealth and renown,
He hath attained unto the supreme crown.

Translated by A. G. Newcomer

AESCHYLUS

AESCHYLUS, the mightiest of Greek tragic poets, was the son of Euphorion, an Athenian noble, and was born 525 B.C. When he was a lad of eleven, the tyrant Hipparchus fell in a public street of Athens under the daggers of Harmodius and Aristogiton. Later, Æschylus saw the family of tyrants, which for fifty years had ruled Attica with varying fortunes, banished from the land. With a boy's eager interest he followed the establishment of the Athenian democracy by Clisthenes. He grew to manhood in stirring times. The new state was engaged in war with the powerful neighboring island of Ægina; on the eastern horizon was gathering the cloud that was to burst in storm at Marathon. Æschylus was trained in that early school of Athenian greatness whose masters were Miltiades, Aristides, and Themistocles.

During the struggle with Persia, fought out on Greek soil, the poet was at the height of his physical powers, and we may feel confidence in the tradition that he fought not only at Marathon, but also at Salamis. Two of his extant tragedies breathe the very spirit of war, and show a soldier's experience; and the epitaph upon his tomb, which was said to have been written by himself, recorded how he had been one of those who met the barbarians in the first shock of the great struggle and had helped to save his country.

How brave in battle was Euphorion's son,
The long-haired Mede can tell who fell at Marathon.

Before Æschylus, Attic tragedy had been essentially lyrical. It arose from the dithyrambic chorus that was sung at the festivals of Dionysus. Thespis had introduced the first actor, who, in the pauses of the choral song, related in monologue the adventures of the god or engaged in dialogue with the leader of the chorus. To Æschylus is due the invention of the second actor. This essentially changed the character of the performance. The dialogue could now be carried on by two actors, who were thus able to enact a complete story. The functions of the chorus became less important, and the lyrical element was subordinated to the action. The number of actors was subsequently increased to three, and Æschylus in his later plays used this number. This restriction imposed upon the Greek playwright does not mean that he was limited to two or three characters in his play, but that only two, or at the most three, of these might take part in the action at once. The same actor might assume different parts. The introduction of the second actor was

so capital an innovation that it rightly entitles Æschylus to be regarded as the creator of the drama, for in his hands tragedy first became essentially dramatic. This is his great distinction, but his powerful genius wrought other changes. He perfected, if he did not discover, the practice of introducing three plays upon a connected theme (technically named a *trilogy*), with an after-piece of lighter character. He invented the tragic dress and buskin and improved the tragic mask. He developed the tragic dance, and by his use of scenic decoration and stage machinery, secured effects that were unknown before his time. His chief claim to superior excellence, however, lies after all in his poetry. Splendid in diction, vivid in the portraiture of character, and powerful in the expression of passion, he is regarded by many competent critics as the greatest tragic poet of all time.

The Greek lexicographer, Suidas, reports that Æschylus wrote ninety plays. The titles of seventy-two of them have been handed down in an ancient register. He brought out the first of these at the age of twenty-five, and as he died at the age of sixty-nine, he wrote on an average two plays each year throughout his lifetime. Such fertility would be incredible, were not similar facts authentically recorded about several other tragic poets of Greece. The Greek drama, moreover, made unusual demands on the creative powers of the poet. It was lyrical, and the lyrics were accompanied by the dance. All these elements — poetry, song, and dance — the poet contributed; and we gain a new sense of the force of the word "poet" (it means "creator"), when we contemplate his triple function. Moreover, he often "staged" the play himself, and sometimes he acted in it. Æschylus was singularly successful in an age that produced many great poets. He took the first prize at least thirteen times; and as he brought out four plays at each contest, more than half his plays were adjudged by his contemporaries to be of the highest quality. After the poet's death, plays which he had written, but which had not been acted in his lifetime, were brought out by his sons and a nephew. It is on record that his son Euphorion took the first prize four times with plays of his father; so the poet's art lived after him and suffered no eclipse.

Only seven plays of Æschylus are extant. The best source of the text of these is a manuscript in the Laurentian Library, at Florence in Italy, written in the tenth or eleventh century after Christ. The number of plays still extant is small, but fortunately, among them is the only complete Greek trilogy that we possess, and luckily the other four plays mark successive stages in the poet's artistic development. The trilogy of the 'Oresteia' is certainly his masterpiece; in some of the other plays he is clearly seen to be still bound by the limitations which hampered the earlier writers of Greek tragedy. In the following analysis the seven plays will be presented in their probable chronological order.

The Greeks signally defeated Xerxes in the great sea-fight in the bay of Salamis, 480 B.C. The poet made this victory the theme of his 'Persians.'

This is the only historical Greek tragedy which we now possess: the subjects of all the rest are drawn from mythology. But Æschylus had a model for his historical play in the 'Phœnician Women' of his predecessor Phrynichus, which dealt with the same theme. Æschylus, indeed, is said to have imitated it closely in the 'Persians.' The scene of the play is not Athens, as one might expect, but Susa. It opens without set prologue. The Chorus consists of Persian elders, to whom the government of the country has been committed in the absence of the king. These venerable men gather in front of the royal palace, and their leader opens the play with expressions of apprehension: no news has come from the host absent in Greece. The Chorus at first express full confidence in the resistless might of the great army; but remembering that the gods are jealous of vast power and success in men, yield to gloomy forebodings. These grow stronger when Atossa, the aged mother of Xerxes, appears from the palace and relates the evil dreams which she has had on the previous night, and the omen that followed. The Chorus beseech her to make prayer to the gods, to offer libations to the dead, and especially to invoke the spirit of Darius to avert the evil which threatens his ancient kingdom. Too late! A messenger arrives and announces that all is lost. By one fell stroke the might of Persia has been laid low at Salamis. At Atossa's request, the messenger, interrupted at first by the lamentations of the Chorus, recounts what has befallen. His description of the battle in the straits is a passage of signal power, and is justly celebrated. The queen retires, and the Chorus sing a song full of gloomy reflections. The queen reappears, and the ghost of Darius is invoked from the lower world. He hears from Atossa what has happened, sees in this the fulfilment of certain ancient prophecies, foretells disaster still to come, and warns the Chorus against further attempts upon Greece. As he departs to the underworld, the Chorus sing in praise of the wisdom of his reign. Atossa has withdrawn. Xerxes now appears with attendants, laments with the Chorus the disaster that has overtaken him, and finally enters the palace.

The economy of the play is simple: only two actors are required. The first played the parts of Atossa and Xerxes, the second that of the messenger and the ghost of Darius. The play well illustrates the conditions under which Æschylus at this period wrote. The Chorus was still of first importance; the ratio of the choral parts in the play to the dialogue is about one to two.

The exact date of the 'Suppliants' cannot be determined; but the simplicity of its plot, the lack of a prologue, the paucity of its characters, and the prominence of the Chorus, show that it is an early play. The scene is Argos. The Chorus consists of the daughters of Danaüs, and there are only three characters — Danaüs, a Herald, and Pelasgus, King of Argos.

Danaüs and Ægyptus, brothers, and descendants of Io and Epaphus, had settled near Canopus at the mouth of the Nile. Ægyptus sought to unite his

fifty sons in marriage with the fifty daughters of his brother. The daughters fled with their father to Argos. Here the play opens. The Chorus appeal for protection to the country, once the home of Io, and to its gods and heroes. Pelasgus, with the consent of the Argive people, grants them refuge, and at the end of the play repels the attempt to seize them made by the herald of the sons of Ægyptus.

The choruses are of singular beauty, and it is doubtless to them that the preservation of the play is due. The play hardly seems to be a tragedy, for it ends without bloodshed. Further, it lacks dramatic interest, for the action almost stands still. It is a cantata rather than a tragedy. Both considerations, however, are sufficiently explained by the fact that this was the first play of a trilogy. The remaining plays must have furnished, in the death of forty-nine of the sons of Ægyptus, enough action and tragedy to satisfy the most exacting demands.

The 'Seven against Thebes' deals with the gloomy myth of the house of Laius. The tetralogy to which it belonged consisted of the 'Laius,' 'Œdipus,' 'Seven against Thebes,' and 'Sphinx.' The themes of Greek tragedy were drawn from the national mythology, but were treated with a free hand. In his portrayal of the fortunes of this doomed race, Æschylus departed in important particulars, with gain in dramatic effect, from the story as told by Homer.

Œdipus had pronounced an awful curse upon his sons, Eteocles and Polynices, for their unfilial neglect—"they should one day divide their land by steel." They thereupon agreed to reign in turn, each for a year; but Eteocles, the elder, refused at the end of the first year to give up the throne. Polynices appealed to Adrastus King of Argos for help, and seven chiefs appeared before the walls of Thebes to enforce his claim, and beleaguered the town. Here the play opens, with an appeal addressed by Eteocles to the Thebans to prove themselves stout defenders of their state in its hour of peril. A messenger enters, and describes the sacrifice and oath of the seven chiefs. The Chorus of Theban maidens enter in confusion and sing the first ode. The hostile army is hurrying from its camp against the town; the Chorus hear their shouts and the din of their arms, and are overcome by terror. Eteocles reproves them for their fears, and bids them sing a pæan that shall hearten the people. The messenger, in a noteworthy scene, describes the appearance of each hostile chief. The seventh and last is Polynices. Eteocles, although conscious of his father's curse, nevertheless declares with gloomy resoluteness that he will meet his brother in single combat, and resisting the entreaties of the Chorus, goes forth to his doom. The attack on the town is repelled, but the brothers fall, each by the other's hand. Thus is the curse fulfilled. Presently their bodies are carried in. Their sisters, Antigone and Ismene, follow and sing a lament over the dead. A herald announces that the Theban Senate forbid the burial of Polynices; his body shall be cast forth as prey of dogs. Antigone declares her

resolution to brave their mandate, and perform the last sad rites for her brother.

Dread tie, the common womb from which we sprang —
Of wretched mother born and hapless sire.

The Chorus divides. The first semichorus sides with Antigone; the second declares its resolution to follow to its last resting-place the body of Eteocles. And thus the play ends. At the close of the play is sketched in outline the theme that Sophocles has developed with such pathetic effect in his 'Antigone.'

The 'Prometheus' transports the reader to another world. The characters are gods, the time is the remote past, the place a desolate mountain in Scythia, on the confines of the Northern Ocean. Prometheus had sinned against the authority of Zeus. Zeus wished to destroy mankind; but Prometheus gave them fire, taught them arts and handicrafts, developed in them thought and consciousness, and so assured both their existence and their happiness. The play deals with his punishment. Prometheus is borne upon the scene by Force and Strength, and is nailed to a lofty cliff by Hephæstus. His appeal to Nature, when his tormentors depart and he is left alone, is peculiarly pathetic. The daughters of Oceanus, constituting the Chorus, who have heard the sound of the hammer in their ocean cave, are now borne aloft on a winged car, and bewail the fate of the outraged god. Oceanus appears upon a winged steed, and offers his mediation; but this is scornfully rejected. The resolution of Prometheus to resist Zeus to the last is strengthened by the coming of Io. She too, as it seems, is a victim of the Ruler of the Universe; driven by the jealous wrath of Hera, she roams from land to land. She tells the tale of her sad wandering, and finally rushes from the scene in frenzy, crazed by the sting of the gadfly that Hera has sent to torment her. Prometheus knows a secret full of menace to Zeus. Relying on this, he prophesies his overthrow, and defies him to do his worst. Hermes is sent to demand with threats its revelation, but fails to accomplish his purpose. Prometheus insults and taunts him. Hermes warns the Chorus to leave, for Zeus is about to display his wrath. At first they refuse, but then fly affrighted: the cliff is rent, the elements are in wild tumult. As he sinks, about to be engulfed in the bowels of the earth, Prometheus cries: —

Earth is rocking in space!
And the thunders crash up with a roar upon roar,
And the eddying lightnings flash fire in my face,
And the whirlwinds are whirling the dust round and round,
And the blasts of the winds universal leap free
And blow each upon each with a passion of sound,
And ether goes mingling in storm with the sea.

The play is titanic. Its huge shapes, its mighty passions, its wild display of the forces of earth and air, are what impress us at first; but its ethical interest is far greater. Zeus is apparently represented in it as relentless and unjust — a lawless ruler, who knows only his own will; whereas in all the other plays of Æschylus he is just and righteous, though sometimes severe. Æschylus, we know, was a religious man. It seems incredible that he should have had two contradictory conceptions of the character of Zeus. The solution of the problem is to be found in the fact that this 'Prometheus' was the first play of the trilogy. In the second play, the 'Prometheus Unbound,' of which we have only fragments, these contradictions must have been reconciled. Long ages are supposed to elapse between the plays. Prometheus yields. He reveals the secret and is freed from his bonds. What before seemed to be wanton cruelty is now seen to have been only the necessary severity of a ruler newly established on his throne. By the reconciliation of this stern ruler with the wise Titan, the giver of good gifts to men, order is restored to the universe. Prometheus acknowledges his guilt, and the course of Zeus is vindicated; but the loss of the second play of the trilogy leaves much in doubt, and an extraordinary number of solutions of the problem have been proposed. The reader must not look for one of these, however, in the 'Prometheus Unbound' of Shelley, who deliberately rejected the supposition of a reconciliation.

The three remaining plays are founded on the woeful myth of the house of Atreus, son of Pelops, a theme much treated by the Greek tragic poets. They constitute the only existing Greek trilogy, and are the last and greatest work of the poet. They were brought out at Athens, 458 B.C., two years before the author's death. The 'Agamemnon' sets forth the crime — the murder, by his wife, of the great king, on his return home from Troy; the 'Choëphori,' the vengeance taken on the guilty wife by her own son; the 'Eumenides,' the atonement made by that son in expiation of his mother's murder.

Agamemnon on departing for Troy left behind him in his palace a son and a daughter, Orestes and Electra. Orestes was exiled from home by his mother Clytemnestra, who in Agamemnon's absence lived in guilty union with Ægisthus, own cousin of the king, and could no longer endure to look upon the face of her son.

The scene of the 'Agamemnon' is the royal palace in Argos. The time is night. A watchman is discovered on the flat roof of the palace. For a year he has kept weary vigil there, waiting for the 'beacon-fire' that, sped from mountain-top to mountain-top, shall announce the fall of Troy. The signal comes at last, and joyously he proclaims the welcome news. The play falls into three divisions. The first introduces the Chorus of Argive elders, Clytemnestra, and a Herald who tells of the hardships of the siege and of the calamitous return, and ends with the triumphal entrance of Agamemnon with Cassandra, and his welcome by the queen; the second comprehends the

prophecy of the frenzied Cassandra of the doom about to fall upon the house, and the murder of the King; the third the conflict between the Chorus, still faithful to the murdered King, and Clytemnestra, beside whom stands her paramour Ægisthus.

Interest centers in Clytemnestra. Crafty, unscrupulous, resolute, remorseless, she veils her deadly hatred for her lord, and welcomes him home in tender speech: —

So now, dear lord, I bid thee welcome home —
True as the faithful watchdog of the fold,
Strong as the mainstay of the laboring bark,
Stately as column, fond as only child,
Dear as the land to shipwrecked mariner,
Bright as fair sunshine after winter's storms,
Sweet as fresh fount to thirsty wanderer —
And this, and more, thou art, dear love, to me.

Agamemnon passes within the palace; she slays him in his bath, enmeshed in a net, and then, reappearing, vaunts her bloody deed: —

I smote him, and he bellowed; and again
I smote, and with a groan his knees gave way;
And as he fell before me, with a third
And last libation from the deadly mace,
I pledged the crowning draught to Hades due,
That subterranean Saviour — of the dead!
At which he spouted up the Ghost in such
A flood of purple as, bespattered with,
No less did I rejoice than the green ear
Rejoices in the largess of the skies
That fleeting Iris follows as it flies.

Æschylus departs from the Homeric account in making the action of the next play, the 'Choëphori,' follow closer upon that of the 'Agamemnon.' Orestes has heard in Phocis of his father's murder, and returns in secret, with his friend Pylades, to exact vengeance. The scene is still Argos, but Agamemnon's tomb is now seen in front of the palace. The Chorus consists of captive women, who aid and abet the attempt. The play sets forth the recognition of Orestes by Electra; the plot by which Orestes gains admission to the palace; the deceit of the old Nurse, a homely but capital character, by whom Ægisthus is induced to come to the palace without armed attendants; the death of Ægisthus and Clytemnestra; the appearance of the avenging Furies; and the flight of Orestes.

The last play of the trilogy, the 'Eumenides,' has many singular features. The Chorus of Furies seemed even to the ancients to be a weird and terrible

invention; the scene of the play shifts from Delphi to Athens; the poet introduces into the play a trial scene; and he had in it a distinct political purpose, the development of which occupies one half of the drama.

Orestes, pursued by the avenging Furies, has fled to Delphi to invoke the aid of Apollo. He clasps the navel-stone and falls asleep. Around him sleep the Furies. The play opens with a prayer made by the Pythian priestess at an altar in front of the temple. The interior of the sanctuary is then laid bare. Orestes is awake, but the Furies sleep on. Apollo, standing beside Orestes, promises to protect him, but bids him make all haste to Athens, and there clasp, as a suppliant, the image of Athene. Orestes flies. The ghost of Clytemnestra rises from the underworld, and calls upon the Chorus to pursue. Overcome by their toil, they moan in their sleep, but finally start to their feet. Apollo bids them quit the temple.

The scene changes to the ancient temple of Athene on the Acropolis at Athens, where Orestes is seen clasping the image of the goddess. The Chorus enter in pursuit of their victim, and sing an ode descriptive of their powers.

Athene appears, and learns from the Chorus and from Orestes the reasons for their presence. She declares the issue to be too grave even for her to decide, and determines to choose judges of the murder, who shall become a solemn tribunal for all time. These are to be the best citizens of Athens. After an ode by the Chorus, the court is established, and the trial proceeds. Apollo appears for the defense. When the arguments have been presented, Athene proclaims the establishment of the court as a permanent tribunal for the trial of cases of bloodshed. Its seat shall be the Areopagus. The votes are cast and Orestes is acquitted. He departs for Argos. The Furies break forth in anger and threaten woes to the land, but are appeased by Athene, who establishes their worship forever in Attica. Heretofore they have been the Erinnyes, or Furies; henceforth they shall be the Eumenides, or Gracious Goddesses. The Eumenides are escorted from the scene in solemn procession.

JOHN WILLIAMS WHITE

THE COMPLAINT OF PROMETHEUS

From 'Prometheus Bound'

PROMETHEUS [*alone*]. Holy Æther, and swift-winged Winds,
And River-wells, and laughter innumerable
Of yon Sea-waves! Earth, mother of us all,
And all-viewing cyclic Sun, I cry on you —
Behold me a god, what I endure from gods!

Behold, with throe on throe,
 How, wasted by this woe,
 I wrestle down the myriad years of Time!
 Behold, how fast around me
 The new King of the happy ones sublime
 Has flung the chain he forged, has shamed and bound me!
 Woe, woe! today's woe and the coming morrow's
 I cover with one groan. And where is found me
 A limit to these sorrows?
 And yet what word do I say? I have foreknown
 Clearly all things that should be; nothing done
 Comes sudden to my soul — and I must bear
 What is ordained with patience, being aware
 Necessity doth front the universe
 With an invincible gesture. Yet this curse
 Which strikes me now, I find it hard to brave
 In silence or in speech. Because I gave
 Honor to mortals, I have yoked my soul
 To this compelling fate. Because I stole
 The secret fount of fire, whose bubbles went
 Over the ferrule's brim, and manward sent
 Art's mighty means and perfect rudiment,
 That sin I expiate in this agony,
 Hung here in fetters, 'neath the blanching sky.
 Ah, ah me! what a sound,
 What a fragrance sweeps up from a pinion unseen
 Of a god, or a mortal, or nature between,
 Sweeping up to this rock where the earth has her bound,
 To have sight of my pangs, or some guerdon obtain —
 Lo, a god in the anguish, a god in the chain!
 The god Zeus hateth sore,
 And his gods hate again,
 As many as tread on his glorified floor,
 Because I loved mortals too much evermore.
 Alas me! what a murmur and motion I hear,
 As of birds flying near!
 And the air undersings
 The light stroke of their wings —
 And all life that approaches I wait for in fear.

Translated by E. B. Browning

A PRAYER TO ARTEMIS

From 'The Suppliants'

STROPHE IV

THOUGH Zeus plan all things right,
 Yet is his heart's desire full hard to trace;
 Natheless in every place
 Brightly it gleameth, e'en in darkest night,
 Fraught with black fate to man's speech-gifted race.

ANTISTROPHE IV

Steadfast, ne'er thrown in fight,
 The deed in brow of Zeus to ripeness brought;
 For wrapt in shadowy night,
 Tangled, unscanned by mortal sight,
 Extend the pathways of his secret thought.

STROPHE V

From towering hopes mortals he hurleth prone
 To utter doom: but for their fall
 No force arrayeth he; for all
 That gods devise is without effort wrought.
 A mindful Spirit aloft on holy throne
 By inborn energy achieves his thought.

ANTISTROPHE V

But let him mortal insolence behold: —
 How with proud contumacy rife,
 Wantons the stem in lusty life
 My marriage craving; — frenzy overbold,
 Spur ever-pricking, goads them on to fate,
 By ruin taught their folly all too late.

STROPHE VI

Thus I complain, in piteous strain,
 Grief-laden, tear-evoking, shrill;
 Ah woe is me! woe! woe!
 Dirge-like it sounds; mine own death-trill
 I pour, yet breathing vital air.

Hear, hill-crowned Apia, hear my prayer!
 Full well, O land,
 My voice barbaric thou canst understand;
 While oft with rendings I assail
 My byssine vesture and Sidonian veil.

ANTISTROPHE VI

My nuptial right in Heaven's pure sight
 Pollution were, death-laden, rude;
 Ah woe is me! woe! woe!
 Alas for sorrow's murky brood!
 Where will this billow hurl me? Where?
 Hear, hill-crowned Apia, hear my prayer;
 Full well, O land,
 My voice barbaric thou canst understand,
 While oft with rendings I assail
 My byssine vesture and Sidonian veil.

STROPHE VII

The oar indeed and home with sails
 Flax-tissued, swelled with favoring gales,
 Stanch to the wave, from spear-storm free,
 Have to this shore escorted me,
 Nor so far blame I destiny.
 But may the all-seeing Father send
 In fitting time propitious end;
 So our dread Mother's mighty brood
 The lordly couch may 'scape, ah me,
 Unwedded, unsubdued!

ANTISTROPHE VII

Meeting my will with will divine,
 Daughter of Zeus, who here dost hold
 Steadfast thy sacred shrine —
 Me, Artemis unstained, behold.
 Do thou, who sovereign might dost wield,
 Virgin thyself, a virgin shield:
 So our dread Mother's mighty brood
 The lordly couch may 'scape, ah me,
 Unwedded, unsubdued!

Translated by Miss Swanwick

THE DEFIANCE OF ETEOCLES

From 'The Seven Against Thebes'

MESSENGER. Now at the Seventh Gate the seventh chief,
 Thy proper mother's son, I will announce,
 What fortune for this city, for himself,
 With curses he invoketh: — on the walls
 Ascending, heralded as king, to stand,
 With pæans for their capture; then with thee
 To fight, and either slaying near thee die,
 Or thee, who wronged him, chasing forth alive,
 Requite in kind his proper banishment.
 Such words he shouts, and calls upon the gods
 Who o'er his race preside and Fatherland,
 With gracious eye to look upon his prayers.
 A well-wrought buckler, newly forged, he bears,
 With twofold blazon riveted thereon,
 For there a woman leads, with sober mien,
 A mailed warrior, enchased in gold;
 Justice her style, and thus the legend speaks: —
 "This man I will restore, and he shall hold
 The city and his father's palace homes."
 Such the devices of the hostile chiefs.
 'Tis for thyself to choose whom thou wilt send;
 But never shalt thou blame my herald-words.
 To guide the rudder of the State be thine!

Eteocles. O heaven-demented race of *Ædipus*,
 My race, tear-fraught, detested of the gods!
 Alas, our father's curses now bear fruit.
 But it beseems not to lament or weep,
 Lest lamentations sadder still be born.
 For him, too truly *Polyneikes* named —
 What his device will work we soon shall know;
 Whether his braggart words, with madness fraught,
 Gold-blazoned on his shield, shall lead him back.
 Had Justice communed with, or claimed him hers,
 Guided his deeds and thoughts, this might have been;

But neither when he fled the darksome womb,
 Or in his childhood, or in youth's fair prime,
 Or when the hair thick gathered on his chin,
 Hath Justice communed with, or claimed him hers,
 Nor in this outrage on his Fatherland
 Deem I she now beside him deigns to stand.
 For Justice would in sooth belie her name,
 Did she with this all-daring man consort.
 In these regards confiding will I go,
 Myself will meet him. Who with better right?
 Brother to brother, chieftain against chief,
 Foeman to foe, I'll stand. Quick, bring my spear,
 My greaves, and armor, bulwark against stones.

Translated by Miss Swanwick

THE VISION OF CASSANDRA

From 'Agamemnon'

CASSANDRA. Phœbus Apollo!
Chorus. Hark!
 The lips at last unlocking.

Cassandra. Phœbus! Phœbus!

Chorus. Well, what of Phœbus, maiden? though a name
 'Tis but disparagement to call upon
 In misery.

Cassandra. Apollo! Apollo! Again!
 Oh, the burning arrow through the brain!
 Phœbus Apollo! Apollo!

Chorus. Seemingly
 Possessed indeed — whether by —

Cassandra. Phœbus! Phœbus!
 Through trampled ashes, blood, and fiery rain,
 Over water seething, and behind the breathing
 War-horse in the darkness — till you rose again,
 Took the helm — took the rein —

Chorus. As one that half asleep at dawn recalls
 A night of horror!

Cassandra. Hither, whither, Phœbus? And with whom,
 Leading me, lighting me —

Chorus. I can answer that —

Cassandra. Down to what slaughter-house!

Foh! the smell of carnage through the door

Scares me from it — drags me toward it —

Phœbus Apollo! Apollo!

Chorus. One of the dismal prophet-pack, it seems,

That hunt the trail of blood. But here at fault —

This is no den of slaughter, but the house

Of Agamemnon.

Cassandra. Down upon the towers,

Phantoms of two mangled children hover — and a famished man,

At an empty table glaring, seizes and devours!

Chorus. Thyestes and his children! Strange enough

For any maiden from abroad to know,

Or, knowing —

Cassandra. And look! in the chamber below

The terrible woman, listening, watching,

Under a mask, preparing the blow

In the fold of her robe —

Chorus. Nay, but again at fault:

For in the tragic story of this house —

Unless, indeed the fatal Helen —

No woman —

Cassandra. No woman — Tisiphone! Daughter

Of Tartarus — love-grinning woman above,

Dragon-tailed under — honey-tongued, harpy-clawed,

Into the glittering meshes of slaughter

She wheedles, entices him into the poisonous

Fold of the serpent —

Chorus. Peace, mad woman, peace!

Whose stony lips once open vomit out

Such uncouth horrors.

Cassandra. I tell you the lioness

Slaughters the lion asleep; and lifting

Her blood-dripping fangs buried deep in his mane,

Glaring about her insatiable, bellowing,

Bounds hither — Phœbus Apollo, Apollo, Apollo!

Whither have you led me, under night alive with fire,

Through the trampled ashes of the city of my sire,

From my slaughtered kinsmen, fallen throne, insulted shrine,

Slave-like to be butchered, the daughter of a royal line!

Version of Edward Fitzgerald

THE LAMENT OF THE OLD NURSE

From 'The Libation-Pourers'

NURSE. Our mistress bids me with all speed to call
 Ægisthus to the strangers, that he come
 And hear more clearly, as a man from man,
 This newly brought report. Before her slaves,
 Under set eyes of melancholy cast,
 She hid her inner chuckle at the events
 That have been brought to pass — too well for her,
 But for this house and hearth most miserably —
 As in the tale the strangers clearly told.
 He, when he hears and learns the story's gist,
 Will joy, I trow, in heart. Ah, wretched me!
 How those old troubles, of all sorts made up,
 Most hard to bear, in Atreus' palace-halls
 Have made my heart full heavy in my breast!
 But never have I known a woe like this.
 For other ills I bore full patiently,
 But as for dear Orestes, my sweet charge,
 Whom from his mother I received and nursed . . .
 And then the shrill cries rousing me o' nights,
 And many and unprofitable toils
 For me who bore them. For one needs must rear
 The heedless infant like an animal,
 (How can it else be?) as his humor serves.
 For while a child is yet in swaddling clothes,
 It speaketh not, if either hunger comes,
 Or passing thirst, or lower calls of need;
 And children's stomach works its own content.
 And I, though I foresaw this, call to mind,
 How I was cheated, washing swaddling clothes,
 And nurse and laundress did the selfsame work,
 I then with these my double handicrafts,
 Brought up Orestes for his father dear;
 And now, woe's me! I learn that he is dead,
 And go to fetch the man that mars this house;
 And gladly will he hear these words of mine.

Translated by Plumptre

THE DECREE OF ATHENA

From 'The Eumenides'

HEAR ye my statute, men of Attica —
 Ye who of bloodshed judge this primal cause;
 Yea, and in future age shall Ægeus' host
 Revere this court of jurors. This the hill
 Of Ares, seat of Amazons, their tent,
 What time 'gainst Theseus, breathing hate, they came,
 Waging fierce battle, and their towers upreared,
 A counter-fortress to Acropolis; —
 To Ares they did sacrifice, and hence
 This rock is titled Areopagus,
 Here then shall sacred Awe, to Fear allied,
 By day and night my lieges hold from wrong,
 Save if themselves do innovate my laws,
 If thou with mud, or influx base, bedim
 The sparkling water, naught thou'lt find to drink.
 Nor Anarchy, nor Tyrant's lawless rule
 Commend I to my people's reverence; —
 Nor let them banish from their city Fear;
 For who 'mong men, uncurbed by fear, is just?
 Thus holding Awe in seemly reverence,
 A bulwark for your State shall ye possess,
 A safeguard to protect your city walls,
 Such as no mortals elsewhere can boast,
 Neither in Scythia, nor in Pelops' realm.
 Behold! This court august, untouched by bribes,
 Sharp to avenge, wakeful for those who sleep,
 Establish I, a bulwark to this land.
 This charge, extending to all future time,
 I give my lieges. Meet it as ye rise,
 Assume the pebbles, and decide the cause,
 Your oath revering. All hath now been said.

Translated by Miss Swanwick

SOPHOCLES

THE tragic poet Sophocles, though he lived in a brilliant age, the contemporary and companion of splendid intellects in sciences, arts, and politics, led a life apparently devoid of social importance or of social interest. Like Shakespeare he lives for us only in his works, and it may be for this very reason that both are to us the most faithful mirrors of all that was greatest in their splendid epochs. The life of Sophocles was exactly coterminous with the great Athenian empire; an infant at its dawn with the battle of Marathon (490 B.C.), he passed away full of years, in time to escape the downfall of his country at Ægospotami (405 B.C.). His maturity was the maturity of the most brilliant society the world has yet seen. In the Athens where he lived all his life, and where his handsome figure was familiar to every citizen, he was either the intimate or the acquaintance of Pericles, of Phidias, of Herodotus, of Thucydides, of Socrates, of Anaxagoras, of Ictinus, of Mnesicles, representing politics, art, history, philosophy, architecture. His rivals in the drama were Æschylus and Euripides. Socrates left no written record behind him. Those that wrote great books or accomplished great works of art—men like Sophocles—left no personal opinions, no evidence of their private life, to posterity. Of Pericles we know hardly anything but his public acts; and were it not for Plutarch's 'Life,' which gathered what could be found of tradition and of anecdote after four centuries had passed away, we should know nothing but these acts. Of Phidias and Polycletus the sculptors, of Ictinus the designer and builder of the Parthenon, of Æschylus and Euripides the great rival dramatists, we have but snatches of idle gossip, or the inventions of disappointed anecdotists. All these personages are, however, the constituents of the Periclean age; they are absorbed into its splendid life. Private affairs at such an epoch sink into utter insignificance. Each man is valued for his contribution to the public life of the city; and therefore each great artist of that day, whatever his art, strives mainly to express Attic purity, Attic grace, Attic power.

In the case of no member of that matchless company is this so true as in the case of Sophocles; his whole genius is essentially Attic both in its perfection and in its limitation. Never was such perfection attained without many limitations. Sophocles, for example, is smaller than Æschylus, whose colossal conceptions outstrip the Greek horizon, and combine Hellenic force and beauty with Semitic gloom and grandeur. Sophocles is narrower than Euripides, who embraced every human sympathy in his pictures of life. But this life is often too poor and mean—even as the ideas of Æschylus are

too vague, and his language too pompous — for the perfect bloom of the Attic stage. Critics ancient and modern are agreed that the intermediate attitude of Sophocles attained that highest perfection, which lasts but a moment and is marred by the smallest change. They will not allow any imperfection in the poet, the most modest right of criticism in his exponent. We have nothing but a chorus of praise. But this is no intelligent appreciation. Let us rather seek to question him as men, than to run after him like wondering children.

We have only seven plays extant from the large number that he wrote. In those days a tragic poet, himself an actor, devoted his life to the drama; and apparently competed at least every second year in the trial of new tragedies. So far as we know, only three poets were admitted to each contest; but as each of them then put a group of three plays and an afterpiece upon the stage, the labor of so doing at frequent intervals must have been very arduous. It is well, however, to observe in limitation of our estimate that each play was shorter than the average of our five-act dramas: the extant trilogy of Æschylus is not as long as the single play of 'Hamlet.' But if the alleged number of his tragedies — seventy, with eighteen satiric afterpieces — be correct, no great poet ever bequeathed a larger heritage. Yet perhaps the small remnant which has escaped the shipwreck of time has maintained his reputation as well as if the whole treasure had come down to us. In our own literature, Gray and Coleridge take their high rank in spite of the scantiness of their works; among the Greeks, we recognize the greatness of Sappho in the few quotations that have survived. Of Sophocles' works, the first and last in order, both of which obtained the first prize — the 'Antigone' and the 'Philoctetes' — are not superior to the rest. But even the former, brought out in 440 B.C., and numbered by the critics as his Opus 32, was the play of no youngster; for he had defeated the older master Æschylus twenty-eight years before. This was the celebrated occasion when Cimon and his victorious colleagues, just returned from their campaigns, were appointed judges by the acclamation of the people, instead of holding the usual selection by lot. The production of thirty-two plays in twenty-eight years gives us indeed cause to wonder at the poet's fertility. But as it was the common remark of those who admired the matchless Parthenon and Propylæa, that their everlasting perfection was in no way impaired by the extraordinary rapidity of their construction, so the poets working during the very same epoch seemed to rival the architects not only in grace and strength, but in the rapid strides of their work. Nor is this quickness of production uncommon in other great moments of art. Molière could write a play in a fortnight. Handel wrote the 'Messiah' in twenty-one days.

Let us now turn to the plays and learn from them the causes of the poet's great success in the world of letters. The 'Antigone' was not one of a trilogy; nor has the poet's treatment of his heroine any relation to his

treatment of the same personage in his subsequent plays (on *Œdipus*) in which she appears. As soon as Sophocles adopted the practice of competing with isolated plays, he assumed the further liberty of handling the same personage quite differently in different plays. This apparent inconsistency was due to the fact that the ancients, unlike the moderns, had no unlimited field of subjects; but were restricted to a small number of legends, wherein the same heroes and heroines constantly reappeared. They therefore avoided monotony by varying the character to suit the circumstances of each play.

The plot was not in any sense novel. It is completely sketched in the last seventy lines of the 'Seven against Thebes' of *Æschylus*. Polynices, slain in his unnatural invasion of his fatherland — and what was worse, in single combat with his own brother — is refused burial by the new head of the State, Creon. *Æschylus* represents a herald as announcing this decision, at which Antigone at once rebels, while her weaker sister submits. The Chorus, dividing, take sides with both; and show the conflict between the sacred claims of family affection and the social claims of the State, demanding obedience to a decree not unreasonable and issued by recognized authority. But *Æschylus* gives us no solution. This is the problem taken up by Sophocles, and treated with special reference to the character of Antigone. He greatly simplifies his problem; for he allows but little force to the arguments for punishing with posthumous disgrace the parricide, as the Greeks would call him, of his fatherland.

The tyrant Creon, indeed, talks well of obedience as the first condition of public safety: —

Creon. But praise from me that man shall never have
 Who either boldly thrusts aside the law,
 Or takes upon him to instruct his rulers —
 Whom, by the State empowered, he should obey
 In little and in much, in right and wrong.
 The worst of evils is to disobey.
 Cities by this are ruined, homes of men
 Made desolate by this; this in the battle
 Breaks into headlong rout the wavering line;
 The steadfast ranks, the many lives unhurt,
 Are to obedience due.

(I quote uniformly throughout this essay from the version of Whitelaw — London, 1883 — which upon careful examination appears to me very much the best attempt yet made at the well-nigh hopeless problem of rendering the beauties of Sophocles in English.)

But Creon's rigid ordinance carries no weight with it; and obedience is only a matter of acquiescence in the minds of the vulgar and mean, as represented

by the Chorus. Antigone is accordingly sustained throughout by a clear consciousness that she is absolutely right: the whole sympathy of the spectator is with her, and the play is only of interest in bringing out her character in strong relief. This is splendidly expressed in her answer to Creon, when she is brought in prisoner by a craven guard, who has surprised her in performing the funeral rites over her brother: —

Creon. Speak thou, who bendest on the earth thy gaze —

Are these things which are witnessed true or false?

Antigone. Not false, but true: that which he saw, he speaks.

Creon [*to the guard*]. So, sirrah, thou art free: go where thou wilt,

Loosed from the burden of this heavy charge.

But tell me thou — and let thy speech be brief —

The edict hadst thou heard which this forbade?

Antigone. I could not choose but hear what all men heard.

Creon. And didst thou dare to disobey the law?

Antigone. Nowise from Zeus, methought, this edict came,

Nor Justice, that abides among the gods

In Hades, who ordained these laws for men.

Nor did I deem *thine* edicts of such force

That they, a mortal's bidding, should o'erride

Unwritten laws, eternal in the heavens.

Not of today or yesterday are these;

But live from everlasting, and from whence

They sprang none knoweth. I would not, for the breach

Of these, through fear of any human pride,

To Heaven atone. I knew that I must die:

How else? without thine edict that were so;

And if before my time — why, this were gain,

Compassed about with ills; — who lives as I,

Death to such life as his must needs be gain.

So is it to me to undergo this doom

No grief at all: but had I left my brother,

My mother's child, unburied where he lay,

Then I had grieved; but now this grieves me not.

Senseless I seem to thee, so doing? Belike

A senseless judgment finds me void of sense.

But as she consciously faces death *for an idea*, she may rather be enrolled in the noble army of martyrs who suffer in the broad daylight of clear conviction, than among the more deeply tried, like Orestes and Hamlet, who in doubt and darkness have striven to feel out a great mystery, and in their very failure have "purified the terror and the pity," as Aristotle puts it, of

awe-struck humanity. A martyr for a great and recognized truth is not the most perfect central figure for a tragedy in the highest Greek sense. Hence I regard myself justified in calling this famous play rather an exquisite dramatic poem than a very great tragedy. With consummate art, the poet makes Antigone a somewhat harsh character. She stands up before Creon; she answers his threats with bold contumacy.

How in the child the sternness of the sire
Shows stern, before the storm untaught to bend!

She even despises and casts aside her more feminine sister Ismene — who at first counseled submission, but who stands nobly by Antigone when her trial before Creon comes, and is ready to go to death for a breach of the law which she had not committed; but Antigone will have neither her companionship nor her sympathy. The fatal effects of the ancestral curse on the house of Ædipus are a quite sufficient cause for the misfortunes of Antigone; but her character, together with that of the weak and misguided figures around her, make the plot quite independent of this deeper mystery — the hereditary nature not only of sin and crime, but of suffering.

Thus she stands alone, amid the weak and selfish. The very watchman who comes with the news of her capture as she was strewing dust on the outcast corpse is so cowardly in his views and so homely in his language as to afford the kind of contrast to the high tragic vein which we meet in Shakespeare, but which the more ceremonious tragedy of the French would avoid as unseemly.

The intention of the poet to isolate Antigone in her conflict with the ruler of the State is most strongly marked in his treatment of Hæmon, Creon's son, who is betrothed to the princess. How can a heroine be isolated when she has the support of her lover? This is indeed the point in which the tragedy of Sophocles is most to be contrasted with any conceivable modern treatment of the subject; even, so far as we can tell from scanty allusions, contrasted with its treatment by his younger rival Euripides. Hæmon does indeed come upon the stage to plead for Antigone, but wholly upon public grounds: that her violation of Creon's edict has the sympathy of the public, and will bring the tyrant into disrepute and danger. But though his father taunts him with having personal interests behind his arguments, and though the chorus, when he rushes away to his suicide, indicate very plainly that love is the exciting cause of his interference — not one word of personal pleading for his betrothed as such escapes from his lips.

The brief choral ode just mentioned is so famous that we quote it here entire: —

STROPHE

Chorus. O Love, our conqueror, matchless in might,
 Thou prevailest, O Love, thou dividest the prey;
 In damask cheeks of a maiden
 Thy watch through the night is set.
 Thou roamest over the sea;
 On the hills, in the shepherds' huts, thou art;
 Nor of deathless gods, nor of short-lived men,
 From thy madness any escapeth.

ANTISTROPHE

Unjust, through thee, are the thoughts of the just;
 Thou dost bend them, O Love, to thy will, to thy spite.
 Unkindly strife thou hast kindled,
 This wrangling of son with sire.
 For great laws, throned in the heart,
 To the sway of a rival power give place,
 To the love-light flashed from a fair bride's eyes.

Antigone, when she sings her long musical threnody or lament, as she goes to her death, does not call upon her lover to mourn her loss, but rather bewails her own loss of the joys and dignities of the married state — exactly what a modern heroine would have kept in the background. She quails however at the presence of death, which she had faced with contemptuous boldness at the opening of the piece; thus showing an inconsistency quite foreign to Euripides's great heroines — Iphigenia in Aulis, for example, who first wails bitterly and pleads passionately for life, and then rises above all her weakness and faces her doom with glorious courage. But these are the independent standpoints of two great poets; both are human: and though I personally prefer the latter type, others may prefer the former.

This kind of subject Sophocles seems to have preferred to any other: the exhibition of a strong human will, based upon a moral conviction, dashing itself against the obstacles of fate, of human ordinance, of physical weakness, and showing its ineradicable dignity: —

Though heated hot with burning fears,
 And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
 And battered with the shocks of doom.

Let us next consider the very kindred 'Electra.' Here we have the rare opportunity of comparing the handling of the same subject by the three great tragedians; the extant 'Choëphori' of Æschylus and the 'Electra' of

Euripides all dealing with the vengeance of Orestes upon his mother Clytemnestra, who had treacherously murdered his father Agamemnon, and was living with her paramour Ægisthus. The outline of the tragedy is therefore strikingly similar to the play of 'Hamlet,' in which the conflict of dread duties seems to unhinge the mind of the prince upon whom the action devolves. Æschylus alone, however, feels the gravity of the crime of matricide to be such that no guilt on the queen mother's part can justify it; while the other two Greek poets regard it as mere lawful vengeance. These profound questions, however, are rather to be discussed in connection with Æschylus than with Sophocles; and for my part, I cannot but award the older poet the palm in this splendid competition. The Greek legend had a feature quite strange to Shakespeare: a sister of the exiled prince living in the palace, watching daily her mother's disgrace, suffering persecution from her, and hoping against hope for the return of her brother, while at open and angry variance with the reigning king and queen. This is the character that Sophocles has chosen for his principal study. She is, like Antigone, harsh and uncompromising: rude to her weaker sister, who will not protest enough against the crimes of the house; bursting into a paroxysm of grief when she thinks her hopes annulled; and, without the slightest compunction setting on her brother, when she recognizes him, to do the bloody vengeance. In the course of the play the pretended urn of Orestes' ashes is brought in: but this device, well conceived to lull the suspicions of the guilty pair, is made the occasion not only of a brilliant fabrication of the circumstances of his death, but also of a pathetic lament over the empty urn by Electra; splendid passages no doubt, but of no effect upon the spectator, who knows that both are the product of a fraud.

Electra [holding the supposed urn of Orestes' ashes].

O poor last relic of Orestes' life —
 Dearest of men to me — with hopes how other
 Than forth I sent do I receive thee back!
 Now in these hands I take thee, and thou art naught;
 But beautiful and bright I sent thee forth,
 Child, from thy home. Oh, would that I had died
 Or ever to a strange land I sent thee hence,
 And stole thee in my arms and saved from death,
 When on that day thou mightest have lain dead,
 And of thy father's tomb have earned a share.
 Now, far from home, in a strange land exiled,
 A woeful end was thine, no sister near;
 And woe is me, I neither laved thy limbs
 And decked with loving hands, nor, as was meet,
 Snatched this sad burthen from the scorching fire:

By hands of strangers tended thou art come,
 A little handful in this little urn.
 Alas for me my nursing long ago —
 Unprofitable care, that with sweet pain
 I oftentimes spent for thee: for thou wast never
 Thy mother's darling — rather mine; nor they
 O' the house, but I it was, whom all were wont
 Sister at once to call and nurse of thee.
 Now thou art dead, and all in a day these things
 Have ceased to be; all with thy passing swept
 As by a whirlwind hence. Thy father is gone,
 And I am dead, thy sister; and thine own life
 Has passed from earth. Our foes laugh us to scorn,
 Our mother — nay, no mother — is mad with joy:
 Of whom so often thou didst send secret word
 Thou'dst come to be avenged on her; but now
 Hard fortune, thine and mine, robs me of this
 Sending me hither, in thy dear body's stead,
 Mere dust and shadow of thee, and good for naught.

Ah me, alas!

Oh, piteous ashes! alas and woe is me!

Oh, sadly, strangely —

Alas, my brother! —

Thus journeying hither, how me thou hast undone!
 Undone — undone indeed, O brother mine!
 Therefore to thy dark chamber take me in;
 Me, dust to dust, receive: that I may dwell
 Henceforth i' the dark with thee. For, living, I shared
 With thee and shared alike; and now in death
 Not to be sundered from thy tomb I crave,
 For in the grave I see that grief is not.

This composing of splendid poetry for a fictitious situation seems to me the point of dramatic weakness in the piece.

I pass to the much more interesting, though less appreciated, 'Trachiniæ.' It was named by the poet not after the principal character, but as was the habit of Æschylus, after the Chorus; and not because that Chorus occupied, as it did in Æschylus, the leading part in the play, but that the poet must have felt a difficulty in selecting his title rôle. To the ancients, as to Euripides, the death of Heracles was the real core of the story; and the conclusion of Sophocles' play, in which this event occurs, was accordingly to them the principal moment in the action: whereas Sophocles makes the interest center in Dejanira — perhaps an early attempt to make a heroine more important

than the men of the play. Yet the character of Dejanira can only be compared with the second-rate Tecmessa in the 'Ajax,' and differs completely from the first-class heroines we have just considered. Nevertheless there is the deepest pathos in his drawing of a loving, patient wife, widowed afresh for weary months while the roving Heracles seeks new adventures, and now distracted by the want of all news for a full year. His enforced absence (to atone for a homicide), his careful disposition of his affairs at his departure, and the voice of vague oracles, fill her soul with dark foreboding. Her son Hyllus is sent out for news; and the Chorus of the maidens of Trachis come in to cheer and encourage the anxious wife, who envies their virgin days of security, and reflects on the troubles of married life.

Hyllus. Nay, mother, I will go; and had I known
 What was foretold, I had been there long since.
 Only his constant fortune suffered me not
 To fear for him, nor overmuch to doubt.
 Now that I know, trust me, I shall not spare
 Pains in the quest until I find the truth.

Dejanira. Go then, my son. Good news, though it come late,
 So it might come at last is fraught with gain.

STROPHE I

Chorus. Thee whom the starry night,
 Beneath the spoiler's hand
 Breathing her last, brings forth,
 Whom then she lays to sleep —
 Thee, Sun-god, thee bright-burning I implore —
 O tell me of Alcmena's son,
 O thou, whose rays are as the lightnings bright:
 Where, where he dwelleth —
 Defiles of the Ægean threading,
 Or from mid-strait beholding either continent —
 O tell me, god of keenest sight!

ANTISTROPHE I

For with an ever-hungry heart, they say,
 Fair Dejanira, she for whom the suitors strove,
 Like some unhappy bird,
 Lulls never into tearless sleep
 That hunger of her eyes;
 But unforgetful fear

For him, her absent lord,
 She entertaining, pines
 Upon her widowed couch of care —
 Ill-starred, foreboding all distressful chance.

STROPHE II

For, as before the untiring blast of south or north,
 Across the boundless sea
 We watch the march of waves
 That come, and ever come —
 Even so upon this son of Cadmus' house attends
 His hard life's toilsomeness,
 Increasing more and more;
 Of troubles a Cretan sea.
 But from the halls of death
 Some god restrains his feet,
 Suffering them not to stray.

ANTISTROPHE II

Therefore I chide thee, and this word
 Of contradiction, not ungrateful, I will speak:
 I say thou dost not well
 To kill the better hope,
 For think, a lot exempt from pain
 The son of Cronos, king who governs all,
 Ordained not for men.
 To all men sorrow and joy alternate come,
 Revolving, as in heaven
 The twisting courses of the Bear.

EPODE

For neither starry night
 Abides with men, nor death, nor wealth —
 But quickly it is gone;
 And now another learns
 The changeful tale of joy and loss.
 Therefore I counsel thee, the queen,
 To keep this ever in thy hopes:
 For when was Zeus so careless for his sons?

Dejanira. Ye come, I must conjecture, having heard
 My trouble; but how the trouble eats my heart,
 Ye know not — may ye not by suffering learn.

In such a well-fenced place, in native soil,
 The tender plant grows, where no sun may scorch,
 Nor rain nor any wind is rough with it;
 Upward a painless pleasant life it lifts
 Until such time the maiden is called a wife:
 And in a night her share of trouble comes —
 By husband or by children made afraid.

Suddenly comes the news of her husband's return; and the spoils are brought in, among whom a fair captive (Iole) excites Dejanira's interest — especially as she can learn nothing concerning her, from the herald Lichas who has escorted her, or from the girl herself who maintains an obstinate silence. Of course it very soon comes out that this is the new flame for whom the truant hero has sacked Æchalia, and that she has come no ordinary captive to the house. Dejanira's speech charging the herald Lichas to tell her the whole truth, is full of pathos.

Dejanira. Mad indeed were I myself
 To blame this maiden, cause with him of that
 Which causes me no shame, does me no wrong.
 I cannot blame. But now, if taught of him
 You lie, no noble lesson have you learned;
 Or if you school yourself, take heed lest then
 You be found cruel when you would be kind.
 Nay, tell me all the truth: to be called false
 Is for free men no honorable lot.
 That you should 'scape discovery cannot be:
 Many are they who heard you, and will speak.
 And if you are afraid, you fear amiss:
 For not to know — this would afflict me; but
 Fear not my knowing: hath not Heracles
 Loved many another — most of all men he?
 And never any of them bore from me
 Harsh word of gibe: nor shall, howe'er she be
 Consumed with love, this maiden; nay, for her
 Most of them all I pity, having seen
 That 'twas her beauty that made waste her life —
 Poor soul, who sacked, unwitting, and enslaved,
 The city of her home. But now I charge thee,
 Heed not what winds blow whither: but be false
 To others if thou wilt; to me speak truth.

The Chorus in a very fine ode recalls the desperate struggle of Heracles for the possession of this very Dejanira, whom he has now slighted and for-

gotten. But her charms are fading, while Iole is in the first flush of youth. Then comes her hasty resolve to send him as a present, which she had been preparing against his return, the shirt of Nessus anointed with the deadly poison of the Centaur's wound. She has been unaware of its fatal power; but the wool she had used to anoint the present takes fire when heated by the sun, and before the news comes back she has anticipated the whole catastrophe. Then follows the terrible narrative of Hyllus, and his fierce accusation of his mother, who rushes in the silence of desperate resolve from the stage. After an interrupting chorus, her death-scene is affectingly told by her nurse.

Chorus. Remorse, or what fierce fit
Of madness was it — the fatal thrust
So murderously dealt? How compassed she
Death piled on death —

Wild work for one weak hand to do?

Nurse. One plunge of cursed steel: 'twas done.

Chorus. What, babbler, were you there?

Saw you the wanton deed?

Nurse. Near as I stand to you, I stood and saw.

Chorus. How was it? The manner? Tell me all.

Nurse. Herself, and of herself, she did this thing.

Chorus. What do you tell me?

Nurse. Plain, the truth.

Chorus. Stranger, not thy fair face alone
Thou bringest, but born, yea born of thee,
A dire Erinnys to this house!

Nurse. Too true; but more, had you been there to see
The things she did — much more your tears had flowed.

Chorus. And daunted not such work a woman's hand?

Nurse. A marvel, truly: hear and testify.

She came alone in the house, and saw her son
In the great chamber spreading forth a couch,
Deep-pillowed, ere he went to meet his sire
Back; but she crept away out of his sight,
And at the altars falling, moaned that she
Was desolate — and each chattel of the house,
That once she used, fingered, poor soul, and wept;
Then hither and thither roaming, room to room,
Each face she saw of servants that she loved,
Unhappy lady, looked and wept again,
Upon her own hard lot exclaiming still,
And how her children were her own no more.

And when she ceased from this, I saw her pass
 Suddenly to the chamber of my lord.
 I, screened by the dark, seeing, myself unseen,
 Watched: and I saw my mistress fling, lay smooth,
 Couch-coverings on the couch of Heracles,
 Till all were laid; then from the ground she sprang
 And sat there in the midst upon the couch,
 And loosed the flood of scorching tears, and spake: —
 "O marriage bed and marriage chamber mine,
 Farewell now and forever; never more
 This head upon this pillow shall be laid."
 No more she said; but with a violent hand
 Did doff her robe, clasped by the brooch that lay,
 Gold-wrought, upon her bosom, and made bare
 All her left arm and whiteness of her side.
 Then I made haste and ran with all my strength,
 And told her son what way her thoughts were bent.
 But lo, whilst I was gone, just there and back,
 The deed was done; the two-edged sword, we saw,
 Quite through her side, midriff, and heart had pierced.
 Oh, but he groaned to see it! For he knew
 This deed, alas! his rashness had entailed —
 Taught all too late by those o' the house that her
 The Centaur lured to do she knew not what.
 And now the boy — piteous! — of groans and tears
 He knew no end, lamenting over her:
 He knelt and kissed her lips; his side by hers
 He laid along, and lay, complaining sore
 That he had slain her with his random blame;
 And weeping, his would be a double loss,
 Bereaved of both his parents at one stroke.

Here the main interest of the play ends for modern readers. But among the ancients, the official catastrophe; the lyrical wailing of Heracles, his wrestling with his agony, and final victory; his calm review of his life — all this was far more celebrated. Such lyrical dialogues, in which the actor and Chorus sang alternately, were highly prized on the Greek stage, and are an almost universal feature in tragedy. To us the tragic irony of the earlier catastrophe is much more affecting.

If this noble play has in my opinion been underrated, we cannot complain of the esteem in which the next play, the 'Ædipus Rex,' is held; this is cited in Aristotle's 'Poetics' as a sort of ideal or canon play, and modern critics have been, I think, unanimous in placing it at the very summit of Greek

tragic art. Yet when first performed, the audience only awarded it the second prize. Can we find any reason for this curious variance of judgments? It is of course easy to say that momentary passions or prejudices may have misled the Athenians; that such a work could not be appreciated at first hearing; that we know not what undue favor towards a competitor, or momentary jealousy of Sophocles' fame, may have swayed a public as notoriously sensitive and fickle in temper as it was educated in taste. Such causes are possible, but must not be assumed in contradiction of all the traditions we possess which assert Sophocles to have been the darling of the Attic public. Admitting on the other hand that the critical taste of the public was very sensitive, and easily offended, we can find some reasons why in the present case Sophocles failed to win the first place. We are arguing without knowledge of the remaining plays of the group, and it is possible that these pieces were weak, so that the group as a whole was inferior in average to the group presented by Philocles.

But there are in the conditions presupposed in the opening scene more serious objections. In order to create a situation of exceptional horror, the poet has piled up improbabilities in the strangest way. *Œdipus*, a grown-up man, flying from the Delphic warning that he would slay his father and marry his mother, travels to Thebes. Though he had been led to doubt whether Polybus of Corinth was indeed his father, he meets and slays an old man who treated him roughly in a narrow road, and four attendants with him. When the oracle had just warned him, it should have been his first precaution not to kill men freely, seeing that his putative father's relation to him had been questioned. He comes to Thebes, which he finds in mourning; the king (*Laius*) having been murdered on his way to Delphi by a band of robbers, and the dreadful Sphinx with her riddles still persecuting the country. He gets rid of the Sphinx, and marries the widowed queen, without making any search for the murderers of his predecessor; though the very spot where he had been slain was well known. Moreover, the oracle seems to have taken no notice of the hideous mistake: he is prosperous and untouched by any presentiment of woe, until the four children which his mother bears to him are grown up. Then suddenly comes a great pestilence; and in consequence of this pestilence the oracle commands him to seek out by all means the murderers of *Laius*. *Tiresias* the seer, living at Thebes, is represented as knowing the truth from the beginning, and yet never attempting to prevent the marriage. Here then is a truly impossible combination of circumstances, and its absurdities make themselves felt all through the play.

Yet the manner in which the poet has worked out the catastrophe is beyond all praise. Given an earnest, able man in such a position as *Œdipus*, and setting himself to unravel the murder, we may grant that his moral blindness is such that he will not see the plainest indications of his own guilt; and that he first with zeal, then with obstinacy, follows out the threads of the

evidence, which closes round him and at last produces the awful catastrophe. The splendor of the dialogue is matched by that of the lyrical parts; and the Chorus assumes a dignified and independent as well as sympathetic attitude.

STROPHE I

Chorus. Oh, may my constant feet not fail,
 Walking in paths of righteousness,
 Sinless in word and deed —
 True to those eternal laws
 That scale forever the high steep
 Of heaven's pure ether, whence they sprang; —
 For only in Olympus is their home,
 Nor mortal wisdom gave them birth:
 And howsoe'er men may forget,
 They will not sleep;
 For the might of the god within them grows not old.

ANTISTROPHE I

Rooted in pride, the tyrant grows;
 But pride that with its own too-much
 Is rashly surfeited,
 Heeding not the prudent mean,
 Down the inevitable gulf
 From its high pinnacle is hurled,
 Where use of feet or foothold there is none.
 But, O kind gods, the noble strength
 That struggles for the State's behoof
 Unbend not yet:
 In the gods have I put my trust; I will not fear.

STROPHE II

But whoso walks disdainfully
 In act or word,
 And fears not Justice, nor reveres
 The thronèd gods —
 Him let misfortune slay
 For his ill-starred wantoning,
 Should he heap unrighteous gains,
 Nor from unhallowed paths withhold his feet,
 Or reach rash hands to pluck forbidden fruit.
 Who shall do this, and boast
 That yet his soul is proof

Against the arrows of offended Heaven?
 If honor crowns such deeds as these,
 Not song but silence, then, for me!

ANTISTROPHE II

To earth's dread center, unprofaned
 By mortal touch,
 No more with awe will I repair,
 Nor Abæ's shrine,
 Nor the Olympian plain,
 If the truth stands not confessed,
 Pointed at by all the world.
 O Zeus supreme, if rightly thou art called
 Lord over all, let not these things escape
 Thee and thy timeless sway!
 For now men set at naught
 Apollo's word, and cry, "Behold, it fails!"
 His praise is darkened with a doubt;
 And faith is sapped, and Heaven defied.

But the Providence which lies behind the action of the play is a cruel one. There is no reason in the character of *Œdipus* why he should be the victim of such miseries. He is throughout represented as a right-thinking man, doing his best, and ruined by the force of circumstance. The slaying of a stranger who insulted him and smote him on the head could not be considered as a crime that deserved extreme punishment. It was the mere retaliation which any heroic Greek would think perfectly justifiable. How far we are thus removed from the tragic problem of *Hamlet*, or even of *Antigone*, the reader will easily perceive. Perhaps the poet may have desired to teach the moral lesson much needed at sceptical Athens in his day — that the warnings of the gods are accomplished, and that the neglect of them is a crime which brings upon men punishments disproportionate to the apparent guilt of negligence. But is this a proper subject for a Greek tragedy? And is the iron grasp of Fate, which mocks all human effort, a moral subject for the stage?

Sweeter and more human in many respects is the '*Œdipus at Colonus*,' which ancient tradition and ancient critics unanimously placed at the end of the poet's life; nor will the arguments regarding its perfect diction and structure have much weight against the belief of literary readers from Cicero to our day, that its mildness, sadness, and weariness of life, speak the long experience and sober resignation of an old man at the close of his days.

The whole action revolves about the figure of *Œdipus*, who wanders old, beggared, and blind, supported by his daughters only, an exile from Thebes, into the grove of the dread Eumenides (Furies) at Colonus. The gentle and

affectionate Antigone in this play is a different character from the Antigone of the play of that name which we have already discussed. Œdipus himself is now worn and mellowed with suffering; he has recovered a certain dignity not only from his undeserved suffering, but from his person being declared by oracles to be of great value to those that possess it. Hence Creon, who had exiled him, comes to carry him home by force; his son Polynices comes to pray for his support to insure victory against the younger brother, who now holds the Theban throne. But the old man resists all attempts to persuade him. Theseus saves him from the violence of Creon, and rescues his daughters, who had been seized by Creon's attendants; and in gratitude to the King of Athens, Œdipus tells him the secret by which the throne of Athens is to be forever safe. Finally, in a splendid scene heralded by thunder and lightning, Œdipus passes into the grove to his mysterious death. The lamentations of the bereaved daughters, with responses from the Chorus, occupy a long musical scene at the close of the play.

To me this later 'Œdipus' seems the finest of all the extant plays; nor can we imagine, if it had indeed been composed in the poet's middle age, why its production should have been delayed till four years after his death, though we hear this on good authority. There is not only fine character-drawing in the play — Œdipus, Creon, Theseus, all very living and distinct — but there are tragic contrasts of the greatest subtlety. Thus the episode of Polynices, who turns aside from the invasion of his native land to entreat the support of Œdipus, is manifestly intended for such a contrast. Both father and son are approaching their fate: but the father, an innocent offender, shines out in the majesty of a glorious sunset; while the son, unfilial, selfish, and vindictive, only uses his punishment of exile to devise further crimes — his repentance for his unfilial conduct to his father is not genuine, and his heart is still poisoned with ambition and revenge, so that when stricken by his father's awful curse, he rushes in despair upon his doom. The scene is not without harshness: the old man's curses are like those of Lear, violent from his feeling of long impotence; but this flaw, if flaw it be, is redeemed by the majesty of his solemn translation to the nether world.

The treatment of the Chorus is marked by a curious inconsistency; for while they act and think as common old men of Colonus, their choral odes are those of the poet speaking for himself. In their conduct, they show the vulgarities of common life: they treat Œdipus, when they find him in the sacred grove, with rudeness, want of faith, unmannerly disgust, and indecent curiosity. They are only courteous and kind to him in the presence of Theseus, or when they have learned that it is to their interest to have him there. But when they sing their great interludes, the choral odes, they abandon all this and philosophize upon the action with a depth and beauty hardly equaled by any other lyrics in the Greek language.

STROPHE

Chorus. Beyond the common lot who lusts to live,
Nor sets a limit to desire,
Of me no doubtful word shall win —
A fool in love with foolishness.
Since long life hath in store for him to know
Full many things drawn nearer unto grief,
And gone from sight all pleasant things that were:
Till fallen on overmuch
Fulfilment of desire,
One only friend he sees can help —
A friend who shall come when dawns at last
The day that knows not bridal song
Nor lyre nor dance — that fatal day
Whose equal doom we all abide; —
Shall come kind Death, and make an end!

ANTISTROPHE

Not to be born is past disputing best:
And after this, his lot transcends,
Who, seen on earth for briefest while,
Thither returns from whence he came.
For with its fluttering follies all aswarm,
Who needs, while youth abides, go far afield
To heap vexation? What's the missing plague?
Slaughters are here, and strife,
Factions, and wars, and spite;
And still life's crowning ill's to bear —
Last scene of all, of all condemned:
Unfriended, uncompanioned Age,
When strength is gone, but grief remains,
And every evil that is named —
Evil of evil, grief of grief.
As now this man, not wretched I alone —
Lo, like some promontory northward set,
Wave-buffeted by all fierce winds that rave,
So buffet him, nor cease,
Poured on his helpless head,
All shattering billows of outrageous fate;
Some from the setting sun,
And from the rising some,
Some with the mid-noon beam,
Some from the starry shimmerings of the night.

We now come to a play which shows many contrasts to either 'Ædipus.' The 'Ajax' is perhaps the simplest in structure of all the extant dramas; but is not therefore to be assumed the earliest as some critics have done. To me it shows so much of the influence of Euripides, or perhaps we should rather say of the *dicastic* (litigious) habit of the Athenians of post-Periclean days, that I should place its production late in the poet's life. If a modern dramatist were asked to compose a play on such a subject — the madness of his hero from disappointed ambition, the carnage of flocks of sheep in mistake for his rivals and umpires, his return to sanity, his consequent despair and suicide, and a quarrel about his funeral — he would probably feel no small perplexity. Yet Sophocles has composed a justly famous character play upon the story, which he found in the so-called 'Little Iliad' of Lesches. There is no finer psychological picture than the awakening of Ajax from his lunacy, his intense shame, his firm resolve to endure life no longer, his harsh treatment of the tender and loving Tecmessa — the slave-mother of his boy — and yet his deep love for her and for his child. Even his suicide is brought upon the stage — contrary to the habit of the Greeks, who avoided such scenes, and put the recital of them in the mouth of a messenger; but then his dying speech is one of the most remarkable in all Greek tragedy. Not less splendid is that in which he gives his directions before going to meet his death.

Ajax. The long march of the innumerable hours
 Brings from the darkness all things to the birth,
 And all things born envelops in the night.
 What is there that it cannot? Strongest oaths
 Of men, and the untempered will, it bends:
 As I, who lately seemed so wondrous firm,
 See by this woman now my keen edge made —
 As steel by dipping — womanish and weak;
 So that it pities me among my foes
 To leave her widowed, fatherless my child.
 Now to the seaside meadows and the baths
 I go to purge away my stains, if so
 Athene's grievous wrath I may escape.
 And I must go and find some spot untrodden,
 And hide away this hated sword of mine,
 Burying it in the earth where none may see;
 Let night and Hades keep it underground.
 For from the day I took it in my hand,
 From Hector, from my enemy, a gift,
 Of Greeks I gat no honor any more;
 But soothly says the proverb that men use,
 Foes' gifts are no gifts — no, nor profitable.

Well — I shall know henceforth to bow to Heaven,
 And the Atreidæ study to revere:
 Men must obey their rulers. Nay, how else?
 Things most august and mightiest upon earth
 Bow to authority: the winter's storms,
 Dense with their driven snow, give place at last
 To fruitful summer; and night's weary round
 Passes, and dawn's white steeds light up the day;
 And blasts of angry winds let sleep again
 The groaning sea; and tyrannous sleep withal
 Holds not his prey, but looses whom he binds.
 Then shall not *we* learn wisdom, and submit?
 And I — this lesson I have learnt today:
 To hate my enemies so much and no more,
 As who shall yet be friends; and of a friend
 I'll bound my love and service with the thought,
 He's not my friend forever. For most men find
 A treacherous haven this of fellowship.
 But for these things it shall suffice; and thou,
 Woman, go in, and pray the gods that all
 My heart's desire may be fulfilled in full.
 And you, my comrades, honor me with her
 Thus praying, and bid Teucer when he comes
 Have care of me and all good-will to you.
 For I go hence whither I needs must go.
 Do ye my bidding; so shall ye hear perchance,
 That after all my troubles I am safe.

Then follows a brilliant *hyporcheme* or dancing ode, to Pan, in delight that Ajax has recovered his senses: —

Chorus. I tremble, I thrill with longing!
 With joy transported, I soar aloft!
 O Pan, Pan, Pan, appear!
 Come hither, tossed by the sea, O Pan,
 From Cyllene's rock-ridge, scourged with snow —
 The master in heaven of those that dance!
 And unpremeditated measures here,
 Nysian or Gnosian, fling with me!
 For now on dancing my heart is set,
 And far across the Icarian waters,
 Lord of Delos, Apollo, come;
 Come, plain to see, and partake my mirth —

Gracious and kind to the end as now!
 Lo, Ares the cloud has lifted;
 Despair and dread from our eyes are gone!
 Now, now, O Zeus, again
 May stainless light of a gracious day
 To our swift sea-cleaving ships come nigh;
 When Ajax his sorrow again forgets,
 And serves the gods with perfect piety,
 Pays them their rites and leaves out none.
 For all things ever the strong hours quench;
 And naught, I'll say, is too hard for saying;
 Now when Ajax, so past all hope,
 Against the Atreidæ unbends his pride —
 Rage and defiance outbreathes no more.

He is for one day, we hear presently from his mother, under the anger of Athene; and if he can weather that day he will be safe. This gives a peculiar pathos to the play, when we reflect how nearly a noble life was saved. But the anger of Athene is hardly justified, beyond the consideration that the gods rule as they please; and here the goddess is shown with those hard and cruel features which we find in Homer's picture. The Ajax of Sophocles, on the other hand, is far more refined than the Homeric prototype. He feels himself unjustly treated, and carries the spectator's sympathy wholly with him. The wrangle about his funeral honors between his brother Teucer, who arrives but a moment too late to save him, and the vulgar and heartless Agamemnon and Menelaus, is so disagreeable that we have constantly to remind ourselves of the Attic love of argument, of dispute, of casuistry, to tolerate this part of the drama. Odysseus (Ulysses) for once comes in as the peacemaker; the generous foe, who can respect and honor his fallen enemy. But then he has obtained all his desire — the easiest moment to be generous. A word must be reserved for Tecmessa; one of the most attractive women in Sophocles. She is one of those slave-wives whom the heroes of the Iliad kept in camp to solace their long absence from home. She had passed from the estate of a princess to be the slave mistress of her lord. But she fulfils all her enforced duties with loyalty and tenderness, and with great and womanly affection for both Ajax and his child. She is indeed in many respects as tragic a figure as Ajax; for her disasters have all come upon her without any fault of her own, and in spite of her innocence and loyalty.

Tecmessa. O my lord Ajax, of all things most hard,
 Hardest is slavery for men to bear.
 And I was daughter of a sire freeborn —
 No Phrygian mightier, wealthier none than he;

But now I am a slave. For so the gods,
 And so thine arm, had willed it. Therefore now —
 For I am thine, thy wife, and wish thee well —
 I charge thee now by Zeus who guards thy hearth,
 And by that couch of thine which I have shared —
 Condemn me not, given over to their hands,
 To bear the cruel gibes thy foes shall fling.
 Bethink thee, on that day when thou shalt die,
 And by that death divorce me, violent hands
 On me the Greeks will lay, and we shall live
 Henceforth the life of slaves, thy child and I.
 And then at me shall some one of my lords
 Shoot out sharp words, "Lo ye, the concubine
 Of Ajax, who was strongest of the Greeks —
 Fallen from what pride, unto what service bound!"
 So they will talk. And me such fate will plague;
 But shame such talk imports to thee and thine.
 Nay, but have pity, and leave not thou thy sire,
 So old, so grieved; pity thy mother too,
 Portioned with many years, who night and day
 Prays to the gods to bring thee home alive;
 And have compassion on thy boy, O prince! —
 Think, should he live, poor child, forlorn of thee,
 By unkind guardians of kind care deprived,
 What wrong thy death will do to him and me:
 Nothing have I to look to any more,
 When thou art gone. Thy spear laid waste my home;
 My mother too and father, Fate withal
 Brought low, in the dark house of death to dwell.
 What home then shall I find instead of thee —
 What wealth? My life hangs utterly on thee.

The 'Philoctetes' is the last of our series, till some fortunate chance, in Egypt or elsewhere, restores to us another of these masterpieces. We know it to have been composed very late in the poet's life; and yet, though it shows everywhere the influence of his great rival Euripides, in this remarkable play there is no evidence of any weakening of Sophocles' genius, though some critics pretend to see it.

At all events, the 'Philoctetes' is a very remarkable specimen of the work of Sophocles. It is essentially a character play, in which the action of the gods only comes in to thwart and spoil a plot made great by human suffering and human constancy; and yet though a character play, it is the solitary example we have, among the extant remains of the poet, in which there is no woman

brought on the stage. Ingenious people may here find a mute antagonism to the habit of Euripides, who never draws a great man, but sets all the sympathies of the audience upon the grandeur of his heroines. In the play now before us the principal character is ennobled partly by his long suffering, partly by his strong will and determination that he will in no way yield to his enemies, or help them in their designs.

He had been abandoned at Lemnos by the sons of Atreus and by Ulysses, on their way to Troy, because of his loathsome wound and his wearisome lamentations. Now they find through an oracle that after ten years' war the city cannot be taken unless the wounded hero of his own accord accompanies them, bringing with him the famous bow and arrow of Heracles, which he possesses. The plots of Ulysses to obtain this result, and their repeated failure, till Heracles descends from heaven and commands Philoctetes to change his resolve — these are moments of the play. The appearance of Heracles as a *deus ex machina* is however a mere appendix, thrown in to satisfy the requirements of the popular legend which held that the hero did go to Troy, and so cause the oracles to be positively accomplished.

Ulysses, the principal agent, though not the chief actor in the play, sets in motion those subtle plots which to the Greek were perfectly lawful and even admirable, while to us they savor of meanness and fraud. He suborns the young and gallant Neoptolemus to land at the island, and pretend that he too had been summoned to Troy and then insulted by the leaders of the host; that he is therefore on his way home in anger and disgust. This leads to sympathetic discourse with Philoctetes, who entreats Neoptolemus to bring him home, and intrusts him with the precious bow and arrows when seized with one of his paroxysms which ends in a deep sleep. The Chorus of sailors, who as usual represent the mean side of Greek character, propose that Neoptolemus should decamp with the bow and arrows. The fact that the hero's own presence and consent were necessary is kept in the background; and the first difficulty arises from the loyal nature of Neoptolemus, who has had misgivings from the beginning, and has been persuaded too easily to adopt the crooked policy of Ulysses, but who will not now desert his suffering friend, nor yet take him on board by fraud. So when he discloses his real intentions to Philoctetes, he meets with a storm of protest, of adjuration and appeal from the outcast hero, but not a sign of submission. Ulysses, who comes in, threatens force; he proposes to carry off the bow and leave the wretched man helpless and defenseless on the island; he makes all preparations for departure: when Neoptolemus tries the only remaining argument. He returns conscience-smitten with the bow and arrows and restores them to their owner, in spite of the anxious protest of Ulysses, who knows that his own life now hangs upon a thread. But Neoptolemus holds the hand that would draw the bow and slay his enemy, and appeals to Philoctetes on the ground of friendship and of generosity to yield and return with him to Troy. But here

he meets with an equally stubborn resistance; and, vanquished by the vanquished man, he has submitted, and is going to bring Philoctetes to his home at Trachis, when the divine command of Heracles prevents this violation of the current story, and the conflict is ended by the submission of Philoctetes.

Such is the skeleton of the drama; but this skeleton is enriched by the accessories which a true poet adds to his argument. The picturesque features of the island, the voice of nature which threatened and which solaced the lonely man, the birds and beasts that were his companions and his prey — these are ever present to the hero in his lamentations and his prayers. No doubt the poet knew well this island, which was, like Imbros, a peculiar property of the Athenians for a great part of its history. It lies not far from the Trojan coast, surrounded by splendid historic lands: the giant Samothrace, the still more gigantic Athos, from whose peak I have looked upon Lemnos and thought of the many legends that cluster about that rugged island. And now, after long centuries of cultivation, piracy and misgovernment have reduced it again to the very condition described by Sophocles: lonely uplands, waste and thicket replacing the labors of men.

Sophocles was not, however, free from faults in style. He himself, in a curious sentence reported by Plutarch, says that he had three styles: first, the grand eloquence of Æschylus, which he had shaken off early; then the harsh and artificial style of his next epoch — features well known to us in contemporary writers, such as Thucydides; lastly he had adopted the style which was best for painting character, and therefore the fittest for his purpose. We can still trace some of the harshness of which he speaks in the earlier extant plays. The opening speech in the 'Antigone,' for example, is contorted and difficult in style, and is by no means exceptional in this quality. Some of the choral odes seem to use constructions which we can hardly call Greek; and if it be urged that in these cases corruption of the text has altered the poet's words, it must have been a very early corruption, and such is not likely unless the original was really obscure. We know also from the great number of strange words cited from his lost plays by early grammarians that his vocabulary must have been not easy and natural, like that of Euripides, but artificial and recondite. This love of erudite words seems to have been as strong in Sophocles as it was in Shakespeare.

But if he allowed himself liberty in the choice of words and was sometimes daring in his syntax, no great poet was ever more conservative in his art. It is to us an ever-recurring source of wonder, how a great poet, born in a particular generation, writing for a special public, hampered by all the conventionalities of his age, nevertheless not only rises above all these transitory circumstances and seizes the great and permanent features of human nature, but even frequently turns his shackles into a new source of beauty. Some of the greatest felicities in poetry have been the direct result of the curbs of meter or of rhyme.

Nothing can be imagined more artificial than the Greek stage, nothing upon that stage more artificial than tragedy as determined by his predecessors. The subjects to be treated were limited to the Greek legends; legends familiar to the audience, and not admitting of any great liberties in treatment. The actors were padded out and masked, so that all delicate acting was impossible, and slow declamation was the law of the stage. The importance of the Chorus and its traditional primacy in the earliest plays determined the musical character of Greek tragedy; which may best be compared to a modern oratorio, acted on the stage. Thus the poet must not only write dramatic verse, he must be a lyric poet; nay more, we are told that he must compose the music for his odes. Even these set pieces, like our musical interludes, were not enough for the requirements of the drama: there were lyrical monodies, or dialogues between the actor and the Chorus, which required in the actor — in early days the poet himself — proficiency in singing. All these conditions were satisfied by Sophocles in his day. But what marks his world-position is this: though the music is lost; though the stage as he knew it is gone forever; though nothing remains to us but the text, in meters which do not speak easily to modern ears — still these plays, stripped of all the accessories which made them splendid in their day of performance, transcribed with ignorance and defaced by time, move every modern heart; stimulate every modern poet; stand forth in their imperishable majesty, like the ruined Parthenon, unapproachable in their essential perfection.

What an age was this, when the builders of the Parthenon and the authors of tragedy met and discussed the principles of their art! The lofty Pericles was there, the genial Herodotus, the brilliant Aristophanes, the homely Socrates, all contributing to form an atmosphere in which no poor or unreal art could last for a day. But artificial they all were, except Socrates; though the artifice was only the vehicle for great ideas, for the loftiest ideals. Hence the changes of custom, and even of traditions, have not marred the eternal greatness of Sophocles' tragedies. Sufferers such as Ajax, Philoctetes, Œdipus, will ever command the deepest human pity; martyrs such as Antigone, the purest admiration. To paraphrase the words of Aristotle, Sophocles purifies the affections of pity and awe in the hearts of his audience by representing to them ideal men and women suffering huge misfortunes; broken it may be on the wheel of fortune, but not vanquished, because their heroic will is invincible.

In theology Sophocles was a conservative; he did not venture, like Euripides, to quarrel with the current myths and to question the morality of the current creeds. But even as every sound modern moralist holds that in this world the ideal of life and conduct is far higher than the average specimens we meet in ordinary society — so Sophocles was convinced that there was a Divine justice, far higher and purer than the lives and characters of the several gods as represented in Homer and the Epic Cycle. While therefore he

does not alter the hard features of the Greek gods, or justify their jealousy and vindictiveness, he frequently asserts a very different and a far higher government of the world.

Such being the highest feature in the poet's philosophy, we may place next to it his admirable knowledge and portraiture of human character. The gallery of his heroes and heroines is like the gallery of a great painter's works, which gives us imperishable types. He takes but little care about his villains: his tyrants were not drawn from life, and his only erring queen — Clytemnestra — is not very interesting compared to the Clytemnestra of Æschylus. But his heroines are as great as those of Euripides; his heroes are far greater; and his whole stage is more human than that of Æschylus.


Apart from the matter is the style; and in artistic work the style or form is of equal if not of greater importance. It is through style that any writer or age of writers becomes a model for succeeding generations. The Greek language of the Attic age, used by its greatest masters, is a vehicle of expression so perfect both in its strength and its delicacy, that all versions in other tongues seem tame and bald to those who can read the poet's own words. It is this peerless perfection in Greek style, not only in the art of composition, but in the plastic arts, which has kept Greek studies alive as the very essence of any thorough modern culture. Nor is it likely that a time will ever come when future generations will have made such advances in art that the Œdipus of Sophocles, the Hermes of Praxiteles, the temples on the Acropolis at Athens, will be superseded by greater models.

J. P. MAHAFFY

TEIRESIAS ACCUSES ŒDIPUS

From 'Œdipus the King'

[*Enter Teiresias, blind, and guided by a boy.*]


 EDIPUS. Teiresias! thou whose mind embraceth all,
 Told or untold, of heaven or paths of earth;
 Thou knowest, although thou see'st not, what a pest
 Dwells on us, and we find in thee, O prince,
 Our one deliverer, yea, our only help.
 For Phæbos (if the couriers told thee not)
 Sent back this word to us, who sent to ask,
 That this one way was open to escape
 From this fell plague — if those who Laios slew,
 We in our turn discovering should slay,
 Or drive them forth as exiles from the land.

Thou, therefore, grudge not either sign from birds,
 Or any other path of prophecy;
 But save the city, save thyself, save me;
 Save from the curse the dead has left behind;
 On thee we hang. To use our means, our power,
 In doing good, is noblest service owned.

Teiresias. Ah me! ah me! how dread is wisdom's gift,
 When no good issue waiteth on the wise!
 I knew it all too well, and then forgot,
 Or else I had not on this journey come.

Ædipus. What means this? How despondingly thou com'st!

Teiresias. Let me go home! for thus thy lot shalt thou
 And I mine own, bear easiest, if thou yield.

Ædipus. No loyal words thou speak'st, nor true to Thebes
 Who reared thee, holding back this oracle.

Teiresias. I see thy lips speak words that profit not:
 And lest I too a like fault should commit . . .

Ædipus. Now, by the gods, unless thy reason fails,
 Refuse us not, who all implore thy help.

Teiresias. Ah! Reason fails you all, but ne'er will I
 Say what thou bidd'st, lest I thy troubles show.

Ædipus. What mean'st thou, then? Thou know'st and wilt not tell,
 But wilt betray us, and the state destroy?

Teiresias. I will not pain myself nor thee. Why, then,
 All vainly question? Thou shalt never know.

Ædipus. Oh, basest of the base! (for thou would'st stir
 A heart of stone;) and wilt thou never tell,
 But still abide relentless and unmoved?

Teiresias. My mood thou blamest, but thou dost not know
 What dwelleth with thee while thou chidest me.

Ædipus. And who would not feel anger, hearing words
 Like those with which thou dost the state insult?

Teiresias. Well! come they will, though I should hold my peace.

Ædipus. If come they must, thy duty is to speak.

Teiresias. I speak no more. So, if thou wilt, rage on,
 With every mood of wrath most desperate.

Ædipus. Yes; I will not refrain, so fierce my wrath,
 From speaking all my thought. I think that thou
 Did'st plot the deed, and do it, though the blow
 Thy hands, it may be, dealt not. Had'st thou seen,
 I would have said it was thy deed alone.

Teiresias. And has it come to this? I charge thee, hold
 To thy late edict, and from this day forth

Speak not to me, nor yet to these, for thou,
Thou art the accursèd plague-spot of the land.

Œdipus. Art thou so shameless as to vent such words,
And dost thou think to 'scape scot-free for this?

Teiresias. I have escaped. The strength of truth is mine.

Œdipus. Who prompted thee? This comes not from thine art.

Teiresias. 'Twas thou. Thou mad'st me speak against my will.

Œdipus. What say'st thou? Speak again, that I may know.

Teiresias. Did'st thou not know before? Or dost thou try me?

Œdipus. I could not say I knew it. Speak again.

Teiresias. I say thou art the murderer whom thou seek'st.

Œdipus. Thou shalt not twice revile, and go unharmed.

Teiresias. And shall I tell thee more to stir thy rage?

Œdipus. Say what thou pleasest. 'Twill be said in vain.

Teiresias. I say that thou, in vilest intercourse
With those that dearest are, dost blindly live,
Nor see'st the depth of evil thou hast reached.

Œdipus. And dost thou think to say these things unscathed?

Teiresias. I doubt it not, if truth retain her might.

Œdipus. That might is not for thee; thou can'st not claim it,
Blind in thine ears, thy reason, and thine eyes.

Teiresias. How wretched thou, thus hurling this reproach!
Such, all too soon, will all men hurl at thee.

Œdipus. In one long night thou liv'st, and can'st not hurt,
Or me, or any man who sees the light.

Teiresias. 'Tis not thy doom to owe thy fall to me;
Apollo is enough, be His the task.

ŒDIPUS TELLS WHY HE HAS BLINDED HIMSELF

From 'Œdipus the King'

Œdipus. Persuade me not, nor counsel give to show
That what I did was not the best to do.
I know not with what eyes, in Hades dark,
To look on mine own father or my mother,
When I against them both, alas! have done
Deeds for which strangling were too light a doom.
My children's face, forsooth, was sweet to see,
Their birth being what it was; nay, nay, not so
To these mine eyes, nor yet this town, no tower,
Nor sacred shrines of gods whence I, who stood

Most honored one in Thebes, myself have banished,
 Commanding all to thrust the godless forth,
 Him whom the Gods do show accursed, the stock
 Of Laios old. And could I dare to look,
 Such dire pollution fixing on myself,
 And meet these face to face? Not so, not so,
 Yea, if I could but stop the stream of sound,
 And dam mine ears against it, I would do it,
 Sealing my carcass vile, that I might live
 Both blind, and hearing nothing. Sweet 'twould be
 To keep my soul beyond the reach of ills.
 Why, O Kithæron, did'st thou shelter me,
 Nor kill me out of hand? I had not shown,
 In that case, all men whence I drew my birth.
 O Polybos, and Corinth, and the home
 Of old called mine, how strange a growth ye reared,
 All fair outside, all rotted at the core;
 For vile I stand, descended from the vile.
 Ye threefold roads and thickets half concealed,
 The copse, the narrow path where three ways meet,
 Which at my hands did drink my father's blood,
 Remember ye, what deeds I did in you,
 What, hither come, I did? — O marriage rites
 That gave me birth, and, having borne me, gave
 To me in turn an offspring, and ye showed
 Fathers, and sons, and brothers, all in one;
 Mothers, and wives, and daughters, hateful names,
 All foulest deeds that men have ever done.
 But, since, where deeds are evil, speech is wrong,
 With utmost speed, by all the gods, or slay me,
 Or drive me forth, or hide me in the sea,
 Where never more your eyes may look on me.
 Come, scorn ye not to touch a wretch like me,
 But hearken; fear ye not; no soul save me
 Can bear the burden of my countless ills.

Translated by E. H. Plumptre

EURIPIDES

EURIPIDES, latest in age and perhaps last in rank of the three tragic poets of Athens, was said to have been born on Salamis, during the decisive battle for freedom, when his mother, like the homeless folk of Attica generally, was in temporary exile upon the little island. This legend was at least an artistic invention, since Æschylus shared in the sea fight, and Sophocles, as a beautiful stripling, led the band of boys who danced about the trophy of victory.

The supremacy of these three is no accident of survival. When news of Euripides' death reached Athens, Sophocles bade his chorus appear in mourning for him; and a few months later, when Sophocles too had died, Aristophanes, in his comedy the 'Frogs,' makes the god Dionysus follow them to the underworld, and beg Pluto to restore to earth one dramatist worthy to grace the annual contest at his festival. This testimony from the lifelong enemy and ridiculer of Euripides is borne out by all the evidence we have.

He was probably of good Attic stock, the stories of his parents' poverty being inventions of the comic poets. He was one of the first to collect a large library. He was carefully educated—at first as an athlete, from a misunderstanding of an oracle to the effect that he was to "win prizes in contests." He also developed youthful skill, like his friend Socrates, as an artist. At twenty-five he first obtained the honor of competing as one of the three chosen tragic poets at the Dionysia. All these facts point to good social rank.

He did not, however, like the youthful Sophocles, win at once the popular heart. At his first venture he was placed last. He secured highest honors not once until fourteen years later, and only five times altogether. Yet toward the end of his life, and after his death, his influence, not merely in Athens but throughout Greek lands, was unrivaled. It is no accident that seven dramas of Æschylus, seven of Sophocles, *nineteen* of Euripides, have been preserved for us. Euripides is said to have composed twenty-three tetralogies, ninety-two dramas! Each play was doubtless an independent and complete work of art, so that the number is indeed surprising.

No worthy successors to this trio ever arose. The three and their now forgotten rivals filled the fifth century B.C. with their splendor. The *likeness* of them all should strike a modern student, rather than their differences. All their plays graced the greatest state festival and were a part of the popular religious ceremonial. All save Æschylus' 'Persians' represent a remote heroic age. The characters are chiefly gods or the offspring of gods. The vain

struggle of man against Fate is always a motive, usually the chief motive of the tale. As to outward form, the chorus remains to the end the central feature, though its importance is steadily lessened. The small number of actors, the stiffness of mask and buskin, the simple stage setting, the avoidance of violent or confused action, continued apparently little modified.

Still, there has been a very general conviction in ancient and modern times, first uttered effectively by Aristophanes, that Euripides was a radical innovator. Of course this is necessarily true in some degree of any original creative artist. But the question goes much deeper.

The generation that saw the terrific invading host of Xerxes melt away like a dream, and Athens arise from her ashes to become queen of the Ægean and the foremost state in the Greek world, could hardly escape a fervent belief in divine guidance of all earthly affairs. Æschylus, himself a Marathonian warrior, probably stamped upon tragedy much of his own intensely religious nature. His characters seem almost helpless in the grip of stern but just Fate.

In Sophocles the gods are rarely seen on the stage. Man is subject indeed to their rule, but he usually works out his own doom of ill or happiness by ways not inscrutable. In the prosperous period of Cimon and Pericles which formed his early maturity, Athens doubtless felt herself quite capable of accomplishing her own destiny. Pericles and the enlightened circle about him probably troubled themselves very little — beyond judicious outward conformity — with the traditional religion. To many admiring readers, Sophocles seems cold. His 'Electra' best illustrates what we cannot here discuss. His conformity to Æschylean theology seems usually a mere artistic utterance of his own rather vague optimism.

Euripides lived through the same period also. But he was not so harmonious and happy a nature. The pathos of human life, the capriciousness of destiny, distressed and perplexed him. This may not have been so largely true of his earlier work. We have only one play (the 'Alcestis') previous to his fiftieth year. At that very time began the great national tragedy of the Peloponnesian War, destined to end in the utter humiliation of imperial Athens. The plague, and the death of Pericles, made even the beginnings of the great strife seem tragic. The appalling disaster in Sicily foreshadowed the end, and indeed made it inevitable long years before it came. It is not strange if the favorite Athenian poet of that darkening day often doubted the divine wisdom — felt a strife, which his art could not reconcile, between man and Providence.

Whatever the reason, the gods do take again a prominent share in Euripidean as in Æschylean drama; but they often act from less noble motives than the human characters. It has been maintained, even, that Euripides made it his lifelong purpose to undermine and destroy any belief in the real existence of Zeus and Apollo, Pallas Athene, and all their kin; that he was

an aggressive agnostic, using the forms of the traditional gods only to show their helplessness, their imbecility, their impossibility. But surely the generation that slew Socrates for "introducing strange gods and not honoring those of the state" would have detected and resented any such flagrant misuse of the holy place and day. Many of the pessimistic outbursts often cited as Euripides' own are uttered *in character* by his sufferers and sinners, and are mere half-conscious cries of distress or protest. His dramatic power was not always sufficient to recast the old myths in an ethical form which satisfied him. He knew men and women thoroughly, loved them, found them heroic, generous, noble — and he so painted them. The gods, whom he did not know, fared worse at his hands. Often one is introduced in spectacular fashion at the close, to cut the knot which the poet had failed to untie in the natural course of his plot. In general, Euripides seems distinctly inferior to his two masters, in construction and in plot. The world is still laughing, with Aristophanes, at Euripides' long narrative prologues. His messengers' speeches, fine as they are, seem almost epic in their lengthy descriptions of what we have not seen.

On the other hand, in romantic lyric, in connected picturesque description, in pathos, in sympathy with elemental human feeling, Euripides has no Attic rival. His women, his slaves, his humbler characters generally, are evidently drawn with especial tenderness. He is perhaps so far a "realist" in his art, that he should not have been restricted to the stately figures of the national myths. Much of his work seems more fitted to frankly contemporaneous drama. He is drawing men and women whom he has known, and should be allowed to say so. His fussy old nurse in the 'Hippolytus,' his homely rustic husband of 'Electra,' certainly cannot be set upon a pedestal.

But should a work of dramatic art be set upon any pedestal at all? Should not the dramatist, rather, hold the mirror up to nature, bid living men and women walk and talk before us? It is in part the old antagonism of Idealism, or Classicism, against Realism, that has raged so long about the name of Euripides. There is much to be said on both sides; but certainly Euripides is, for us, the most important of the Attic dramatists. He influenced more than any other the later course of his art; hastened the fusion of tragedy and comedy in the comedy of manners of Menander and Philemon; dominated the Roman stage, and through it, modern dramatic art.

His claim to be a great ethical teacher cannot be successfully disputed. Whatever we may think of his divinities, the world is not the worse but better (as Browning puts it) —

Because Euripides shrank not to teach,
If gods be strong and wicked, man, though weak,
May prove their match by willing to be good.

Primarily, however, he is a poet. His pictures are vivid, his characters are alive; they speak in their own voice, and are a part of the mimic scene. There are indeed instants when we hear, beyond or through them, a sigh from the poet's own soul; the cry of a perplexed truth-seeker in an age of doubt and discouragement. Thus, when Menelaus promises to punish Helen for her guilt, there is no adequate dramatic reason for Hecuba's apostrophe: —

O Thou
That bearest earth, thyself by earth upborne,
Whoe'er thou art, hard for our powers to guess,
Or Zeus, or Nature's law, or mind of man —
To thee I pray, for all the things of earth
In right thou guidest on thy noiseless way.

Such passages are not rare, especially in choral odes, where the poet often seeks to utter the general belief or feeling of mankind as it appears to himself. It is never perfectly safe to ascribe them to Euripides the man, least of all when quoting from a lost play, where the very sentiment preserved may have been signally refuted.

As we associate Æschylus first of all with the suffering Titan Prometheus, and Sophocles with the stately figure of an Œdipus or an Antigone, proudly facing the blows of fate with human courage, so the pathetic tale of 'Hippolytus' is the most characteristic Euripidean study. Here, for the first time, the passion of love is made the central motive of a great poem. Here, too, every human character is fearless in life and in death, while the gods are vindictive, and ignoble. It is the very play on which Aristophanes lavished his biting wit and ridicule. It was performed in 428 B.C., and appealed to the audience as an Attic myth, centered about their great legendary king Theseus, who is, however, not a leading character.

A madder system of superhuman government, surely, was never outlined, even in Aristophanes' own realm of Cloud-cuckooville. But these divinities, after all, merely supply a spectacular tableau at the beginning and end — and the pathetic elegiac motive. Their appearance clears Phædra, Hippolytus, even Theseus, of all fault.

The nobler tone appears in the splendid courage displayed by men and women; even by the messenger who tells the prince's mishaps, and faces fearlessly the unforgiving sire: —

I am a slave within thy house, O King,
But this at least I never will believe,
That he, thy son, was guilty: not although
The whole of womankind go hang themselves,
And with their letters fill the pines that grow
On Ida!

Throughout the play there are fresh glimpses of outdoor life, fragrant breezes blown from glen and sea; strange far-off visions of enchantment arise at the magician's call. And yet again, Phædra's plea for death to destroy the mad desire that horrifies her, the youthful athlete's piteous plea to his frenzied steeds as they trample upon him — these are realism of the noblest kind. And all these varied pictures are included in a play not fifteen hundred lines in length! Racine's 'Phèdre' is much longer, and far less effective.

Better known, and simpler in its plot, is Euripides' earliest extant play, the 'Alcestis.' The dying Alcestis is one of the most noble and pathetic figures in literature. The play became popular at once, for Alcestis' words are parodied by Aristophanes. Milton felt its power, as a famous sonnet reveals. Browning has made it the center of his great imaginative poem, 'Balaustion's Adventure.' This character alone should secure Euripides from the epithet of "woman-hater," first cast at him by the most audacious scoffer at women who ever lived.

There are cruel and wicked women in Euripides, though none approaches Æschylus' Clytemnestra. The most terrible of them is Medea, who murders her own children to punish their unfaithful father, Jason the Argonaut. Even her action is adequately justified, in a dramatic sense. It is made quite credible that a wronged woman, with the blood of gods and savages in her veins, should do the deeds she dares. The ethical question hardly comes up at all. The capital fault of the play is, that we have no adequate reward for all the horrors we have undergone. Medea is promised refuge in Athens, and the innocent Corinthians are bidden to atone for her deeds. In truth, Medea is in earlier forms of the myth merely sinned against. Euripides' love of striking contrasts often tempted him into making a seemingly defenseless woman's hand deal the decisive stroke of fate.

So in the 'Hecuba,' the Trojan queen, dethroned, enslaved, bereft of all her dearest ones, strikes an unexpected and deadly blow at the cruel Thracian king who for love of gold has murdered his guest, her young son Polydorus. Agamemnon, who fights for just revenge, or slays the innocent only at superhuman command, is made the half-willing tool of her imperial vengeance.

This tale may remind us that more than half the extant plays, and many others known by titles and scanty fragments, dealt with characters from the Homeric poems. The great tragedians wisely avoided the scenes immortalized in *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, seizing by preference on earlier or later episodes in the same storm-tossed lives.

The most curious illustration of this is the 'Helena.' After utilizing Menelaus' faithless queen as an ignoble and much-berated character in several plays, Euripides gives her the title rôle in a drama intended to rescue her character. It is but a wraith that Paris has wooed and defended for

twenty years. Happier than the many heroes who perish in her defense, she herself has been living safe and innocent all these years, under enchantment, in Egypt, the abode of mystery. Here Menelaus, sailing homeward triumphant with the *Eidolon*, is made doubly happy by receiving a stainless Helen once more. This strange myth, if we can accept it, at least effaces in some degree our indignant sense of injustice, aroused when the ageless daughter of Zeus appears in the *Odyssey* happily reigning once more over a contented people and an uxorious husband. But Helen, the immortal ideal of beauty, should not be judged, I suppose, by anything so narrow and puritanical as an ethical standard!

Among Euripides' happiest works is the Tauric 'Iphigenia.' The untragic ending of this Greek play is by no means rare on the Attic stage. A certain spirit of reconciliation seems to have been demanded for a closing scene. At the end of his life Euripides returned to this myth, to depict the earlier scene of sacrifice at Aulis. The play seems to have been left unfinished, and many lines have been added by a weaker hand. Still, the fearless princess, facing death cheerfully for the honor of her people, is a most pathetic figure, and was used with thrilling effect in the Harvard anniversary oration of James Russell Lowell, who compared to her the glad young martyrs of the Civil War. The return of the poet to a theme already used in an earlier year doubtless illustrated the narrow range of myths acceptable to his audience. So all the great three wrote on Phædra and Hippolytus, on Electra and Orestes, on Philoctetes and his bow. The courageous surrender of life at the altar, or under similar conditions, is repeated in a number of plays, and may remind us of the startling truth that human sacrifice was not unknown, even in the most enlightened age of historical Hellas. Polyxena, in the 'Hecuba,' is more forlorn than Iphigenia, since she actually perishes at a foeman's hand, and without the faintest hope of saving her mother and sisters from slavery, much less of restoring her native city from its ashes. The poet who created such noble and inspiring types of women deserves the eternal gratitude of all who love and honor heroic wives and mothers.

It is not possible to discuss here all the nineteen Euripidean plays. We will only mention further the 'Bacchæ.' It was written near the close of the century, when the poet was living in voluntary exile, as the honored guest of Archelaus the Macedonian monarch. Those who regard Euripides as a heretic and a sceptic sometimes consider this play as a sort of death-bed recantation. Certainly the divine power of Semele's child is revealed by a terrific vengeance on those of his own kin who had denied and persecuted him. The play is badly mutilated in the MSS.; its ethical tone is low, and the chief interest centers upon the splendid choral odes in Dionysus' honor. Out of such odes, as is well known, drama took its rise. It is curious that from this one late tragedy alone, if we except the recently found songs of

Bacchylides, we must form our conception of the early dithyramb. More than other arts, literature as a rule survives in its maturer forms only, and rarely affords us adequate materials for studying its development. Here, as in other fields of Greek literature, we must say that chance, or Providence, has preserved a mere handful out of a whole library of scrolls; but these are, in the main, the masterpieces of the greatest masters.

WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

CHORAL SONG FROM THE 'BACCHÆ'

ON the mountains wild 'tis sweet
 When faint with rapid dance our feet,
 Our limbs on earth all careless thrown
 With the sacred fawn-skins strown,
 To quaff the goat's delicious blood,
 A strange, a rich, a savage food.
 Then off again the revel goes
 O'er Phrygian, Lydian mountain brows;
 Evoë! Evoë! leads the road,
 Bacchus' self the maddening god!
 And flows with milk the plain, and flows with wine,
 Flows with the wild bees' nectar-dews divine;
 And soars, like smoke, the Syrian incense pale —
 The while the frantic Bacchanal
 The beaconing pine torch on her wand
 Whirls around with rapid hand,
 And drives the wandering dance about,
 Beating time with joyous shout,
 And casts upon the breezy air
 All her rich luxuriant hair;
 Ever the burthen of her song: —
 "Raging, maddening, haste along,
 Bacchus' daughters, ye the pride
 Of golden Tmolus' fabled side;
 While your heavy cymbals ring,
 Still you 'Evoë! Evoë!' sing!"
 Evoë! Evian god rejoices
 In Phrygian tones and Phrygian voices,
 When the soft holy pipe is breathing sweet,
 In notes harmonious to her feet,

Who to the mountain, to the mountain speeds;
 Like some young colt that by its mother feeds,
 Gladsome with many a frisking bound,
 The Bacchanal goes forth and treads the echoing ground.

Translated by H. H. Milman

ION'S SONG

[The boy Ion is in charge of the temple at Delphi, and his duties include driving away the birds.]

BEHOLD! behold!
 Now they come, they quit the nest
 On Parnassus' topmost crest.
 Hence! away! I warn ye all!
 Light not on our hallowed wall!
 From eave and cornice keep aloof,
 And from the golden gleaming roof!
 Herald of Jove! of birds the king!
 Fierce of talon, strong of wing —
 Hence! begone! or thou shalt know
 The terrors of this deadly bow.
 Lo! where rich the altar fumes,
 Soars yon swan on oary plumes.
 Hence, and quiver in thy flight
 Thy foot that gleams with purple light,
 Even though Phœbus' harp rejoice
 To mingle with thy tuneful voice;
 Far away thy white wings shake
 O'er the silver Delian lake.
 Hence! obey! or end in blood
 The music of thy sweet-voiced ode.

Away! away! another stoops!
 Down his flagging pinion droops;
 Shall our marble eaves be hung
 With straw nests for your callow young?
 Hence, or dread this twanging bow,
 Hence, where Alpheus' waters flow;
 Or the Isthmian groves among
 Go and rear your nestling young.

Hence, nor dare pollute or stain
Phœbus' offerings, Phœbus' fane.
Yet I feel a sacred dread,
Lest your scattered plumes I shed;
Holy birds! 'tis yours to show
Heaven's auguries to men below.

Translated by H. H. Milman

SONGS FROM THE 'HIPPOLYTUS'

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I

EROS, Eros, thou whose eyes with longing
Overflow; who sweet delight
Bringest to the soul thou stormest,
Come not, prithee, sorrow-laden,
Nor too mighty, unto me!
Neither flaming fire is stronger,
Nor the splendor of the stars,
Than the shaft of Aphrodite,
Darting from the hands of Eros,
Who is child of Zeus supreme.
Vainly, vainly, by the stream Alpheios,
Or in Phoibos' Pythian fane,
Hellas heaps the slaughtered oxen!
Eros, of mankind the tyrant,
Holder of the key that locks
Aphrodite's dearest chambers,
Is not honored in our prayers,
Though he comes as the destroyer,
Bringing uttermost disaster
Unto mortals, when he comes.

II

Oh, for some retreat afar sequestered!
May some god into a bird
Flitting 'mid the wingèd throng transform me!
Where the Adriatic's wave

Breaks upon the shore I fain would hasten;
 Or to the Eridanos,
 Where into the purple tide,
 Mourning over Phaethon,
 Evermore the wretched maidens
 Drop their amber-gleaming tears.
 Gladly would I seek the fertile shore-land
 Of Hesperian minstrelsy,
 Where the sea lord over purple waters
 Bars the way of mariners;
 Setting there, to be upheld by Atlas,
 Heaven's holy boundary.
 There ambrosial fountains flow
 From the place where Zeus abides,
 And the sacred land of plenty
 Gives delight unto the gods.

O thou white-winged Cretan vessel,
 That across the ever-smiting
 Briny billow of the ocean
 Hither hast conveyed my queen,
 From her home of royal splendor,
 Wretched in her wedded bliss!
 For to both of evil omen
 Surely, or at least for Crete,
 Thou to glorious Athens flitted,
 Where in the Munychian harbor
 They unbound their twisted cables
 And set foot upon the shore.

Therefore is she broken-hearted,
 Cursed with an unholy passion
 By the might of Aphrodite;
 Wholly overwhelmed by woe;
 In the chamber of her nuptials,
 Fitted to her snowy neck,
 She will hang the cord suspended,
 Showing thus her reverence
 For the god by men detested,
 Eager most for reputation,
 And releasing so her spirit
 From the love that brought her pain.

III

Restive hearts of god and mortal,
 Thou, O Kypris, captive ledest,
 While upon his shimmering pinions
 Round them swift-winged Eros flits.
 Over earth he hovers ever,
 And the salt resounding sea.
 Eros charms the heart to madness,
 Smitten by his golden arrow;
 Charms the hounds upon the mountain,
 Creatures of the land and wave,
 Wheresoever Helios gazes;
 Even man — and royal honors
 Thou alone, O Kypris, hast from all!

HIPPOLYTUS' DISASTER

From 'Three Dramas of Euripides'; copyright 1889, by W. C. Lawton, and
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WE, near the sea-shore, where it greets the waves,
 Were currying with combs our horses' manes,
 Lamenting; for the message came to us
 That in this land Hippolytus should set foot
 No more, to wretched exile sent by thee.
 He also, with the selfsame tale of tears,
 Came to us on the beach, and following him,
 A myriad throng of comrades marched along.
 After a time he ceased to weep, and said: —
 "Why am I frenzied thus? I must obey
 My father: harness to the car my steeds,
 O slaves; for now this city is mine no more: "
 And thereupon did every man make haste.
 Quicker than one could speak, we set the steeds,
 All fully harnessed, at their master's side.
 Then from the chariot rail he seized the reins,
 Upon the footboard set his booted feet;
 And first, with hands upraised to heaven, he said: —
 "Zeus, may I live no more, if I am base!
 But may my sire know how he does me wrong,
 Whether I lie in death, or see the light."
 With that he took the goad in hand, and urged

The colts; and we attendants by his car
Followed, beside our lord, along the road
Toward Argos and to Epidauria.
When we had entered the deserted land,
There was a coast that lies beside this realm,
Bordering already the Saronic gulf.
There, like Zeus' thunder, from the earth a roar
Resounded deep — a fearful thing to hear!
The horses pricked their ears, and raised their heads
Aloft; and on us boyish terror fell,
Wondering whence came the sound; but then we glanced
Toward the sea-beaten shore, and saw a wave
Divine, that rose to heaven, so that mine eye
Beheld no longer the Skironian crags;
The isthmus and Asclepios' rock were hid.
Swelling aloft, and white with bubbling foam,
With roaring sound the billow neared the spot
Where on the beach the four-horse chariot stood.
And from the mighty breaker as it fell,
A bull, a furious monster, issued forth.
The land, that with his bellowings was filled,
Re-echoed fearfully, and we who gazed
Found it too grim a sight to look upon.
A dreadful panic seized at once the steeds.
Their master, fully trained in all the arts
Of horsemanship, laid hold upon the reins,
And pulled as does a sailor at the oar,
Back-leaning, all his weight upon the thongs.
But champing with their jaws the fire-wrought bit,
They burst away; nor could the pilot hand,
Nor curb, nor massive chariot hold them in.
And now, if toward a softer spot of earth
The helmsman strove to turn and guide their course,
The bull appeared in front, and drove them back,
Maddening with affright the four-horse team.
Or if with frenzied mind they neared the rocks,
He followed silent at the chariot's rim,
Until he overthrew and cast it down,
Dashing the wheel against a stone. Then all
Lay wildly mingled. High aloft were tossed
The naves, and linch-pins from the axletrees.
While he, poor wretch, entangled in the reins,
Was dragged along, inextricably bound.

His gentle head was dashed upon the rock,
 His flesh was bruised; and piteous were his words:
 "Stand! ye who at my mangers took your food,
 And crush me not! Alas! my father's curse!
 Who is there here will save an upright man?"
 And many would; but we were come too late,
 With tardy feet. So he, released from thongs
 And well-cut reins — but how I do not know —
 Is fallen, breathing yet a little life.
 The steeds and cursèd bull were hid from sight,
 But where I know not, in the rocky land.

HECUBA HEARS THE STORY OF HER DAUGHTER'S DEATH

THE whole vast concourse of the Achaian host
 Stood round the tomb to see your daughter die.
 Achilles' son, taking her by the hand,
 Placed her upon the mound, and I stayed near;
 And youths, the flower of Greece, a chosen few,
 With hands to check thy heifer, should she bound,
 Attended. From a cup of carven gold,
 Raised full of wine, Achilles' son poured forth
 Libation to his sire, and bade me sound
 Silence throughout the whole Achaian host.
 I, standing there, cried in the midst these words: —
 "Silence, Achaians! let the host be still!
 Hush, hold your voices!" Breathless stayed the crowd;
 But he: — "O son of Peleus, father mine,
 Take these libations pleasant to thy soul,
 Draughts that allure the dead: come, drink the black
 Pure maiden's blood wherewith the host and I
 Sue thee: be kindly to us; loose our prow,
 And let our barks go free; give safe return
 Homeward from Troy to all, and happy voyage."
 Such words he spake, and the crowd prayed assent.
 Then from the scabbard, by its golden hilt,
 He drew the sword, and to the chosen youths
 Signaled that they should bring the maid; but she,
 Knowing her hour was come, spake thus, and said: —
 "O men of Argos, who have sacked my town,
 Lo, of free will I die! Let no man touch
 My body: boldly will I stretch my throat.

Nay, but I pray you set me free, then slay;
 That free I thus may perish: 'mong the dead,
 Being a queen, I blush to be called slave."
 The people shouted, and King Agamemnon
 Bade the youths loose the maid, and set her free:
 She, when she heard the order of the chiefs,
 Seizing her mantle, from the shoulder down
 To the soft center of her snowy waist
 Tore it, and showed her breasts and bosom fair
 As in a statue. Bending then with knee
 On earth, she spake a speech most piteous: —
 "See you this breast, O youth? If breast you will,
 Strike it; take heart: or if beneath my neck,
 Lo! here my throat is ready for your sword!"
 He, willing not, yet willing — pity-stirred
 In sorrow for the maiden — with his blade
 Severed the channels of her breath: blood flowed;
 And she, though dying, still had thought to fall
 In seemly wise, hiding what eyes should see not.
 But when she breathed her life out from the blow,
 Then was the Argive host in divers way
 Of service parted; for some, bringing leaves,
 Strewed them upon the corpse; some piled a pyre,
 Dragging pine trunks and boughs; and he who bore none,
 Heard from the bearers many a bitter word: —
 "Standest thou, villain? hast thou then no robe,
 No funeral honors for the maid to bring?
 Wilt thou not go and get for her who died
 Most nobly, bravest-souled, some gift?" Thus they
 Spake of thy child in death: — "O thou most blessed
 Of women in thy daughter, most undone!"

Translated by J. A. Symonds: published by Harper & Brothers

MEDEA RESOLVING TO SLAY HER CHILDREN



SONS, my sons, for you there is a home
 And city where, forsaking wretched me,
 Ye shall still dwell and have no mother more:
 But I, an exile, seek another land,
 Ere I have joyed in you and seen you glad,

Ere I have decked for you the nuptial pomp,
The bride, the bed, and held the torch aloft.
Oh me! forlorn by my untempered moods!
In vain then have I nurtured ye, my sons,
In vain have toiled and been worn down by cares,
And felt the hard child-bearing agonies.
There was a time when I, unhappy one,
Had many hopes in you, that both of you
Would cherish me in age; and that your hands,
When I am dead, would fitly lay me out —
That wish of all men: but now lost indeed
Is that sweet thought, for I must, reft of you,
Live on a piteous life and full of pain:
And ye, your dear eyes will no more behold
Your mother, gone into your new strange life.
Alas! Why do ye fix your eyes on me,
My sons? Why smile ye on me that last smile?
Alas! What must I do? for my heart faints,
Thus looking on my children's happy eyes.
Women, I cannot. Farewell my past resolves:
My boys go forth with me. What boots it me
To wring their father with their cruel fates,
And earn myself a doubled misery?
It shall not be, shall not. Farewell resolves! —
And yet what mood is this? Am I content
To spare my foes and be a laughing-stock?
It must be dared. Why, out upon my weakness,
To let such coward thoughts steal from my heart!
Go, children, to the house: and he who lacks
Right now to stand by sacrifice of mine,
Let him look to it. I'll not stay my hand.

Alas! Alas!

No, surely. O my heart, thou canst not do it!
Racked heart, let them go safely; spare the boys:
Living far hence with me they'll make thee joy.
No; by the avenging demon gods in hell,
Never shall be that I should yield my boys
To the despitings of mine enemies!
For all ways they must die, and since 'tis so,
Better I slay them, I who gave them birth.
All ways 'tis fated; there is no escape.
For now, in the robes, the wealth upon her head,
The royal bride is perishing; I know it.

But, since I go on so forlorn a journey
 And them too send on one yet more forlorn,
 I'd fain speak with my sons. Give me, my children,
 Give your mother your right hands to clasp to her.
 O darling hands! O dearest lips to me!
 O forms and noble faces of my boys!
 Be happy: but *there*. For of all part here
 Your father has bereft you. O sweet kiss!
 O grateful breath and soft skin of my boys!
 Go, go; I can no longer look on you,
 But by my sufferings am overborne.
 Oh, I do know what sorrows I shall make;
 But anger keeps the mastery of my thoughts,
 Which is the chiefest cause of human woes.

Translated by Augusta Webster

FROM THE 'TROJAN WOMEN'

ANDROMACHE. O Mother, having ears, hear thou this word
 Fear-conquering, till thy heart as mine be stirred
 With joy. To die is only not to be;
 And better to be dead than grievously
 Living. They have no pain, they ponder not
 Their own wrong. But the living that is brought
 From joy to heaviness, his soul doth roam,
 As in a desert, lost, from its old home.
 Thy daughter lieth now as one unborn,
 Dead, and naught knowing of the lust and scorn
 That slew her. And I . . . long since I drew my bow
 Straight at the heart of good fame; and I know
 My shaft hit; and for that am I the more
 Fallen from peace. All that men praise us for,
 I loved for Hector's sake, and sought to win.
 I knew that alway, be there hurt therein
 Or utter innocence, to roam abroad
 Hath ill report for women; so I trod
 Down the desire thereof, and walked my way
 In mine own garden. And light words and gay
 Parley of women never passed my door.
 The thoughts of mine own heart . . . I craved no more . . .
 Spoke with me, and I was happy. Constantly

I brought fair silence and a tranquil eye
 For Hector's greeting, and watched well the way
 Of living, where to guide and where obey.

And, lo! some rumor of this peace, being gone
 Forth to the Greek, hath cursed me. Achilles' son,
 So soon as I was taken, for his thrall
 Chose me. I shall do service in the hall
 Of them that slew . . . How? Shall I thrust aside
 Hector's beloved face, and open wide
 My heart to this new lord? Oh, I should stand
 A traitor to the dead! And if my hand
 And flesh shrink from him . . . lo, wrath and despite
 O'er all the house, and I a slave!

One night,

One night . . . ay, men have said it . . . maketh tame
 A woman in a man's arms. . . . O shame, shame!
 What woman's lips can so forswear her dead,
 And give strange kisses in another's bed?
 Why, not a dumb beast, not a colt will run
 In the yoke untroubled, when her mate is gone —
 A thing not in God's image, dull, unmoved
 Of reason. O my Hector! best beloved,
 That, being mine, wast all in all to me,
 My prince, my wise one, O my majesty
 Of valiance! No man's touch had ever come
 Near me, when thou from out my father's home
 Didst lead me and make me thine. . . . And thou art dead,
 And I war-flung to slavery and the bread
 Of shame in Hellas, over bitter seas!

What knoweth she of evils like to these,
 That dead Polyxena, thou weepest for?
 There liveth not in my life any more
 The hope that others have. Nor will I tell
 The lie to mine own heart, that aught is well
 Or shall be well. . . . Yet, O, to dream were sweet!

Chorus. Thy feet have trod the pathway of my feet,
 And thy clear sorrow teacheth me mine own.

Hecuba. Lo, yonder ships: I ne'er set foot on one,
 But tales and pictures tell, when over them
 Breaketh a storm not all too strong to stem,
 Each man strives hard, the tiller gripped, the mast
 Manned, the hull baled, to face it: till at last
 Too strong breaks the o'erwhelming sea: lo, then

They cease, and yield them up as broken men
 To fate and the wild waters. Even so
 I in my many sorrows bear me low,
 Nor curse, nor strive that other things may be.
 The great wave rolled from God hath conquered me.

But, O, let Hector and the fates that fell
 On Hector, sleep. Weep for him ne'er so well,
 Thy weeping shall not wake him. Honor thou
 The new lord that is set above thee now,
 And make of thine own gentle piety
 A prize to lure his heart. So shalt thou be
 A strength to them that love us, and — God knows,
 It may be — rear this babe among his foes,
 My Hector's child, to manhood and great aid
 For Ilion. So her stones may yet be laid
 One on another, if God will, and wrought
 Again to a city! Ah, how thought to thought
 Still beckons! . . . But what minion of the Greek
 Is this that cometh, with new words to speak?

[*Enter Talthybius with a band of soldiers. He comes forward slowly and with evident disquiet.*]

Talthybius. Spouse of the noblest heart that beat in Troy
 Andromache, hate me not! 'Tis not in joy
 I tell thee. But the people and the kings
 Have with one voice . . .

Andromache. What is it? Evil things
 Are on thy lips!

Talthybius. 'Tis ordered, this child . . . Oh,
 How can I tell her of it?

Andromache. Doth he not go
 With me, to the same master?

Talthybius. There is none
 In Greece shall e'er be master of thy son.

Andromache. How? Will they leave him here to build again
 The wreck? . . .

Talthybius. I know not how to tell thee plain!

Andromache. Thou hast a gentle heart . . . if it be ill,
 And not good, news thou hidest!

Talthybius. 'Tis their will
 Thy son shall die. . . . The whole vile thing is said
 Now!

Andromache. Oh, I could have borne mine enemy's bed!

Talthybius. And speaking in the council of the host

Odysseus hath prevailed —

Andromache. O lost! lost! lost! . . .

Forgive me! It is not easy . . .

Talthybius. . . . That the son

Of one so perilous be not fostered on

To manhood —

Andromache. Good; may his own counsel fall

On his own sons!

Talthybius. . . . But from this crested wall

Of Troy be dashed, and die. . . . Nay, let the thing

Be done. Thou shalt be wiser so. Nor cling

So fiercely to him. Suffer as a brave

Woman in bitter pain; nor think to have

Strength which thou hast not. Look about thee here!

Canst thou see help, or refuge anywhere?

Thy land is fallen and thy lord, and thou

A prisoner and alone, one woman; how

Canst battle against us? For thine own good

I would not have thee strive, nor make ill blood

And shame about thee. . . . Ah, nor move thy lips

In silence there, to cast upon the ships

Thy curse! One word of evil to the host,

This babe shall have no burial, but be tossed

Naked. . . . Ah, peace! And bear as best thou may

War's fortune. So thou shalt not go thy way

Leaving this child unburied; nor the Greek

Be stern against thee, if thy heart be meek!

Andromache [*to the child*] Go, die, my best-beloved, my cherished one,

In fierce men's hands, leaving me here alone.

Thy father was too valiant; that is why

They slay thee! Other children, like to die,

Might have been spared for that. But on thy head

His good is turned to evil.

O thou bed

And bridal; O the joining of the hand,

That led me long ago to Hector's land

To bear, O not a lamb for Grecian swords

To slaughter, but a Prince o'er all the hordes

Enthroned of wide-flung Asia. . . . Weepest thou?

Nay, why, my little one? Thou canst not know.

And Father will not come; he will not come;

Not once, the great spear flashing, and the tomb
 Riven to set thee free! Not one of all
 His brethren, nor the might of Ilion's wall.

How shall it be? One horrible spring . . . deep, deep
 Down. And thy neck . . . Ah God, so cometh sleep! . . .
 And none to pity thee! . . . Thou little thing
 That curlest in my arms, what sweet scents cling
 All round thy neck! Belovèd; can it be
 All nothing, that this bosom cradled thee
 And fostered; all the weary nights, wherethrough
 I watched upon thy sickness, till I grew
 Wasted with watching? Kiss me. This one time;
 Not ever again. Put up thine arms, and climb
 About my neck: now, kiss me, lips to lips. . . .

O, ye have found an anguish that outstrips
 All tortures of the East, ye gentle Greeks!
 Why will ye slay this innocent, that seeks
 No wrong? . . . O Helen, Helen, thou ill tree
 That Tyndareus planted, who shall deem of thee
 As child of Zeus? O, thou hast drawn thy breath
 From many fathers, Madness, Hate, red Death,
 And every rotting poison of the sky!
 Zeus knows thee not, thou vampire, draining dry
 Greece and the world! God hate thee and destroy,
 That with those beautiful eyes hast blasted Troy,
 And made the far-famed plains a waste withal.

Quick! take him: drag him: cast him from the wall,
 If cast ye will! Tear him, ye beasts, be swift!
 God hath undone me, and I cannot lift
 One hand, one hand, to save my child from death . . .
 O, hide my head for shame: fling me beneath
 Your galleys' benches! . . .

[*She swoons: then half-rising.*]

Quick: I must begone
 To the bridal. . . . I have lost my child, my own!

[*The soldiers close round her.*]

Chorus. O Troy ill-starred; for one strange woman, one
 Abhorred kiss, how are thine hosts undone!

Talthybius [*bending over Andromache and gradually taking the Child
 from her*]. Come, Child: let be that clasp of love

Outwearied! Walk thy ways with me,
 Up to the crested tower, above
 Thy father's wall . . . Where they decree

Thy soul shall perish. — Hold him: hold! —
 Would God some other man might ply
 These charges, one of duller mold,
 And nearer to the iron than I!

Hecuba. O Child, they rob us of our own,
 Child of my Mighty One outworn:
 Ours, ours thou art! — Can aught be done
 Of deeds, can aught of pain be borne,
 To aid thee? — Lo, this beaten head,
 This bleeding bosom! These I spread
 As gifts to thee. I can thus much.
 Woe, woe for Troy, and woe for thee!
 What fall yet lacketh, ere we touch
 The last dead deep of misery?

[*The Child, who has started back from Talthybius, is taken up by one of the soldiers and borne back towards the city, while Andromache is set again on the chariot and driven off towards the ships. Talthybius goes with the Child.*]

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ACCOUNT OF ALCESTIS' FAREWELL TO HER HOME

From Browning's 'Balaustion's Adventure'

WHAT kind of creature should the woman prove
 That has surpassed Alcestis? — surelier shown
 Preference for her husband to herself
 Than by determining to die for him?
 But so much all our city knows indeed:
 Hear what she did indoors, and wonder then!
 For when she felt the crowning day was come,
 She washed with river waters her white skin,
 And taking from the cedar closets forth
 Vesture and ornament, bedecked herself
 Nobly, and stood before the hearth, and prayed: —
 "Mistress, because I now depart the world,
 Falling before thee the last time, I ask —
 Be mother to my orphans! wed the one
 To a kind wife, and make the other's mate

Some princely person: nor, as I who bore
 My children perish, suffer that they too
 Die all untimely, but live, happy pair,
 Their full glad life out in the fatherland! ”
 And every altar through Admetos' house
 She visited, and crowned, and prayed before,
 Stripping the myrtle foliage from the boughs,
 Without a tear, without a groan — no change
 At all to that skin's nature, fair to see,
 Caused by the imminent evil. But this done —
 Reaching her chamber, falling on her bed,
 There, truly, burst she into tears and spoke: —
 “O bride-bed! where I loosened from my life
 Virginity for that same husband's sake
 Because of whom I die now — fare thee well!
 Since nowise do I hate thee: me alone
 Hast thou destroyed; for, shrinking to betray
 Thee and my spouse, I die: but thee, O bed!
 Some other woman shall possess as wife —
 Truer, no! but of better fortune, say! ” —
 So falls on, kisses it, till all the couch
 Is moistened with the eye's sad overflow.
 But when of many tears she had her fill,
 She flings from off the couch, goes headlong forth,
 Yet — forth the chamber — still keeps turning back
 And casts her on the couch again once more.
 Her children, clinging to their mother's robe,
 Wept meanwhile: but she took them in her arms,
 And as a dying woman might, embraced
 Now one and now the other: 'neath the roof,
 All of the household servants wept as well,
 Moved to compassion for their mistress; she
 Extended her right hand to all and each,
 And there was no one of such low degree
 She spoke not to nor had no answer from.
 Such are the evils in Admetos' house.

ARISTOPHANES

THE birth-year of Aristophanes is placed about 448 B.C., on the ground that he is said to have been almost a boy when his first comedy was presented in 427. His last play, the 'Plutus,' was produced in 388, and there is no evidence that he long survived this date. Little is known of his life beyond the allusions, in the Parabases of the 'Acharnians,' 'Knights,' and 'Wasps,' to his prosecution by Cleon, to his own or his father's estate at Ægina, and to his premature baldness. He left three sons who also wrote comedies.

Aristophanes is the sole extant representative of the so-called Old Comedy of Athens; a form of dramatic art which developed obscurely under the shadow of Attic Tragedy in the first half of the fifth century B.C., out of the rustic revelry of the Phallic procession and Comus song of Dionysus, perhaps with some outside suggestions from the Megarian farce and its Sicilian offshoot, the mythological court comedy of Epicharmus. The chief note of this older comedy for the ancient critics was its unbridled license of direct personal satire and invective. Eupolis, Cratinus, and Aristophanes, says Horace, assailed with the utmost freedom any one who deserved to be branded with infamy. This old political Comedy was succeeded in the calmer times that followed the Peloponnesian War by the so-called Middle Comedy (390-320) of Alexis, Antiphanes, Strattis, and some minor men; which insensibly passed into the New Comedy (320-250) of Menander and Philemon, known to us in the reproductions of Terence. And this new comedy, which portrayed types of private life instead of satirizing noted persons by name, and which, as Aristotle says, produced laughter by innuendo rather than by scurrility, was preferred to the "terrible graces" of her elder sister by the gentle and refined Plutarch, or the critic who has usurped his name in the 'Comparison of Aristophanes and Menander.' The old Attic Comedy has been variously compared to Charivari, Punch, the comic opera of Offenbach, and a Parisian *revue*. There is no good modern analogue. It is not our comedy of manners, plot, and situation; nor yet is it mere buffoonery. It is a peculiar mixture of broad political, social, and literary satire, and polemical discussion of large ideas, with the burlesque and licentious extravagances that were deemed the most acceptable service at the festival of the laughter-loving, tongue-loosening god of the vine.

The typical plan of an Aristophanic comedy is very simple. The protagonist undertakes in all apparent seriousness to give a local habitation and a body to some ingenious fancy, airy speculation, or bold metaphor: as for example,

the procuring of a private peace for a citizen who is weary of the privations of war; or the establishment of an airy Cloud-cuckoo-town where the birds shall regulate things better than the featherless biped, man; or the restoration of the eyesight of the proverbially blind God of Wealth. The attention of the audience is at once enlisted for the semblance of a plot by which the scheme is put into execution. The design once effected, the remainder of the play is given over to a series of loosely connected scenes, ascending to a climax of absurdity, in which the consequences of the original happy thought are followed out with a Swiftian verisimilitude of piquant detail and a Rabelaisian license of uproarious mirth. It rests with the audience to take the whole as pure extravaganza, or as a *reductio ad absurdum* or playful defense of the conception underlying the original idea. In the intervals between the scenes, the chorus sing rollicking topical songs or bits of exquisite lyric, or in the name of the poet directly exhort and admonish the audience in the so-called Parabasis.

Of Aristophanes' first two plays, the 'Banqueters of Heracles' (427), and the 'Babylonians' (426), only fragments remain. The representation in the latter of the Athenian allies as branded Babylonian slaves was the ground of Cleon's attack in the courts upon Aristophanes, or Callistratus in whose name the play was produced.

The extant plays are the following: —

The 'Acharnians,' 425 B.C., shortly after the Athenian defeat at Delium. The worthy countryman, Dicæopolis, weary of being cooped up within the Long Walls, and disgusted with the shameless jobbery of the politicians, sends to Sparta for samples of peace of different vintages. The Thirty Years' brand smells of nectar and ambrosia. He accepts it, concludes a private treaty for himself and friends and proceeds to celebrate the rural Dionysia with wife and child. He soothes, by an eloquent plea pronounced in tattered tragic vestments borrowed from Euripides, the anger of the chorus of choleric Acharnian charcoal burners, exasperated at the repeated devastation of their deme by the Spartans. He then opens a market, to which a jolly Bæotian brings the long-lost, thrice-desired Copaic eel; while a starveling Megarian, to the huge delight of the Athenian groundlings, sells his little daughters, disguised as pigs, for a peck of salt. Finally Dicæopolis goes forth to a wedding banquet, from which he returns very mellow in the company of two flute girls; while Lamachus, the head of the war party, issues forth to do battle with the Bæotians in the snow, and comes back with a bloody coxcomb.

The 'Knights,' 424 B.C.: named from the chorus of young Athenian cavaliers who abet the sausage-seller, Agoracritus, egged on by the discontented family servants (the generals), Nicias and Demosthenes, to outbid with shameless flattery the rascally Paphlagonian steward, Cleon, and supplant him in the favor of their testy old master, Demos [the People]. At the close,

Demos recovers his wits and his youth, and is seen sitting enthroned in his glory in the good old Marathonian Athens of the Violet Crown. The billingsgate in the contest between Cleon and the sausage-seller gets wearisome to modern taste; but the portrait of the Demagogue is for all time.

The 'Clouds,' 423 B.C.: an attack on Socrates, who is unfairly taken as an embodiment of the deleterious "new learning," in the form of sophistical rhetoric and "meteorological" speculation. Worthy Strepsiades, eager to find a new way to pay the debts in which the extravagance of his horse-racing son Pheidippides has involved him, seeks to enter the youth as a student in the Thinking-shop of Socrates, that he may learn to make the worse appear the better reason, and so baffle his creditors before a jury. The young man, after much demur and the ludicrous failure of his father, who at first matriculates in his stead, consents. He listens to the pleas of the just and unjust argument in behalf of the old and new education, and becomes himself such a proficient that he demonstrates, in flawless reasoning, that Euripides is a better poet than Æschylus, and that a boy is justified in beating his father for affirming the contrary. Strepsiades thereupon, cured of his folly, undertakes a subtle investigation into the timbers of the roof of the Thinking-shop, with a view to smoking out the corrupters of youth. Many of the songs sung by or to the clouds, the patron deities of Socrates' misty lore, are extremely beautiful. Socrates, in Plato's 'Apology,' is represented as alluding to these attacks of the comic poets. In the 'Symposium' or 'Banquet' of Plato, Aristophanes bursts in upon a company of friends with whom Socrates is feasting, and drinks with them till morning; Socrates forces him and the tragic poet Agathon to admit that the true dramatic artist will excel in both tragedy and comedy.

The 'Wasps,' 422 B.C.: a *jeu d'esprit* turning on the Athenian passion for litigation. Young Bdelucleon [hate-Cleon] can keep his old father Philocleon [love-Cleon] out of the courts only by instituting a private court in his own house. The first culprit, the house-dog, is tried for stealing a Sicilian cheese, and acquitted by Philocleon's mistaking the urn of acquittal for that of condemnation. The old man is inconsolable at the first escape of a victim from his clutches, but finally, renouncing his folly, takes lessons from his exquisite of a son in the manners and deportment of a fine gentleman. He then attends a dinner party, where he betters his instructions with comic exaggeration and returns home in high feather, singing tipsy catches and assaulting the watch on his way. The chorus of Wasps, the visible embodiment of a metaphor found also in Plato's 'Republic,' symbolizes the sting used by the Athenian jurymen to make the rich disgorge a portion of their gathered honey. The 'Plaideurs' of Racine is an imitation of this play, and the *motif* of the committal of the dog is borrowed by Ben Jonson in the 'Staple of News.'

The 'Peace,' 421 B.C.: in support of the Peace of Nicias, ratified soon afterward. Trygæus, an honest vine-dresser yearning for his farm, in parody of

the Bellerophon of Euripides, ascends to heaven on a dung-beetle. He there hauls Peace from the well into which she had been cast by Ares, and brings her home in triumph to Greece, where she inaugurates a reign of plenty and uproarious jollity, and celebrates the nuptials of Trygæus and her handmaid Opora [Harvest-home].

The 'Birds,' 414 B.C. Peisthetærus [Plausible] and Euelpides [Hopeful], whose names and deeds are perhaps a satire on the unbounded ambition that brought ruin on Athens at Syracuse, journey to Birdland and persuade King Hoopoe to induce the birds to build Nephelococcygia or Cloud-cuckoo-town in the air between the gods and men, starve out the gods with a "Melian famine," and rule the world themselves. The gods, their supplies of incense cut off, are forced to treat, and Peisthetærus receives in marriage Basileia [Sovereignty], the daughter of Zeus. The *mise en scène*, with the gorgeous plumage of the bird-chorus, must have been very impressive, and many of the choric songs are exceedingly beautiful.

Two plays, 411 B.C. (1) the 'Lysistrata,' in which the women of Athens and Sparta by a secession from bed and board compel their husbands to end the war; (2) the 'Thesmophoriazusæ' or 'Women's Festival of Demeter,' a licentious but irresistibly funny assault upon Euripides. The tragedian, learning that the women in assembly are debating on the punishment due to his misogyny, implores the effeminate poet Agathon to intercede for him. That failing, he dispatches his kinsman Mnesilochus, disguised with singed beard and woman's robes, a sight to shake the midriff of despair with laughter, to plead his cause. The advocate's excess of zeal betrays him; he is arrested: and the remainder of the play is occupied by the ludicrous devices, borrowed from well-known Euripidean tragedies, by which the poet endeavors to rescue his intercessor.

The 'Frogs,' 405 B.C., in the brief respite between the victory of Arginusæ and the final overthrow of Athens at Ægospotami. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides are dead. The minor bards are a puny folk, and Dionysus is resolved to descend to Hades in quest of a truly creative poet, one capable of a figure like "My star god's glow-worm," or "His honor rooted in dishonor stood." After many surprising adventures by the way, and in the outer precincts of the under-world, accompanied by his Sancho Panza, Xanthias, he arrives at the court of Pluto just in time to be chosen arbitrator of the contest between Æschylus and Euripides for the tragic throne in Hades. The comparisons and parodies of the styles of Æschylus and Euripides that follow, constitute, in spite of their comic exaggeration, one of the most entertaining and discriminating chapters of literary criticism extant, and give us an exalted idea of the intelligence of the audience that appreciated them. Dionysus decides for Æschylus, and leads him back in triumph to the upper world.

The 'Ecclesiazusæ' or 'Ladies in Parliament,' 393 B.C.: a satire on the communistic theories which must have been current in the schools before they

found definite expression in Plato's 'Republic.' The ladies of Athens rise betimes, purloin their husbands' hats and canes, pack the Assembly, and pass a measure to intrust the government to women. An extravagant and licentious communism is the result.

The 'Plutus,' 388 B.C.: a much altered edition of a play presented first in 408. With the 'Ecclesiazusæ' it marks the transition to the Middle Comedy, there being no parabasis, and little of the exuberant *verve* of the older pieces. The blind God of Wealth recovers his eyesight by sleeping in the temple of Æsculapius, and proceeds to distribute the gifts of fortune more equitably.

The assignment of the dates and restoration of the plots of the thirty-two lost plays, of which a few not very interesting fragments remain, belong to the domain of conjectural erudition.

Aristophanes has been regarded by some critics as a grave moral censor, veiling his high purpose behind the grinning mask of comedy; by others as a buffoon of genius, whose only object was to raise a laugh. Both sides of the question are ingeniously argued in Browning's 'Aristophanes' Apology'; and there is a judicious summing up of the case of Aristophanes *vs.* Euripides in Professor Jebb's lectures on Greek poetry. The soberer view seems to be that while predominantly a comic artist, obeying the instincts of his genius, he did frequently make his comedy the vehicle of an earnest polemic against the new spirit of the age in literature, philosophy, and politics. He pursued Euripides with relentless ridicule because his dramatic motives lent themselves to parody, and his lines were on the lips of every theater-goer; but also because he believed that Euripides had spoiled the old, stately, heroic art of Æschylus and Sophocles by incongruous infusions of realism and sentimentalism, and had debased the "large utterance of the early gods" by an unhallowed mixture of colloquialism, dialectic, and chicanery.

Aristophanes travestied the teachings of Socrates because his ungainly figure, and the oddity attributed to him even by Plato, made him an excellent butt; yet also because he felt strongly that it was better for the young Athenian to spend his days in the Palæstra, or "where the elm-tree whispers to the plane," than in filing a contentious tongue on barren logomachies. That Socrates in fact discussed only ethical problems, and disclaimed all sympathy with speculations about things above our heads, made no difference: he was the best human embodiment of a hateful educational error. And similarly the assault upon Cleon, the "pun-pelleting of demagogues from Pnyx," was partly due to the young aristocrat's instinctive aversion to the coarse popular leader, but, equally, perhaps, to a genuine patriotic revolt at the degradation of Athenian politics in the hands of the successors of Pericles.

But Aristophanes' ideas interest us less than his art and humor. We have seen the nature of his plots. In such a topsy-turvy world there is little opportunity for nice delineation of character. His personages are mainly symbols or caricatures. Yet they are vividly sketched, and genuine touches of

human nature lend verisimilitude to their most improbable actions. One or two comic types appear for the first time, apparently, on his stage: the alternately cringing and familiar slave of comedy, in his Xanthias and Carion; and in Dicæopolis, Strepsiades, Demos, Trygæus, and Dionysus, the sensual, jovial, shrewd, yet naïve and credulous *bourgeois gentilhomme* or 'Sganarelle,' who is not ashamed to avow his poltroonery, and yet can, on occasion, maintain his rights with sturdy independence.

But the chief attraction of Aristophanes is the abounding comic *verve* of his style. It resembles a torrent, whose swift rush purifies in its flow the grossness and obscenity inseparable from the origin of comedy, and buoys up and sweeps along on the current of fancy and improvisation the chaff and dross of vulgar jests, puns, scurrilous personalities, and cheap "gags," allowing no time for chilling reflections or criticism. Jests which are singly feeble combine to induce a mood of extravagant hilarity when huddled upon us with such "impossible conveyance." This can hardly be reproduced in a translation, and disappears altogether in an attempt at an abstract enumeration of the poet's inexhaustible devices for comic effect. He himself repeatedly boasts of the fertility of his invention, and claims to have discarded the coarse farce of his predecessors for something more worthy of the refined intelligence of his audience. Yet it must be acknowledged that much even of his wit is the mere filth-throwing of a naughty boy; or at best the jocularity of the "funny column," the topical song, or the minstrel show. There are puns on the names of notable personages; a grotesque, fantastic, punning fauna, flora, and geography of Greece; a constant succession of surprises effected by the sudden substitution of low or incongruous terms in proverbs, quotations, and legal or religious formulas; scenes in dialect, scenes of excellent fooling in the vein of Uncle Toby and the Clown, girds at the audience, personalities that for us have lost their point — about Cleonymus the caster-away of shields, or Euripides' herb-selling mother — and everywhere unstinted service to the great gods Priapus and Cloacina.

A finer instrument of comic effect is the parody. The countless parodies of the lyric and dramatic literature of Greece are perhaps the most remarkable testimony extant to the intelligence of an Athenian audience. Did they infallibly catch the allusion when Dicæopolis welcomed back to the Athenian fish-market the long-lost Copaic eel in high Æschylean strain —

"Of fifty nymphs Copaic alderliefest queen,"

and then, his voice breaking with the intolerable pathos of Admetus' farewell to the dying Alcestis, added —

"Yea, even in death
Thou'lt bide with me, embalmed and beet-bestewed?"

Did they recognize the blasphemous Pindaric pun in "Helle's holy straits," for a tight place, and appreciate all the niceties of diction, meter, and dramatic art discriminated in the comparison between Æschylus and Euripides in the 'Frogs'? At any rate, no Athenian could miss the fun of Dicæopolis (like Hector's baby) "scared at the dazzling plume and nodding crest" of the swashbuckler Lamachus; of Philocleon, clinging to his ass's belly like Odysseus escaping under the ram from the Cyclops' cave; of the baby in the 'Thesmophoriazusæ' seized as a Euripidean hostage, and turning out a wine bottle in swaddling-clothes; of light-foot Iris in the rôle of a saucy, frightened soubrette; of the heaven-defying Æschylean Prometheus hiding under an umbrella from the thunderbolts of Zeus. And they must have felt instinctively what only a laborious erudition reveals to us, the sudden subtle modulations of the colloquial comic verse into mock-heroic travesty of high tragedy or lyric.

Euripides, the chief victim of Aristophanes' genius for parody, was so burlesqued that his best known lines became by-words, and his most ardent admirers, the very Balaustions and Euthycleses, must have grinned when they heard them, like a pair of augurs. If we conceive five or six Shakespearean comedies filled from end to end with ancient Pistols hallooing to "pampered jades of Asia," and Dr. Caiuses chanting of "a thousand vagrom posies," we may form some idea of Aristophanes' handling of the notorious lines —

"The tongue has sworn, the mind remains unsworn."

"Thou lovest life, thy sire loves it too."

"Who knows if life and death be truly one?"

But the charm of Aristophanes does not lie in any of these things singly, but in the combination of ingenious and paradoxical fancy with an inexhaustible flow of apt language by which they are held up and borne out. His personages are ready to make believe anything. Nothing surprises them long. They enter into the spirit of each new conceit. The very plots of his plays are realized metaphors or embodied conceits. And the same concrete vividness of imagination is displayed in single scenes and episodes. The Better and the Worse Reason plead the causes of the old and new education in person. Cleon and Brasidas are the pestles with which War proposes to bray Greece in a mortar; the triremes of Athens in council assembled declare that they will rot in the docks sooner than yield their virginity to musty, fusty Hyperbolus. The fair cities of Greece stand about waiting for the recovery of Peace from her Well, with dreadful black eyes, poor things; Armisticia and Harvest-Home tread the stage in the flesh, and Nincompoop and Defraudation are among the gods.

The special metaphor or conceit of each play attracts appropriate words and images, and creates a distinct atmosphere of its own. In the 'Knights'

the air fairly reeks with the smell of leather and the tan-yard. The 'Birds' transport us to a world of trillings and pipings, and beaks and feathers. There is a buzzing and a humming and a stinging throughout the 'Wasps.' The 'Clouds' drip with mist and are dim with aerial vaporous effects.

Aristophanes was the inventor of Bob Acres' style of oath — the so-called referential swearing. Dicæopolis invokes Ecbatana when Shamartabas struts upon the stage. Socrates in the 'Clouds' swears by the everlasting vapors. King Hoopoe's favorite oath is "Odds nets and birdlime." And the vein of humor that lies in over-ingenious and sustained metaphor was first worked in these comedies. All these excellences are summed up in the incomparable wealth and flexibility of his vocabulary. He has a Shakespearean mastery of the technicalities of every art and mystery, an appalling command of billingsgate and of the language of the cuisine, and would tire Falstaff and Prince Hal with base comparisons. And not content with the existing resources of the Greek vocabulary, he coins grotesque or beautiful compounds — exquisite epithets like "Botruodōré" [bestower of the vine], "heliomanes" [drunk-with-sunlight], "myriad-flagoned phrases," and Gargantuan agglomerations of syllables like the portentous *olla podrida* at the end of the 'Ecclesiazusæ.'

The great comic writer, as the example of Molière proves, need not be a poet. But the mere overflow of careless poetic power which is manifested by Aristophanes would have sufficed to set up any ordinary tragedian or lyrist. In plastic mastery of language only two Greek writers can vie with him — Plato and Homer. In the easy grace and harmony of his verse he outsings all the tragedians, even that Æschylus whom he praised as the man who had written the most exquisite songs of any poet of the time. In his blank verse he easily strikes every note, from that of the urbane, unaffected, colloquial Attic, to parody of high or subtle tragic diction hardly distinguishable from its model. He can adapt his meters to every shade of feeling. He has short, snapping, fiery trochees, like sparks from their own holm oak, to represent the choler of the Achæans; eager, joyous glyconics to bundle up a sycophant and hustle him off the stage, or for the young knights of Athens celebrating Phormio's sea fights, and chanting, horse-taming Poseidon, Pallas, guardian of the state, and Victory, companion of the dance; the quickstep march of the trochaic tetrameter to tell how the Attic wasps, true children of the soil, charged the Persians at Marathon; and above all — the chosen vehicle of his wildest conceits, his most audacious fancies, and his strongest appeals to the better judgment of the citizens — the anapæstic tetrameter, that "resonant and triumphant" meter of which even Swinburne's anapæsts can reproduce only a faint and far-off echo.

But he has more than the opulent diction and the singing voice of the poet. He has the key to fairyland, a feeling for nature which we thought romantic and modern, and in his lyrics the native wood-notes wild of his own 'Mousa lochmaia' [the muse of the coppice]. The chorus of the *Mystæ* in the 'Frogs,'

the rustic idyl of the 'Peace,' the songs of the girls in the 'Lysistrata,' the hymns of the 'Clouds,' the speech of the Just Reason, and the grand chorus of birds, reveal Aristophanes as not only the first comic writer of Greece, but as one of the very greatest of her poets.

PAUL SHOREY

THE ORIGIN OF THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR

From the 'Acharnians'

DICAËPOLIS. Be not surprised, most excellent spectators,
 If I that am a beggar have presumed
 To claim an audience upon public matters,
 Even in a comedy; for comedy
 Is conversant in all the rules of justice,
 And can distinguish betwixt right and wrong.

The words I speak are bold, but just and true.
 Cleon at least cannot accuse me now,
 That I defame the city before strangers,
 For this is the Lenæan festival,
 And here we meet, all by ourselves alone;
 No deputies are arrived as yet with tribute,
 No strangers or allies: but here we sit
 A chosen sample, clean as sifted corn,
 With our own denizens as a kind of chaff.

First, I detest the Spartans most extremely;
 And wish that Neptune, the Tænarian deity,
 Would bury them in their houses with his earthquakes,
 For I've had losses — losses, let me tell ye,
 Like other people; vines cut down and injured.
 But among friends (for only friends are here),
 Why should we blame the Spartans for all this?
 For people of ours, some people of our own —
 Some people from among us here, I mean:
 But not the People (pray, remember that);
 I never said the People, but a pack
 Of paltry people, mere pretended citizens,
 Base counterfeits — went laying informations,

And making a confiscation of the jerkins
 Imported here from Megara; pigs, moreover,
 Pumpkins, and pecks of salt, and ropes of onions,
 Were' voted to be merchandise from Megara,
 Denounced, and seized, and sold upon the spot.


Well, these might pass, as petty local matters.
 But now, behold, some doughty drunken youths
 Kidnap, and carry away from Megara,
 The courtesan, Simætha. Those of Megara,
 In hot retaliation, seize a brace
 Of equal strumpets, hurried forth perforce
 From Dame Aspasia's house of recreation.
 So this was the beginning of the war,
 All over Greece, owing to these three strumpets.
 For Pericles, like an Olympian Jove,
 With all his thunder and his thunderbolts,
 Began to storm and lighten dreadfully,
 Alarming all the neighborhood of Greece;
 And made decrees, drawn up like drinking songs,
 In which it was enacted and concluded
 That the Megarians should remain excluded
 From every place where commerce was transacted,
 With all their ware — like "old Care" in the ballad:
 And this decree, by land and sea, was valid.

Then the Megarians, being all half starved,
 Desired the Spartans to desire of us
 Just to repeal those laws; the laws I mentioned,
 Occasioned by the stealing of those strumpets.
 And so they begged and prayed us several times;
 And we refused: and so they went to war.

Translated by John Hookham Frere

THE POET'S APOLOGY

From the 'Acharnians'

UR poet has never as yet
 Esteemed it proper or fit
 To detain you with a long
 Encomiastic song
 On his own superior wit;

But being abused and accused,
And attacked of late
As a foe of the State,
He makes an appeal in his proper defense,
To your voluble humor and temper and sense,
With the following plea:
Namely, that he
Never attempted or ever meant
To scandalize
In any wise
Your mighty imperial government.
Moreover he says,
That in various ways
He presumes to have merited honor and praise;
Exhorting you still to stick to your rights,
And no more to be fooled with rhetorical flights;
Such as of late each envoy tries
On the behalf of your allies,
That come to plead their cause before ye,
With fulsome phrase, and a foolish story
Of "violet crowns" and "Athenian glory,"
With "sumptuous Athens" at every word:
"Sumptuous Athens" is always heard;
"Sumptuous" ever, a suitable phrase
For a dish of meat or a beast at graze.
He therefore affirms
In confident terms,
That his active courage and earnest zeal
Have usefully served your common weal:
He has openly shown
The style and tone
Of your democracy ruling abroad,
He has placed its practices on record;
The tyrannical arts, the knavish tricks,
That poison all your politics.
Therefore shall we see, this year,
The allies with tribute arriving here,
Eager and anxious all to behold
Their steady protector, the bard so bold;
The bard, they say, that has dared to speak,
To attack the strong, to defend the weak.
His fame in foreign climes is heard,
And a singular instance lately occurred.

It occurred in the case of the Persian king,
 Sifting and cross-examining
 The Spartan envoys. He demanded
 Which of the rival states commanded
 The Grecian seas? He asked them next
 (Wishing to see them more perplexed)
 Which of the two contending powers
 Was chiefly abused by this bard of ours?
 For he said, "Such a bold, so profound an adviser
 By dint of abuse would render them wiser,
 More active and able; and briefly that they
 Must finally prosper and carry the day."
 Now mark the Lacedæmonian guile!
 Demanding an insignificant isle!

"Ægina," they say, "for a pledge of peace,
 As a means to make all jealousy cease."
 Meanwhile their privy design and plan
 Is solely to gain this marvelous man —
 Knowing his influence on your fate —
 By obtaining a hold on his estate
 Situate in the isle aforesaid.

Therefore there needs to be no more said.
 You know their intention, and know that you know it:
 You'll keep to your island, and stick to the poet.

And he for his part
 Will practise his art
 With a patriot heart,
 With the honest views
 That he now pursues,
 And fair buffoonery and abuse:
 Not rashly bespattering, or basely beflattering,
 Not pimping, or puffing, or acting the ruffian;
 Not sneaking or fawning;
 But openly scorning
 All menace and warning,
 All bribes and suborning:

He will do his endeavor on your behalf;
 He will teach you to think, he will teach you to laugh.
 So Cleon again and again may try;
 I value him not, nor fear him, I!
 His rage and rhetoric I defy.
 His impudence, his politics,
 His dirty designs, his rascally tricks,

No stain of abuse on me shall fix.
 Justice and right, in his despite,
 Shall aid and attend me, and do me right:
 With these to friend, I ne'er will bend,
 Nor descend
 To a humble tone
 (Like his own),
 As a sneaking loon,
 A knavish, slavish, poor poltroon.

Translated by John Hookham Frere

THE APPEAL OF THE CHORUS

From the 'Knights'

IF a veteran author had wished to engage
 Our assistance today, for a speech from the stage,
 We scarce should have granted so bold a request:
 But this author of ours, as the bravest and best,
 Deserves an indulgence denied to the rest,
 For the courage and vigor, the scorn and the hate,
 With which he encounters the pests of the state;
 A thoroughbred seaman, intrepid and warm,
 Steering outright, in the face of the storm.

But now for the gentle reproaches he bore
 On the part of his friends, for refraining before
 To embrace the profession, embarking for life
 In theatrical storms and poetical strife.

He begs us to state that for reasons of weight
 He has lingered so long and determined so late.
 For he deemed the achievements of comedy hard,
 The boldest attempt of a desperate bard!
 The Muse he perceived was capricious and coy;
 Though many were courting her, few could enjoy.
 And he saw without reason, from season to season,
 Your humor would shift, and turn poets adrift,
 Requiring old friends with unkindness and treason,
 Discarded in scorn as exhausted and worn.

Seeing Magnes' fate, who was reckoned of late
 For the conduct of comedy captain and head;
 That so oft on the stage, in the flower of his age,
 Had defeated the Chorus his rivals had led;
 With his sounds of all sort, that were uttered in sport,
 With whims and vagaries unheard of before,
 With feathers and wings, and a thousand gay things,
 That in frolicsome fancies his Choruses wore —
 When his humor was spent, did your temper relent,
 To requite the delight that he gave you before?
 We beheld him displaced, and expelled and disgraced,
 When his hair and his wit were grown aged and hoar.

Then he saw, for a sample, the dismal example
 Of noble Cratinus so splendid and ample,
 Full of spirit and blood, and enlarged like a flood;
 Whose copious current tore down with its torrent,
 Oaks, ashes, and yew, with the ground where they grew,
 And his rivals to boot, wrenched up by the root;
 And his personal foes, who presumed to oppose,
 All drowned and abolished, dispersed and demolished,
 And drifted headlong, with a deluge of song.

And his airs and his tunes, and his songs and lampoons,
 Were recited and sung by the old and the young:
 At our feasts and carousals, what poet but he?
 And "The fair Amphibribe" and "The Sycophant Tree,"
 "Masters and masons and builders of verse!"
 Those were the tunes that all tongues could rehearse;
 But since in decay you have cast him away,
 Stripped of his stops and his musical strings,
 Battered and shattered, a broken old instrument,
 Shoved out of sight among rubbishy things.
 His garlands are faded, and what he deems worst,
 His tongue and his palate are parching with thirst.

And now you may meet him alone in the street,
 Wearied and worn, tattered and torn,
 All decayed and forlorn, in his person and dress,
 Whom his former success should exempt from distress,
 With subsistence at large at the general charge,
 And a seat with the great at the table of State,
 There to feast every day and preside at the play
 In splendid apparel, triumphant and gay.

Seeing Crates, the next, always teased and perplexed,
 With your tyrannous temper tormented and vexed;
 That with taste and good sense, without waste or expense,
 From his snug little hoard, provided your board
 With a delicate treat, economic and neat.

Thus hitting or missing, with crowns or with hissing,

Year after year he pursued his career,
 For better or worse, till he finished his course.
 These precedents held him in long hesitation;
 He replied to his friends, with a just observation,
 "That a seaman in regular order is bred
 To the oar, to the helm, and to look out ahead;
 With diligent practice has fixed in his mind
 The signs of the weather, and changes of wind.
 And when every point of the service is known,
 Undertakes the command of a ship of his own."

For reasons like these,
 If your judgment agrees
 That he did not embark
 Like an ignorant spark,
 Or a troublesome lout,

To puzzle and bother, and blunder about,
 Give him a shout,
 At his first setting out!
 And all pull away
 With a hearty huzza
 For success to the play!
 Send him away,
 Smiling and gay,
 Shining and florid,
 With his bald forehead!

Translated by John Hookham Frere

THE CLOUD CHORUS

From the 'Clouds'

SOCRATES SPEAKS

HITHER, come hither, ye Clouds renowned, and unveil yourselves
 here;
 Come, though ye dwell on the sacred crests of Olympian snow,
 Or whether ye dance with the Nereid Choir in the gardens clear,
 Or whether your golden urns are dipped in Nile's overflow,

Or whether you dwell by Mæotis' mere
 Or the snows of Mimas, arise! appear!
 And hearken to us, and accept our gifts ere ye rise and go.

THE CLOUDS SING

Immortal Clouds from the echoing shore
 Of the father of streams, from the sounding sea,
 Dewy and fleet, let us rise and soar;
 Dewy and gleaming and fleet are we!
 Let us look on the tree-clad mountain-crest,
 On the sacred earth where the fruits rejoice,
 On the waters that murmur east and west,
 On the tumbling sea with his moaning voice.
 For unwearied glitters the Eye of the Air,
 And the bright rays gleam;
 Then cast we our shadows of mist, and fare
 In our deathless shapes to glance everywhere
 From the height of the heaven, on the land and air,
 And the Ocean Stream.
 Let us on, ye Maidens that bring the Rain,
 Let us gaze on Pallas' citadel,
 In the country of Cecrops fair and dear,
 The mystic land of the holy cell,
 Where the Rites unspoken securely dwell,
 And the gifts of the gods that know not stain,
 And a people of mortals that know not fear.
 For the temples tall and the statues fair,
 And the feasts of the gods are holiest there,
 The feasts of Immortals, the chaplets of flowers,
 And the Bromian mirth at the coming of spring,
 And the musical voices that fill the hours,
 And the dancing feet of the maids that sing!

Translated by Andrew Lang

A RAINY DAY ON THE FARM

From the 'Peace'


HOW sweet it is to see the new-sown corn-field fresh and even,
 With blades just springing from the soil that only ask a shower
 from heaven.
 Then, while kindly rains are falling, indolently to rejoice,

Till some worthy neighbor calling, cheers you with his hearty voice.
 Well, with weather such as this, let us hear, Trygæus, tell us
 What should you and I be doing? You're the king of us good fellows.
 Since it pleases heaven to prosper your endeavors, friend, and mine,
 Let us have a merry meeting, with some friendly talk and wine.
 In the vineyard there's your lout, hoeing in the slop and mud —
 Send the wench and call him out, this weather he can do no good.
 Dame, take down two pints of meal, and do some fritters in your way;
 Boil some grain and stir it in, and let us have those figs, I say.
 Send a servant to my house — any one that you can spare —
 Let him fetch a beestings pudding, two gherkins, and the pies of hare:
 There should be four of them in all, if the cat has left them right;
 We heard her racketing and tearing round the larder all last night.
 Boy, bring three of them to us — take the other to my father:
 Cut some myrtle for our garlands, sprigs in flower or blossoms rather.
 Give a shout upon the way to Charinades our neighbor,
 To join our drinking bout today, since heaven is pleased to bless our labor.

Translated by John Hookham Frere

THE HARVEST

From the 'Peace'

 H, 'tis sweet, when fields are ringing
 With the merry cricket's singing,
 Oft to mark with curious eye
 If the vine-tree's time be nigh:
 Here is now the fruit whose birth
 Cost a throe to Mother Earth.
 Sweet it is, too, to be telling,
 How the luscious figs are swelling;
 Then to riot without measure
 In the rich, nectareous treasure,
 While our grateful voices chime —
 Happy season! blessed time.

Translation in the Quarterly Review

THE CALL TO THE NIGHTINGALE

From the 'Birds'

A WAKE! awake!
 Sleep no more, my gentle mate!
 With your tiny tawny bill,
 Wake the tuneful echo shrill,
 On vale or hill;
 Or in her airy rocky seat,
 Let her listen and repeat
 The tender ditty that you tell,
 The sad lament,
 The dire event,
 To luckless Itys that befell.
 Thence the strain
 Shall rise again,
 And soar amain,
 Up to the lofty palace gate
 Where mighty Apollo sits in state
 In Jove's abode, with his ivory lyre,
 Hymning aloud to the heavenly choir,
 While all the gods shall join with thee
 In a celestial symphony.

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Translated by John Hookham Frere

THE BUILDING OF CLOUD-CUCKOO-TOWN

From the 'Birds'

[Enter Messenger, quite out of breath, and speaking in short snatches.]

MESSENGER. Where is he? Where? Where is he? Where? Where
 is he? — The president Peisthetairus?
 Peisthetairus [coolly]. Here am I.

Messenger [in a gasp of breath]. Your fortification's finished.

Peisthetairus.

Well! that's well.

Messenger. A most amazing, astonishing work it is!

So that Theagenes and Proxenides

Might flourish and gasconade and prance away

Quite at their ease, both of them four-in-hand,

Driving abreast upon the breadth of wall,
Each in his own new chariot.

Peisthetairus. You surprise me.

Messenger. And the height (for I made the measurement myself)
Is exactly a hundred fathoms.

Peisthetairus. Heaven and earth!

How could it be? such a mass! who could have built it?

Messenger. The Birds; no creature else, no foreigners,
Egyptian bricklayers, workmen or masons.
But they themselves, alone, by their own efforts —
(Even to my surprise, as an eye-witness)
The Birds, I say, completed everything:
There came a body of thirty thousand cranes,
(I won't be positive, there might be more)
With stones from Africa in their craws and gizzards,
Which the stone-curlews and stone-chatterers
Worked into shape and finished. The sand-martins
And mud-larks, too, were busy in their department,
Mixing the mortar, while the water-birds,
As fast as it was wanted, brought the water
To temper and work it.

Peisthetairus [*in a fidget*]. But who served the masons?
Who did you get to carry it?

Messenger. To carry it?
Of course, the carrion crows and carrying pigeons.

Peisthetairus [*in a fuss, which he endeavors to conceal*].
Yes! yes! but after all, to load your hods,
How did you manage that?

Messenger. Oh, capitally,
I promise you. There were the geese, all barefoot
Trampling the mortar, and when all was ready
They handed it into the hods, so cleverly,
With their flat feet!

Peisthetairus [*a bad joke, as a vent for irritation*].
They footed it, you mean —

Come; it was handily done though, I confess.

Messenger. Indeed, I assure you, it was a sight to see them;
And trains of ducks there were, clambering the ladders
With their duck legs, like bricklayers' 'prentices,
All dapper and handy, with their little trowels.

Peisthetairus. In fact, then, it's no use engaging foreigners;
Mere folly and waste, we've all within ourselves.
Ah, well now, come! But about the woodwork? Heh!

Who were the carpenters? Answer me that!
Messenger. The woodpeckers, of course: and there they were,
 Laboring upon the gates, driving and banging,
 With their hard hatchet-beaks, and such a din,
 Such a clatter, as they made, hammering and hacking,
 In a perpetual peal, pelting away
 Like shipwrights, hard at work in the arsenal.
 And now their work is finished, gates and all,
 Staples and bolts, and bars and everything;
 The sentries at their posts; patrols appointed;
 The watchman in the barbican; the beacons
 Ready prepared for lighting; all their signals
 Arranged — but I'll step out, just for a moment,
 To wash my hands. You'll settle all the rest.

Translated by John Hookham Frere

CHORUS OF WOMEN

From the 'Thesmophoriazusæ'

THEY'RE always abusing the women,
 As a terrible plague to men:
 They say we're the root of all evil,
 And repeat it again and again;
 Of war, and quarrels, and bloodshed,
 All mischief, be what it may!
 And pray, then, why do you marry us,
 If we're all the plagues you say?
 And why do you take such care of us,
 And keep us so safe at home,
 And are never easy a moment
 If ever we chance to roam?
 When you ought to be thanking heaven
 That your Plague is out of the way,
 You all keep fussing and fretting —
 "Where is *my* Plague today?"
 If a Plague peeps out of the window,
 Up go the eyes of men;
 If she hides, then they all keep staring
 Until she looks out again.

Translated by Collins

CHORUS OF MYSTÆ IN HADES

From the 'Frogs'

CHORUS [*shouting and singing*]**I**ACCHUS! Iacchus! Ho!

Iacchus! Iacchus! Ho!

Xanthias. There, master, there they are, the initiated

All sporting about as he told us we should find 'em,

They're singing in praise of Bacchus like Diagoras.

Bacchus. Indeed, and so they are; but we'll keep quiet

Till we make them out a little more distinctly.

CHORUS [*song*]

Mighty Bacchus! Holy Power!

Hither at the wonted hour

Come away,

Come away,

With the wanton holiday,

Where the revel uproar leads

To the mystic holy meads,

Where the frolic votaries fly,

With a tipsy shout and cry;

Flourishing the Thyrsus high,

Flinging forth, alert and airy,

To the sacred old vagary,

The tumultuous dance and song,

Sacred from the vulgar throng;

Mystic orgies that are known

To the votaries alone —

To the mystic chorus solely —

Secret — unrevealed — and holy.

Xanthias. O glorious virgin, daughter of the goddess!

What a scent of roasted griskin reached my senses!

Bacchus. Keep quiet — and watch for a chance of a piece of the haslets.CHORUS [*song*]

Raise the fiery torches high!

Bacchus is approaching nigh,

Like the planet of the morn

Breaking with the hoary dawn

On the dark solemnity —
 There they flash upon the sight;
 All the plain is blazing bright,
 Flushed and overflown with light:
 Age has cast his years away,
 And the cares of many a day,
 Sporting to the lively lay —
 Mighty Bacchus! march and lead
 (Torch in hand toward the mead)
 Thy devoted humble Chorus;
 Mighty Bacchus — move before us!
 Keep silence — keep peace — and let all the profane
 From our holy solemnity duly refrain;
 Whose souls, unenlightened by taste, are obscure;
 Whose poetical notions are dark and impure;
 Whose theatrical conscience
 Is sullied by nonsense;
 Who never were trained by the mighty Cratinus
 In mystical orgies, poetic and vinous;
 Who delight in buffooning and jests out of season;
 Who promote the designs of oppression and treason;
 Who foster sedition and strife and debate;
 All traitors, in short, to the Stage and the State:
 Who surrender a fort, or in private export
 To places and harbors of hostile resort
 Clandestine consignments of cables and pitch —
 In the way that Thorycion grew to be rich
 From a scoundrelly dirty collector of tribute:
 All such we reject and severely prohibit;
 All statesmen retrenching the fees and the salaries
 Of theatrical bards, in revenge for the railleries
 And jests and lampoons of this holy solemnity,
 Profanely pursuing their personal enmity,
 For having been flouted and scoffed and scorned —
 All such are admonished and heartily warned:
 We warn them once,
 We warn them twice,
 We warn and admonish — we warn them thrice,
 To conform to the law,
 To retire and withdraw;
 While the Chorus again with the formal saw,
 (Fixed and assigned to the festive day)
 Move to the measure and march away.

SEMI-CHORUS

March! march! lead forth,
Lead forth manfully,
March in order all;
Bustling, hustling, justling,
As it may befall;
Flocking, shouting, laughing,
Mocking, flouting, quaffing,
One and all;
All have had a bellyful
Of breakfast brave and plentiful;
Therefore
Evermore
With your voices and your bodies
Serve the goddess,
And raise
Songs of praise;
She shall save the country still,
And save it against the traitor's will;
So she says.

SEMI-CHORUS

Now let us raise in a different strain
The praise of the goddess, the giver of grain;
Imploring her favor
With other behavior,
In measures more sober, submissive, and graver.

SEMI-CHORUS

Ceres, holy patroness,
Condescend to mark and bless,
With benevolent regard,
Both the Chorus and the Bard;
Grant them for the present day
Many things to sing and say,
Follies intermixed with sense;
Folly, but without offense.
Grant them with the present play
To bear the prize of verse away.

SEMI-CHORUS

Now call again, and with a different measure,
 The power of mirth and pleasure;
 The florid, active Bacchus, bright and gay,
 To journey forth and join us on the way.

SEMI-CHORUS

O Bacchus, attend! the customary patron of every lively lay;
 Go forth without delay
 Thy wonted annual way,
 To meet the ceremonious holy matron:
 Her grave procession gracing,
 Thine airy footsteps tracing
 With unlaborious, light, celestial motion:
 And here at thy devotion
 Behold thy faithful choir
 In pitiful attire:
 All overworn and ragged,
 This jerkin old and jagged,
 These buskins torn and burst,
 Though sufferers in the fray,
 May serve us at the worst
 To sport throughout the day;
 And then within the shades
 I spy some lovely maids
 With whom we romped and reveled,
 Dismantled and disheveled,
 With their bosoms open —
 With whom we might be coping.
Xanthias. Well, I was always hearty,
 Disposed to mirth and ease:
 I'm ready to join the party.
Bacchus. And I will if you please.

Translated by John Hookham Frere

A PARODY OF EURIPIDES' LYRIC VERSE

From the 'Frogs'

HALCYONS ye by the flowing sea
 Waves that warble twitteringly,
 Circling over the tumbling blue,
 Dipping your down in its briny dew,
 Spi-i-iders in corners dim
 Spi-spi-spinning your fairy film,
 Shuttles echoing round the room
 Silver notes of the whistling loom,
 Where the light-footed dolphin skips
 Down the wake of the dark-prowed ships,
 Over the course of the racing steed
 Where the clustering tendrils breed
 Grapes to drown dull care in delight,
 Oh! mother make me a child again just for tonight!
 I don't exactly see how that last line is to scan,
 But that's a consideration I leave to our musical man.

Translated by John Hookham Frere

THE PROLOGUES OF EURIPIDES

From the 'Frogs'

[The point of the following selection lies in the monotony of both narrative style and meter in Euripides' prologues, and especially his regular cesura after the fifth syllable of a line. The burlesque tag used by Aristophanes to demonstrate this effect could not be applied in the same way to any of the fourteen extant plays of Sophocles and Æschylus.]

Æschylus. And by Jove, I'll not stop to cut up your verses word by word,
 but if the gods are propitious I'll spoil all your prologues with a little
 flask of smelling-salts.

Euripides. With a flask of smelling-salts?

Æschylus. With a single one. For you build your verses so that anything
 will fit into the meter—a leathern sack, or eider-down, or smelling-
 salts. I'll show you.

Euripides. So, you'll show me, will you?

Æschylus. I will that.

Dionysus. Pronounce.

Euripides [*declaiming*].

Ægyptus, as broad-fruited fame reports,
With fifty children voyaging the main
To Argos came, and

Æschylus. — lost his smelling-salts.

Dionysus. What the mischief have the smelling-salts got to do with it?

Recite another prologue to him and let me see.

Euripides.

Dionysus, thyrsus-armed and fawn-skin-clad,
Amid the torchlights on Parnassus' slope
Dancing and prancing

Æschylus. — lost his smelling-salts.

Dionysus. Caught out again by the smelling-salts.

Euripides. No matter. Here's a prologue that he can't fit 'em to.

No lot of mortal man is wholly blest:
The high-born youth hath lacked the means of life,
The lowly lout hath

Æschylus. — lost his smelling-salts.

Dionysus. Euripides —

Euripides. Well, what?

Dionysus. Best take in sail.

These smelling-salts, methinks, will blow a gale.

Euripides. What do I care? I'll fix him next time.

Dionysus. Well, recite another, and steer clear of the smelling-salts.

Euripides.

Cadmus departing from the town of Tyre,
Son of Agenor

Æschylus. — lost his smelling-salts.

Dionysus. My dear fellow, buy those smelling-salts, or there won't be a rag left of all your prologues.

Euripides. What? I buy 'em of him?

Dionysus. If you'll be advised by me.

Euripides. Not a bit of it. I've lots of prologues where he can't work 'em in.

Pelops the Tantalid to Pisa coming
With speedy coursers

Æschylus. — lost his smelling-salts.

Dionysus. There they are again, you see. Do let him have 'em, my good

Æschylus. You can replace 'em for a nickel.

Euripides. Never, I've not run out yet.

Æneus from broad fields

Æschylus. — lost his smelling-salts.

Euripides. Let me say the whole verse, won't you?

Æneus from broad fields reaped a mighty crop
And offering first-fruits

Æschylus. — lost his smelling-salts.

Dionysus. While sacrificing? Who filched them?

Euripides. Oh, never mind him. Let him try it on this verse: —

Zeus, as the word of sooth declared of old —

Dionysus. It's no use, he'll say Zeus lost his smelling-salts. For those smelling-salts fit your prologues like a kid glove. But go on and turn your attention to his lyrics.

Translated by John Hookham Frere

HERODOTUS

HERODOTUS, the most delightful of story-tellers, bears, strange to say, the title of the "Father of History." The art of story-telling, first fashioned in the usage of epic poetry, passed into the hands of the logographers of the sixth and fifth centuries, to whom must be accredited the relatively late discovery that prose could be a medium of literature. Of their works we have little or nothing. The border-lands of the Orient, rich in materials of family and city tradition, of mythology, genealogy, theogony, of diverse national usage and custom, furnished them the natural stimulus to their work. The material had outgrown the restraint of the dignified epic, and spread itself abroad in plebeian prose. Herein both the historical prose style and the philosophical found their source.

Herodotus stood on the border-line between logography and history. He felt himself akin to the logographers, and looked back through them to Homer as the head of his guild. In entitling his work, he used the word *historia* in the sense of story-telling; but lifted this into its significance as history. His claim to the title "Father of History," first awarded him by Cicero, rests upon the fact that he was the first to shape a collection of stories into the portrayal of a great historical proceeding, so as to endow it with a plot. The proceeding which he chose as his subject has proved to be one of prime importance in the total history of human civilization. It was the conflict between Greece and Persia in the beginning of the fifth century B.C. — a great crisis and turning-point in the long history of that struggle between Orientalism and Occidentalism, which has been almost perpetually in progress by the shores of the Ægean. The writing of history begins, therefore, with the Eastern Question.

Herodotus' early home was such as to suggest to him his theme. He was born in Halicarnassus, a Doric city on the southwestern coast of Asia Minor, about 490 B.C., and died, probably at Thurii in Italy, between 428 and 426. His life covers thus the period from the Persian wars to the Peloponnesian War, and is commensurate with the period of Athens' bloom. He was born, if we may trust Suidas, of a highly respectable Halicarnassian family; and among his near relatives, probably his uncle, was Panyasis — a collector of myths and folklore, and an epic poet of distinction, whose influence in determining his kinsman's tastes may well have been decisive. A revolution in the government of the city, probably of the year 468, occasioned the death of Panyasis and the exile of Herodotus. It is significant for the later attitude of Herodotus, as shown in his writings, that in this affair he sided with the

democracy. After an exile of several years, part of which he is said to have spent in Samos, he returned to his native city, where later—at some time prior to 454—he participated in the overthrowing of the tyrant Lygdamis. Continued political disturbances caused him finally to withdraw permanently from the city. The jealousy of the mob, which had now joined itself to the hatred of the aristocracy, had made his longer stay impossible.

From this time until 443, when he joined in founding the Athenian colony of Thurii in Italy, he was a homeless wanderer on the face of the earth. Athens, ever hospitable to strangers, afforded him the nearest approach to a home, and here he made his abode at the end of his successive voyages. There is no good reason for rejecting the information that in the year 445 he gave a public reading of some portion of his history, and received therefor a vote of thanks from the Athenian Council and a reward of ten talents. The greater part of his travels was accomplished before this date; for two years later, in search of a home and rest—and probably too of the leisure to complete his work—he withdrew to Thurii. The most probable order of his travels is that which takes him first along the coasts of Asia Minor to the northern islands, Thrace, the Sea of Marmora, Byzantium, and the coasts of the Black Sea; then at some time after 445 brings him to the south, along the southern shores of Asia Minor to Cyprus and the Syrian coast, and into the interior through Syria and Mesopotamia to Babylon. Egypt he visited almost certainly after 449, and Cyrene in northern Africa may well have come next in order. The exploration of Greece proper—where he visited Dodona, Zacynthus, Delphi, Thebes, Platæa, Thermopylæ, and various places in the Peloponnesus, including Corinth, Tegea, Sparta, and probably Olympia—belongs in the last years before his departure for Thurii.

There are not lacking those who, on the basis of inaccuracies, deny that his itinerary ever took him far from the Ægean and eastern Mediterranean. Thus Sayce limits Herodotus' travels to coasting trips along the shores of Thrace from Athos to Byzantium, to Palestine and Syria, among the islands of the Ægean, with visits to Lower Egypt and certain sites in Greece. Though Herodotus distinctly says he visited Egyptian Thebes, and pushed on up the Nile as far as Elephantine, Sayce prefers to brand him as a deliberate liar, forsooth, because he calls Elephantine a village instead of an island, and does not wax warm enough in praise of the wonders of Thebes! To those who have read the pages of Herodotus as they were meant to be read, however, the genial simplicity of the writer is too well known to suffer his being made an arrant rogue on slight evidence. He loved a good story, and surely would not let it take harm in his hands; but plain lying was not his forte. There exists no sufficient reason for supposing he did not visit the places he actually says he did.

After settling at Thurii, he may again have taken up the wander-staff; but direct evidence does not exist. It is not even certain that he visited

Athens again. His mention of the Propylæa (Book v, 77) refers by no means certainly to the Propylæa of Mnesicles, completed in 432, but probably to the older structure. His allusion to events in Athenian history occurring after the beginning of the Peloponnesian War (431) does not necessitate the hypothesis of residence in Athens. His whole attitude, on the contrary, toward the issues and events involved in that struggle, betrays the feeling of one observing from a distance, rather than of an eye-witness and participant.

Pitifully little it is, therefore, that we know about the man himself. When after a period of relative neglect his writings sprang again into attention in the second century B.C., the facts of his life had been so far forgotten — fate of a man without a country! — that even the gleaning of the grammarians failed to find materials sufficient to construct a fair biography. He lives only in his writings. Whether he wrote anything else than the nine books of history that have come down to us under his name is not certain, though he in two passages promises to return to a subject in his 'Assyrian Notes.' Aristotle in his 'Animal History' cites a remark of Herodotus that may well have had a place in such a work, and certainly is not taken from his existing writings; but there is no other evidence that any such book existed. The theory that he wrote it and intended to incorporate it in his history, much as he did the 'Egyptian Notes' which constitute the second book, is rendered improbable by the evident completeness of plan characterizing the existing work.

The History as we have it is divided into nine books, named from the Muses. This division, not mentioned by any one before Diodorus (who lived in the first century B.C.), and not used by the author himself in referring to the parts of his history, may have been the handiwork of the Alexandrine grammarian; but was fittingly made, and corresponds to real lines of division which must have been present to the author's mind. In spite of the bewildering variety of the material brought together in the single books, and in spite of digressions, each book will be found to contribute its distinct and appropriate part to the plan of the whole, and steadily to lead the subject up to its complete unfolding. We may summarize the subject of each book in its relation to the whole as follows: — I. The rise of the Persian empire through the downfall of the Lydian; II. Egypt; III. The establishment of the Persian empire — Cambyzes, Smerdis, Darius; IV. Persia against Scythia and against Libya; V. Advance of the Persian power towards a conflict with Athens; VI. The self-assertion of the Hellenic spirit in Ionia, and the quelling of the Ionian revolt; its self-assertion in Greece, and the battle of Marathon; VII. Xerxes' march against Greece; VIII. Salamis; IX. Plataea, Mycale, and the failure of Persia.

The story is complete in itself. It is fashioned after a plot, and is set forth in the form of a great drama. There is introduction, assembling of the elements of conflict, conflict, catastrophe, moral. The tale begins with the

rise of the Persian power, gathering unto itself the strength of the barbarian world. It ends with Persia's discomfiture. The *motif* is sounded at the start. Overweening greatness challenges the envy of the gods, and is smitten with the divine wrath. The presumption of Cræsus received in the first book its rebuke from the Athenian Solon. The Persian power which rose to greatness on the ruins of Cræsus' power vaunted its pride in Xerxes' host, and received in the last book its rebuke from the Athenian state.

The last three books stand in marked contrast as well as parallelism to the first three. In the closing section of the work, Hellas is the scene, Hellenic history is the central interest; in the first section, barbarian history fills the foreground, and Lydia, Egypt, Mesopotamia are the scene. In Books vii, viii, ix, we have a single continuous account, clear and definite in outline and plan; in i, ii, iii, we find a vast assemblage of various narrative, rich with the varied colorings and dreamy fancies of the East.

Between these two groups the fourth, fifth, and sixth books play a mediating part. In geographical location they belong neither to the civilized Orient nor to the Occident. The fourth reaches far to the north, then far to the south. The fifth draws near to the frontier, and deals with Thrace and Ionia. The sixth bestrides the frontier, and reaches to the shores of Attica. Chronologically they also form the bridge between the beginning and the end. The first three books deal with vast stretches of time, quoted not in decades or generations but in centuries. The three central books limit themselves to the thirty years prior to the battle of Marathon, as the last three do to the ten years subsequent thereto. The fourth book is conceived more after the spirit of its predecessors than its successors, but yet belongs in scene and purpose to the latter rather than the former. As Macan has remarked, the middle books are "intermediate and transitional in character. They present a series of dissolving views." The art which has fashioned the plan of the whole reveals itself also, on minuter analysis, in the outlines of the separate books. We cannot be certain that this plan in all its features was outlined by the author before beginning his work. We are rather inclined to think that except for some crude vision of the whole, the plan grew upon him as he wrote. His first impulse to authorship arose from his interest in the life and customs of diverse peoples, aroused perhaps by his uncle's interest, and strengthened by his early residence on the frontier of diverse civilizations, and by his travels.

The composition was doubtless the work of years. Herodotus no doubt added from time to time here an anecdote, there an excursus; and as he inserted and rearranged, the finer details of his plan emerged. It is not likely that the book was given to the world before his death. The last revision, which might have removed a few minor inconsistencies, had not been made; but as for a purpose to continue the work so as to cover for instance the age of Pericles, or even some shorter additional period, it is out of the question. Such work was not to his mind, nor appropriate to the material he had col-

lected and which enchained his interest. The deeds of great heroes of the past, not the political strife of the present, allured him. He was a child of Homer. The conflict of Asia against Europe was the same old theme of which Homer had sung. But we are not confined to negative evidence. The fact that the plan of the work as it stands is complete, furnishes positive assurance. The closing incident of the ninth book naturally concludes the story. The arrogant pride of Xerxes has met its defeat. The expedition to Sestos gave the evidence that Xerxes' bridge was broken through and Europe rid of the intruder. The closing words of the last book form an ideal conclusion to the work. They represent the older policy of the Persians when under the guidance of Cyrus: — "So the Persians, seeing their error, yielded to the opinion of Cyrus; for they chose rather to live in a barren land and rule, than to sow the plain and be the slaves of others." Thus Solon's rebuke of pride at the beginning of the work is echoed from the lips of the great Persian at the end.

Herodotus is not a trained scientific observer. His crocodiles and hippopotami are somewhat awry, but he tells what children would like to hear about them. What is now the everyday cat was then among the marvels of wonderland. His contributions to piscatology are not masterly, and his faith in what is told him concerning the habits of animals he has not seen is beautifully free from scientific doubt. The description of Babylon is not that of a Baedeker, but constitutes no evidence that he had failed to visit it. In regard to geography he thought himself well in advance of his day, and smiled disdainful smiles at those who make "the earth circular, as if turned on a lathe." His remarks concerning language show that he was innocent of all knowledge of foreign tongues, and that his capacity for observation was slight. Thus he presents, as an argument for the connection of the Colchians and the Egyptians, their similarity of language!

When he is describing the customs of strange peoples he is always entertaining, and usually instructive. When he opens his mouth to tell us a story, then he is at his best. The ring of Polycrates, the contest for Thyrea, the boyhood of Cyrus, King Rhampsinitus and his money, are samples of his tales pitched in every key — the marvelous, the genuine, the spirited, the grimly humorous. His descriptions of battles are full of movement and interest; not precise and strategically clear, but gossipy and active, and above all things interesting. They were composed to be heard, and not to be studied out with a map. No better illustration could be cited than the magnificent story of Salamis. The failure of scholars to agree regarding the plan of this battle has been in some measure due to their unwillingness to listen to Herodotus as a naïve story-teller rather than as a naval expert. There is no general canon by which the credibility of his material can be tested. Each statement must be weighed by itself. What he heard, or what he understood, and what he saw or thought he saw, he reported — so far as it interested him. If he

heard two accounts of an occurrence, he sometimes gave them both and left the reader to choose. Sometimes he expresses a mild doubt, but generally he reports the current stories in a delightful miscellany of folklore and history. He does not hesitate on occasion to admit his ignorance, and carefully distinguishes his inferences from his facts. Neither infallibility nor dogmatism is his besetting sin. He could not speak the languages of the foreign countries in which he traveled, and was therefore often at the mercy of the local dragomans. The statement concerning the inscription on the great pyramid, which expressed the greatness of the work in terms of the onions and garlic consumed by the workmen, savors strongly of dragoman philology. So soon as he passes the Greek language frontier we mark the effect upon his material. Books he used relatively little as sources. Hecataeus is the only logographer he cites. His materials were chiefly obtained from oral testimony and observation.

Strikingly characteristic of Herodotus is his religious conviction. History with him was all Providence. The gods rule in the affairs of men; they declare their will in signs and through oracles; the great events of history and the experiences of individual lives admit of explanation in terms of Divine purpose. This attitude of simple faith conditions throughout both the collection of materials and their use. If we have found in him history still undifferentiated from folklore, quite as much do we find it undifferentiated from theology. His work is folklore, history, theology, and epic all in one; but history is pushing to the fore. Rich as it is in the materials of history, it cannot be history for the people of today. It is better than that, for it is a picture of what history was to people then.

BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER

THE KING AND THE PHILOSOPHER

WHEN all these conquests had been added to the Lydian empire, and the prosperity of Sardis was now at its height, there came thither, one after another, all the sages of Greece living at the time; and among them Solon the Athenian. He was on his travels, having left Athens to be absent ten years, under the pretence of wishing to see the world, but really to avoid being forced to repeal any of the laws which at the request of the Athenians he had made for them. Without his sanction the Athenians could not repeal them, as they had bound themselves under a heavy curse to be governed for ten years by the laws which should be imposed on them by Solon.

On this account, as well as to see the world, Solon set out upon his travels, in the course of which he went to Egypt to the court of Amasis, and also

came on a visit to Cræsus at Sardis. Cræsus received him as his guest, and lodged him in the royal palace. On the third or fourth day after, he bade his servants conduct Solon over his treasures and show him all their greatness and magnificence. When he had seen them all, and so far as time allowed inspected them, Cræsus addressed this question to him: "Stranger of Athens, we have heard much of thy wisdom and of thy travels through many lands, from love of knowledge and a wish to see the world. I am curious therefore to inquire of thee, whom of all the men that thou hast seen thou deemest the most happy?" This he asked because he thought himself the happiest of mortals; but Solon answered him without flattery, according to his true sentiments, "Tellus of Athens, sire." Full of astonishment at what he had heard, Cræsus demanded sharply, "And wherefore dost thou deem Tellus happiest?" To which the other replied: "First, because his country was flourishing in his days, and he himself had sons both beautiful and good, and he lived to see children born to each of them, and these children all grew up; and further, because after a life spent in what our people look upon as comfort, his end was surpassingly glorious. In a battle between the Athenians and their neighbors near Eleusis, he came to the assistance of his countrymen, routed the foe, and died upon the field most gallantly. The Athenians gave him a public funeral on the spot where he fell, and paid him the highest honors."

Thus did Solon admonish Cræsus by the example of Tellus, enumerating the manifold particulars of his happiness. When he had ended, Cræsus inquired a second time, who after Tellus seemed to him the happiest; expecting that at any rate he would be given the second place. "Cleobis and Bito," Solon answered: "they were of Argive race; their fortune was enough for their wants, and they were besides endowed with so much bodily strength that they had both gained prizes at the games. Also, this tale is told of them: There was a great festival in honor of the goddess Juno at Argos, to which their mother must needs be taken in a car. Now, the oxen did not come home from the field in time; so the youths, fearful of being too late, put the yoke on their own necks, and themselves drew the car in which their mother rode. Five-and-forty furlongs did they draw her, and stopped before the temple. This deed of theirs was witnessed by the whole assembly of worshipers, and then their life closed in the best possible way. Herein, too, God showed forth most evidently how much better a thing for man death is than life. For the Argive men stood thick around the car and extolled the vast strength of the youths; and the Argive women extolled the mother who was blessed with such a pair of sons; and the mother herself, overjoyed at the deed and at the praises it had won, standing straight before the image, besought the goddess to bestow on Cleobis and Bito, the sons who had so mightily honored her, the highest blessing to which mortals can attain. Her prayer ended, they offered sacrifice and partook of the holy banquet, after which the two youths

fell asleep in the temple. They never woke more, but so passed from the earth. The Argives, looking on them as among the best of men, caused statues of them to be made, which they gave to the shrine at Delphi."

When Solon had thus assigned these youths the second place, Cræsus broke in angrily, "What, stranger of Athens! is my happiness then so utterly set at naught by thee, that thou dost not even put me on a level with private men?"

"O Cræsus," replied the other, "thou askedst a question concerning the condition of man, of one who knows that the Power above us is full of jealousy, and fond of troubling our lot. A long life gives one to witness much, and experience much oneself, that one would not choose. Seventy years I regard as the limit of the life of man. In these seventy years are contained, without reckoning intercalary months, twenty-five thousand and two hundred days. Add an intercalary month to every other year, that the seasons may come round at the right time, and there will be, besides the seventy years, thirty-five such months, making an addition of one thousand and fifty days. The whole number of the days contained in the seventy years will thus be twenty-six thousand two hundred and fifty, whereof not one but will produce events unlike the rest. Hence man is wholly accident. For thyself, O Cræsus, I see that thou art wonderfully rich, and art the lord of many nations; but with respect to that whereon thou questionest me, I have no answer to give, until I hear that thou hast closed thy life happily. For assuredly, he who possesses great store of riches is no nearer happiness than he who has what suffices for his daily needs, unless it so hap that luck attend upon him, and so he continue in the enjoyment of all his good things to the end of life. For many of the wealthiest men have been unfavored of fortune, and many whose means were moderate have had excellent luck. Men of the former class excel those of the latter but in two respects; these last excel the former in many. The wealthy man is better able to content his desires, and to bear up against a sudden buffet of calamity. The other has less ability to withstand these evils (from which, however, his good luck keeps him clear), but he enjoys all these following blessings: he is whole of limb, a stranger to disease, free from misfortune, happy in his children, and comely to look upon. If in addition to all this he ends his life well, he is of a truth the man of whom thou art in search, the man who may rightly be termed happy. Call him, however, until he die, not happy but fortunate. Scarcely indeed can any man unite all these advantages: as there is no country which contains within it all that it needs, but each while it possesses some things lacks others, and the best country is that which contains the most, so no single human being is complete in every respect—something is always lacking. He who unites the greatest number of advantages, and retaining them to the day of his death, then dies peaceably—that man alone, sire, is in my judgment entitled to bear the name of 'happy.' But in every matter it behooves us to mark

well the end; for oftentimes God gives men a gleam of happiness, and then plunges them into ruin."

Such was the speech which Solon addressed to Cræsus, a speech which brought him neither largess nor honor. The king saw him depart with much indifference, since he thought that a man must be an arrant fool who made no account of present good, but bade men always wait and mark the end.

A TYRANT'S FORTUNE

THE exceeding good fortune of Polycrates did not escape the notice of Amasis, who was much disturbed thereat. When therefore his success continued increasing, Amasis wrote him the following letter, and sent it to Samos: — "Amasis to Polycrates thus sayeth: It is a pleasure to hear of a friend and ally prospering, but thy exceeding prosperity does not cause me joy, forasmuch as I know that the gods are envious. My wish for myself, and for those whom I love, is to be now successful and now to meet with a check, thus passing through life amid alternate good and ill, rather than with perpetual good fortune. For never yet did I hear tell of any one succeeding in all his undertakings who did not meet with calamity at last, and come to utter ruin. Now therefore give ear to my words, and meet thy good luck in this way: bethink thee which of all thy treasures thou valuest most and canst least bear to part with; take it, whatsoever it be, and throw it away, so that it may be sure never to come any more into the sight of man. Then, if thy good fortune be not thenceforth checkered with ill, save thyself from harm by again doing as I have counseled."

When Polycrates read this letter, and perceived that the advice of Amasis was good, he considered carefully with himself which of the treasures that he had in store it would grieve him most to lose. After much thought he made up his mind that it was a signet ring which he was wont to wear, an emerald set in gold, the workmanship of Theodore son of Telecles, a Samian. So he determined to throw this away; and manning a penteconter, he went on board, and bade the sailors put out into the open sea. When he was now a long way from the island he took the ring from his finger, and in the sight of all those who were on board, flung it into the deep. This done, he returned home, and gave vent to his sorrow.

Now it happened five or six days afterwards that a fisherman caught a fish so large and beautiful that he thought it well deserved to be made a present of to the king. So he took it with him to the gate of the palace, and said that he wanted to see Polycrates. Then Polycrates allowed him to come in, and the fisherman gave him the fish with these words following: "Sir King, when I took this prize I thought I would not carry it to market, though I am a

poor man who live by my trade. I said to myself, It is worthy of Polycrates and his greatness; and so I brought it here to give it to you." The speech pleased the king, who thus spoke in reply: "Thou didst right well, friend, and I am doubly indebted, both for the gift and for the speech. Come now and sup with me."

So the fisherman went home, esteeming it a high honor that he had been asked to sup with the king. Meanwhile the servants, on cutting open the fish, found the signet of their master in its belly. No sooner did they see it than they seized upon it, and hastening to Polycrates with great joy, restored it to him, and told him in what way it had been found. The king, who saw something providential in the matter, forthwith wrote a letter to Amasis, telling him all that had happened, what he had himself done, and what had been the upshot; and dispatched the letter to Egypt.

When Amasis had read the letter of Polycrates, he perceived that it does not belong to man to save his fellow-man from the fate which is in store for him; likewise he felt certain that Polycrates would end ill, as he prospered in everything, even finding what he had thrown away. So he sent a herald to Samos, and dissolved the contract of friendship. This he did, that when the great and heavy misfortune came, he might escape the grief which he would have felt if the sufferer had been his bond-friend.

CURIOUS SCYTHIAN CUSTOMS

IN what concerns war, their customs are the following: The Scythian soldier drinks the blood of the first man he overthrows in battle. Whatever number he slays, he cuts off all their heads and carries them to the king; since he is thus entitled to a share of the booty, whereto he forfeits all claim if he does not produce a head. In order to strip the skull of its covering, he makes a cut round the head above the ears, and laying hold of the scalp, shakes the skull out; then with the rib of an ox he scrapes the scalp clean of flesh, and softening it by rubbing between the hands, uses it thenceforth as a napkin. The Scyth is proud of these scalps, and hangs them from his bridle rein; the greater the number of such napkins that a man can show, the more highly is he esteemed among them. Many make themselves cloaks, like the capotes of our peasants, by sewing a quantity of these scalps together. Others flay the right arms of their dead enemies, and make of the skin, which is stripped off with the nails hanging to it, a covering for their quivers. Now the skin of a man is thick and glossy, and would in whiteness surpass almost all other hides. Some even flay the entire body of their enemy, and stretching it upon a frame, carry it about with them wherever they ride. Such are the Scythian customs with respect to scalps and skins.

The skulls of their enemies — not indeed of all, but of those whom they most detest — they treat as follows: Having sawn off the portion below the eyebrows, and cleaned out the inside, they cover the outside with leather. When a man is poor, this is all that he does; but if he is rich, he also lines the inside with gold: in either case the skull is used as a drinking-cup. They do the same with the skulls of their own kith and kin, if they have been at feud with them, and have vanquished them in the presence of the king. When strangers whom they deem of any account come to visit them, these skulls are handed round, and the host tells how that these were his relations who made war upon him, and how that he got the better of them: all this being looked upon as proof of bravery.

Once a year the governor of each district, at a set place in his own province, mingles a bowl of wine, of which all Scythians have a right to drink by whom foes have been slain; while they who have slain no enemy are not allowed to taste of the bowl, but sit aloof in disgrace. No greater shame than this can happen to them. Such as have slain a very large number of foes have two cups instead of one, and drink from both.

The tombs of their kings are in the land of the Gerrhi, who dwell at the point where the Borysthenes is first navigable. Here when the king dies they dig a grave, which is square in shape and of great size. When it is ready they take the king's corpse, and embalm it with a preparation of chopped cypress, frankincense, parsley seed, and anise seed; after which they inclose the body in wax, and placing it on a wagon, carry it about through all the different tribes. On this procession each tribe, when it receives the corpse, imitates the example which is first set by the Royal Scythians: every man chops off a piece of his ear, crops his hair close, makes a cut all around his arm, lacerates his forehead and his nose, and thrusts an arrow through his left hand. Then they who have the care of the corpse carry it with them to another of the tribes which are under the Scythian rule, followed by those whom they first visited. On completing the circuit of all the tribes under their sway, they find themselves in the country of the Gerrhi, who are the most remote of all, and so they come to the tombs of the kings. There the body of the dead king is laid in the grave prepared for it, stretched upon a mattress; spears are fixed in the ground on either side of the corpse, and beams stretched across above it to form a roof, which is covered with a thatching of osier twigs. In the open space around the body of the king they bury one of his concubines, first killing her by strangling, and also his cup-bearer, his cook, his groom, his lackey, his messenger, some of his horses, firstlings of all his other possessions, and some golden cups — for they use neither silver nor brass. After this they set to work and raise a vast mound above the grave, all of them vying with each other and seeking to make it as tall as possible.

When a year is gone by, further ceremonies take place. Fifty of the best of the late king's attendants are taken, all native Scythians — for as bought

slaves are unknown in the country, the Scythian kings choose any of their subjects that they like to wait on them — fifty of these are taken and strangled, with fifty of the most beautiful horses. When they are dead, their bodies are stuffed with chaff. This done, a number of posts are driven into the ground, in sets of two pairs each, and on every pair half the felly of a wheel is placed archwise; then strong stakes are run lengthways through the bodies of the horses from tail to neck, and they are mounted up upon the fellies, so that the felly in front supports the shoulders of the horse, while that behind sustains the belly and quarters, the legs dangling in mid-air; each horse is furnished with a bit and bridle, which latter is stretched out in front of the horse, and fastened to a peg. The fifty strangled youths are then mounted severally on the fifty horses. To effect this, a second stake is passed through their bodies along the course of the spine to the neck; the lower end of which projects from the body, and is fixed into a socket, made in the stake that runs lengthwise down the horse. The fifty riders are thus ranged in a circle round the tomb, and so left.

Such then is the mode in which the kings are buried. As for the people, when any one dies, his nearest of kin lay him upon a wagon and take him round to all his friends in succession; each receives them in turn and entertains them with a banquet, whereat the dead man is served with a portion of all that is set before the others; this is done for forty days, at the end of which time the burial takes place. After the burial, those engaged in it have to purify themselves, which they do in the following way: First they well soap and wash their heads; then, in order to cleanse their bodies, they act as follows: they make a booth by fixing in the ground three sticks inclined towards one another, and stretching around them woollen felts, which they arrange so as to fit as close as possible; inside the booth a dish is placed upon the ground, into which they put a number of red-hot stones, and then add some hemp seed.

Hemp grows in Scythia; it is very like flax, only that it is a much coarser and taller plant: some grows wild about the country, some is produced by cultivation. The Thracians make garments of it which closely resemble linen; so much so, indeed, that if a person has never seen hemp he is sure to think they are linen, and if he has, unless he is very experienced in such matters, he will not know of which material they are.

The Scythians, as I said, take some of this hemp seed, and creeping under the felt coverings, throw it upon the red-hot stones; immediately it smokes, and gives out such a vapor as no Grecian vapor bath can exceed: the Scyths, delighted, shout for joy, and this vapor serves them instead of a water bath — for they never by any chance wash their bodies with water. Their women make a mixture of cypress, cedar, and frankincense wood, which they pound into a paste upon a rough piece of stone, adding a little water to it. With this substance, which is of a thick consistency, they plaster their faces all

over, and indeed their whole bodies. A sweet odor is thereby imparted to them, and when they take off the plaster on the day following, their skin is clean and glossy.

KING RHAMPSINITUS AND THE ROBBER

An Egyptian Tale

KING RHAMPSINITUS was possessed, they said, of great riches in silver; indeed, to such an amount that none of the princes his successors surpassed or even equaled his wealth. For the better custody of this money he proposed to build a vast chamber of hewn stone, one side of which was to form a part of the outer wall of his palace. The builder, therefore, having designs upon the treasures, contrived as he was making the building to insert in this wall a stone which could easily be removed from its place by two men, or even by one. So the chamber was finished, and the king's money stored away in it. Time passed, and the builder fell sick; when, finding his end approaching, he called for his two sons and related to them the contrivance he had made in the king's treasure chamber, telling them it was for their sakes he had done it, that so they might always live in affluence. Then he gave them clear directions concerning the mode of removing the stone, and communicated the measurements, bidding them carefully keep the secret, whereby they would be comptrollers of the royal exchequer so long as they lived. Then the father died, and the sons were not slow in setting to work: they went by night to the palace, found the stone in the wall of the building, and having removed it with ease, plundered the treasury of a round sum.

When the king next paid a visit to the apartment, he was astonished to see that the money was sunk in some of the vessels wherein it was stored away. Whom to accuse, however, he knew not, as the seals were all perfect and the fastenings of the room secure. Still, each time that he repeated his visits he found that more money was gone. The thieves in truth never stopped, but plundered the treasury ever more and more. At last the king determined to have some traps made, and set near the vessels which contained his wealth. This was done, and when the thieves came as usual to the treasure chamber, and one of them entering through the aperture made straight for the jars, suddenly he found himself caught in one of the traps. Perceiving that he was lost, he instantly called his brother, and telling him what had happened, entreated him to enter as quickly as possible and cut off his head, that when his body should be discovered it might not be recognized, which would have the effect of bringing ruin upon them both. The other thief thought the advice

good, and was persuaded to follow it; then, fitting the stone in its place, he went home, taking with him his brother's head.

When day dawned, the king came into the room, and marveled greatly to see the body of the thief in the trap without a head, while the building was still whole, and neither entrance nor exit was to be seen anywhere. In this perplexity he commanded the body of the dead man to be hung up outside the palace wall, and set a guard to watch it, with orders that if any persons were seen weeping or lamenting near the place, they should be seized and brought before him. When the mother heard of this exposure of the corpse of her son, she took it sorely to heart, and spoke to her surviving child, bidding him to devise some plan or other to get back the body, and threatening that if he did not exert himself, she would go herself to the king and denounce him as the robber.

The son said all he could to persuade her to let the matter rest, but in vain; she still continued to trouble him, until at last he yielded to her importunity, and contrived as follows: Filling some skins with wine, he loaded them on donkeys, which he drove before him till he came to the place where the guards were watching the dead body, when pulling two or three of the skins towards him, he untied some of the necks which dangled by the asses' sides. The wine poured freely out, whereupon he began to beat his head and shout with all his might, seeming not to know which of the donkeys he should turn to first. When the guards saw the wine running, delighted to profit by the occasion, they rushed one and all into the road, each with some vessel or other, and caught the liquor as it was spilling. The driver pretended anger, and loaded them with abuse; whereon they did their best to pacify him, until at last he appeared to soften and recover his good humor, drove his asses aside of the road, and set to work to rearrange their burthens; meanwhile, as he talked and chatted with the guards, one of them began to rally him and make him laugh, whereupon he gave them one of the skins as a gift. They now made up their minds to sit down and have a drinking bout where they were, so they begged him to remain and drink with them. Then the man let himself be persuaded, and stayed. As the drinking went on, they grew very friendly together, so presently he gave them another skin, upon which they drank so copiously that they were all overcome with the liquor, and growing drowsy lay down, and fell asleep on the spot. The thief waited till it was the dead of the night and then took down the body of his brother; after which, in mockery, he shaved off the right side of all the soldiers' beards, and so left them. Laying his brother's body upon the asses, he carried it home to his mother, having thus accomplished the thing that she had required of him.

HEROISM OF ATHENS DURING THE PERSIAN INVASION

AND here I feel constrained to deliver an opinion which most men I know will mislike, but which, as it seems to me to be true, I am determined not to withhold. Had the Athenians from fear of the approaching danger quitted their country, or had they without quitting it submitted to the power of Xerxes, there would certainly have been no attempt to resist the Persians by sea; in which case the course of events by land would have been the following: Though the Peloponnesians might have carried ever so many breastworks across the Isthmus, yet their allies would have fallen off from the Lacedæmonians, not by voluntary desertion but because town after town must have been taken by the fleet of the barbarians; and so the Lacedæmonians would at last have stood alone, and standing alone, would have displayed prodigies of valor and died nobly. Either they would have done thus, or else, before it came to that extremity, seeing one Greek State after another embrace the cause of the Medes, they would have come to terms with King Xerxes, and thus either way Greece would have been brought under Persia. For I cannot understand of what possible use the walls across the Isthmus could have been, if the king had had the mastery of the sea. If then a man should now say that the Athenians were the saviours of Greece, he would not exceed the truth. For they truly held the scales, and whichever side they espoused must have carried the day. They too it was, who, when they had determined to maintain the freedom of Greece, roused up that portion of the Greek nation which had not gone over to the Medes; and so, next to the gods, they repulsed the invader. Even the terrible oracles which reached them from Delphi, and struck fear into their hearts, failed to persuade them to fly from Greece. They had the courage to remain faithful to their land and await the coming of the foe.

When the Athenians, anxious to consult the oracle, sent their messengers to Delphi, hardly had the envoys completed the customary rites about the sacred precinct and taken their seats inside the sanctuary of the god, when the Pythoness, Aristonica by name, thus prophesied: —

Wretches, why sit ye here? Fly, fly to the ends of creation,
 Quitting your homes, and the crags which your city crowns with her circlet.
 Neither the head nor the body is firm in its place, nor at bottom
 Firm the feet, nor the hands, nor resteth the middle uninjured.
 All — all ruined and lost, since fire, and impetuous Ares
 Speeding along in a Syrian chariot, haste to destroy her.
 Not alone shalt thou suffer: full many the towers he will level,
 Many the shrines of the gods he will give to a fiery destruction.

Even now they stand with dark sweat horribly dripping,
Trembling and quaking for fear, and lo! from the high roofs trickleth
Black blood, sign prophetic of hard distresses impending.
Get ye away from the temple, and brood on the ills that await ye!

When the Athenian messengers heard this reply they were filled with the deepest affliction; whereupon Timon the son of Androbulus, one of the men of most mark among the Delphians, seeing how utterly cast down they were at the gloomy prophecy, advised them to take an olive-branch, and entering the sanctuary again, consult the oracle as suppliants. The Athenians followed this advice, and going in once more, said, "O King, we pray thee reverence these boughs of supplication which we bear in our hands, and deliver to us something more comforting concerning our country. Else we will not leave thy sanctuary, but will stay here till we die." Upon this the priestess gave them a second answer, which was the following: —

Pallas has not been able to soften the lord of Olympus,
Though she has often prayed him, and urged him with excellent counsel.
Yet once more I address thee, in words than adamant firmer.
When the foe shall have taken whatever the limit of Cecrops
Holds within it, and all which divine Cithæron shelters,
Then far-seeing Jove grants this to the prayers of Athene:
Safe shall the wooden wall continue for thee and thy children.
Wait not the tramp of the horse, nor the footmen mightily moving
Over the land, but turn your back to the foe, and retire ye.
Yet shall a day arrive when ye shall meet him in battle.
Holy Salamis, thou shalt destroy the offspring of women,
When men scatter the seed, or when they gather the harvest.

This answer seemed, as indeed it was, gentler than the former one; so the envoys wrote it down and went back with it to Athens. When, however, upon their arrival they produced it before the people, and inquiry began to be made into its true meaning, many and various were the interpretations which men put on it; two, more especially, seemed to be directly opposed to one another. Certain of the old men were of opinion that the god meant to tell them the citadel would escape, for this was anciently defended by a palisade; and they supposed that barrier to be the "wooden wall" of the oracle. Others maintained that the fleet was what the god pointed at; and their advice was that nothing should be thought of except the ships, which had best be at once got ready. Still, such as said the "wooden wall" meant the fleet were perplexed by the last two lines of the oracle: —

Holy Salamis, thou shalt destroy the offspring of women,
When men scatter the seed, or when they gather the harvest.

These words caused great disturbance among those who took the wooden wall to be the ships; since the interpreters understood them to mean that if they made preparations for a sea fight, they would suffer a defeat at Salamis.

Now, there was at Athens a man who had lately made his way into the first rank of citizens; his true name was Themistocles, but he was known more generally as the son of Neocles. This man came forward and said that the interpreters had not explained the oracle altogether aright: "For if," he argued, "the clause in question had really referred to the Athenians, it would not have been expressed so mildly; the phrase used would have been 'luckless Salamis' rather than 'Holy Salamis,' had those to whom the island belonged been about to perish in its neighborhood. Rightly taken, the response of the god threatened the enemy much more than the Athenians." He therefore counseled his countrymen to make ready to fight on board their ships, since they were the wooden wall in which the god told them to trust. When Themistocles had thus cleared the matter, the Athenians embraced his view, preferring it to that of the interpreters. The advice of these last had been against engaging in a sea fight: "All the Athenians could do," they said, "was, without lifting a hand in their defense, to quit Attica and make a settlement in some other country."

Themistocles had before this given a counsel which prevailed very seasonably. The Athenians, having a large sum of money in their treasury, the produce of the mines at Laurium, were about to share it among the full-grown citizens, who would have received ten drachmas apiece, when Themistocles persuaded them to forbear the distribution and build with the money two hundred ships, to help them in their war against the Æginetans. It was the breaking out of the Æginetan war which was at this time the saving of Greece, for hereby were the Athenians forced to become a maritime power. The new ships were not used for the purpose for which they had been built, but became a help to Greece in her hour of need. And the Athenians had not only these vessels ready before the war, but they likewise set to work to build more; while they determined, in a council which was held after the debate upon the oracle, that according to the advice of the god they would embark their whole force aboard their ships, and with such Greeks as chose to join them, give battle to the barbarian invader. Such, then, were the oracles which had been received by the Athenians.

THUCYDIDES

GOETHE'S aphorism that the ancients are children is less true of Thucydides than of any other Greek historian. Herodotus looked on the world with the open-eyed wonder of the child; Thucydides subjects it to the critical scrutiny of the man. After the age of story-telling, which finds as much delight in its art as in the truth, comes the age of sober investigation. The first step in Greek history was to record the past, the second was to narrate the events of the writer's own time. Thucydides is the first writer of contemporaneous history, as he is the first critical historian in the literature of Europe.

The author of the 'History of the Peloponnesian War' is our only authority for the few facts that are known concerning his life. He tells us that his father's name was Olorus; that he was a person of local importance from his ownership of mines in Thrace; that he was attacked by the plague which ravaged Athens; and that in 424 his ill success in his military command was the cause of his exile from Athens for twenty years. As one of the generals of the Athenian forces, he was summoned from Thasos by his colleague Eucles to assist him in holding Amphipolis against Brasidas. Though he made all speed, he failed to reach that city in time to prevent its surrender; while his successful defense of Eion failed to mitigate the anger of his countrymen at the loss of their chief stronghold in the north.

Thucydides was born in the deme Halimus, near Phalerum. The date of his birth is uncertain. It was roughly referred to 471 by Apollodorus, who calculated that in 431 the historian would have reached the age of forty — the period of intellectual prime. By others the date was brought down as low as 454. We must rest content with the historian's statement that at the outbreak of the war in 431 he had attained an age that permitted maturity of judgment. His death probably took place before 399; certainly before 396, since he fails to take account of an eruption of Ætna in that year.

Like Demosthenes and Aristotle, Thucydides had northern non-Hellenic blood in his veins. His father Olorus was no doubt an Athenian citizen; but he was a descendant, probably the grandson, of the Thracian prince of that name, whose daughter Hegesipyle became the mother of Cimon by Miltiades, the victor at Marathon. It may not be a fanciful suggestion that a severe love of truth was a part of Thucydides' intellectual inheritance; for he is the only Greek historian who prefers that truth shall be unrefracted by the medium of poetry through which the naïve Hellene loved to view the history of his race. By birth Thucydides was, as we have seen, connected with

Cimon, the leader of the aristocracy, whose policy guided Athens until the rise of Pericles. His youth and early manhood were probably spent partly in Athens. It was a time when the city was filled with the dreams of an external empire and the vision of a new culture in which reason and beauty were to make life richer than it had ever been before; when Sophocles was exhibiting his 'Antigone,' and Phidias working at the Parthenon; the Sophists were grappling with the problem of the relation between words and things; Anaxagoras was opening new vistas to thought, in proclaiming the doctrine that it was mind which created the order and harmony of the universe. Who the actual teachers of Thucydides were, we do not know; nor did the ancients busy themselves with the question until the 'History' had been canonized in the first century B.C. But we may safely conjecture that the youth felt himself stirred by that free intellectual life on which the Athenian State rested its claims to superiority.

When the war broke out in 431, believing that it was to exceed in importance any other known in history, Thucydides set himself to collect the materials for his work — a determination that shows him to have been rather a man of letters than a man of affairs. We do not hear of his holding office before 424, the year of his generalship and of his banishment. The fatal tendency of the democracy to punish those generals whose only fault was ill success, afforded the historian the opportunity to acquaint himself with the policy and operations of both sides; and by withdrawing him from further share in the conflict, made possible in a man of his judicial mood an unprejudiced inquiry into the events of the time. Whether Thucydides was indeed culpable at Amphipolis we cannot discover, because of his reticence in personal matters. But it is hazardous to assume that his dislike for Cleon is due to the agency of that demagogue in bringing about the sentence of condemnation.

During his exile, the historian made excursions to the Peloponnesus, perhaps even to Sicily and Italy, in order to gather trustworthy accounts of the war. He is thought to have been present at the battle of Mantinea in 418. The vividness of his narrative, the detailed picture of intricate military operations, are evidence that he depended on the testimony of his own eyes or on the words of credible witnesses. He himself tells us that the search for truth was attended by labor; and that he did not rely on hearsay from any chance informant, nor presume to set down the facts of the war on his own assumption as to their probability. The hand of death overtook him before he had brought the narrative of the war beyond the oligarchical revolution and the battle of Cynossema, in 411, the twenty-first year of the contest that lasted twenty-seven years. Whether he died peaceably, or was killed by robbers in Thrace or in Athens, we do not know. Polemon saw his grave about 200 B.C., in the family vault of Cimon at Athens.

The current division of the 'History' into eight books is not that of the

author, but the work of Alexandrine scholars. We hear of two other arrangements, into nine and thirteen books respectively. As it stands, the work falls into three parts. First, the 'Archæology,' or survey of ancient history; the causes of the final rupture between Athens and Sparta; and the history of the ten years to the Peace of Nicias in 421 (i-v, 25). Secondly, the doubtful truce, the struggle for allies in the Peloponnesus, the battle of Mantinea (v, 26-116), and the Sicilian Expedition (vi, vii), where the historian attains his highest excellence in sustained, brilliant, and vigorous composition. Thirdly, the Deceleian War down to 411 (viii), where the story breaks off abruptly. That the work is a torso is evident. A final revision would have smoothed out the inequalities and given greater unity to the whole. The treaties inserted in the text as it now stands do not square in all particulars with the narrative, or the narrative with the treaties. Repetitions occur; and the eighth book, which alone contains no speeches, bears many marks of incompleteness.

The genesis of the 'History' has caused scholars almost as much difficulty as the evolution of Plato's philosophy. Some conclude that Thucydides thought the war had come to an end in 421; and that his narrative down to that point constituted the original deposit, to which were added the later accretions due to the unexpected renewal of the war. Others with more probability maintain that he began to compose the 'History' after the war was over, though certain portions — such as the Ten Years' War and the Sicilian Expedition — had before this received comparatively final treatment.

Thucydides' 'History' is pre-eminently a military history, a chronicle by summers and winters of the events of the war. Everything is subordinate to the main theme. Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, may be holding Athens captive by their dramas, Socrates may be shaking the foundations of the old philosophy — to Thucydides discussions on literature, philosophy, and art are of less immediate importance than some petty foray in Acarnania. Nor will he touch on social conditions or state policy, unless they have to deal with the course and conduct of the war.

But under the hand of an artist to whom motives mean more than things, his story rises above the level of a vivid recital of campaigns. It becomes a tragic drama of incomparable interest, in which the Athenian ideal is matched against the Spartan — expansive intellect against vigorous self-restraint — a drama which is to close with the eclipse of the supremacy of his native city. The events of these years, so pregnant with change to the national life of Greece, are passed in review before a cold and penetrating intellect. Unlike Herodotus, Thucydides sees in human affairs, not the immanence of Providence, but the calculation of man unsustained of God. Oracles and prophecies are to this ancient sceptic the lure of the foolish, not the support of the reverent. Whatever statesmen may say, Thucydides scarcely ever substitutes chance for the logic of events. He strips off the cloak of pretense, and makes

men disclose their real purposes. Man is misled by fatal passion, and unexpected success breeds wanton hope. The Athenian boasts of his superior acuteness, and his wisdom turns to folly. Thucydides is no moralist, and moral conventions play no part in the struggle he depicts. The nobility of simple-minded sincerity is the butt of unscrupulous cleverness; suspicion, born of a suicidal over-acuteness, inaugurates a reign of distrust. No doubt the picture of society in Thucydides is that of an organism tainted by the moral poison of war times. Man tramples under foot his creation, law. But between abstinence from moral judgment, and cynicism, there is a gulf; nor must we look, with some, for the sardonic smile of the cynic when the historian relates some new sad reversal of fortune. It did not lie in Thucydides' purpose to denounce all these atrocities, these travesties of justice; their tragic pathos needed no word of his to interpret them. To be the apostle of an evangel of a higher ethical code while narrating the miseries of a war fruitful in miseries, is more than we can demand of any Greek historian.

Thucydides gives us the impression of a powerful intellect ripened by converse with enlightened men. He possessed a soul capable of rising to the greatness of his theme. The most authentic bust (belonging to the Earl of Leicester) displays, according to Professor Mahaffy, those qualities of sternness, strength, and modernness which stamp the character of the history. He is distinguished by dignity, elevation, and calm. He disdains trivialities. Gossip and scandal he puts aside, as he finds no place for those kindly familiarities which awaken interest at the expense of elevation. He looks at men and things with a large vision. Raised above a traditional prejudice for aristocracy, while he recognizes the wisdom of Pericles, whose policy his work may be said to vindicate, he confesses that Athens was never better governed than under the oligarchy of 411 B.C. He is a master in the art of suppressing his emotions. "Under the marble exterior of Greek literature," says Jowett — and the remark is true of Thucydides — "was concealed a soul thrilling with spiritual emotion." Probably no other writer possesses the tremendous reserve force of Thucydides, in recounting disasters that must have been heart-breaking to a patriot. Rarely indeed do we find such an expression as "sufferings too great for tears," used when he is describing the disasters of the Athenians before Syracuse. But as his inquiry must not be liable to assault on the ground of bias, he withdraws his personality to a safe distance from the scene. From personal judgment he abstains, except when his readers might be tempted to form false conclusions.

If in the narration of contemporary events Thucydides is the most objective of the ancient historians, from the point of view of style he is, with the possible exception of Tacitus, the most subjective of all. When he began to write, Attic prose was in its infancy. His predecessors were the Ionic chroniclers, whose easy-flowing, unperiodic style was ill suited to a theme demanding a powerful and compressed idiom. The problem before Thucydides was to

chisel out of the rough marble of Attic speech a form of expression that would comport with the gravity of his subject and the philosophic character of his mind. Tragedy could be called upon to augment his vocabulary; the formal rhetoric of the Sophists could supply him with devices for varying his native power of plain but vigorous description. The chief difficulty was to find adequate expression for the new political and philosophical ideas of the time. Here he had to create a style from the stubborn material of an unsettled speech; and here it is that we find the chief examples of his austerity. When Thucydides was exiled, men had only just been awakened to the power that lies in the artistic arrangement of words in prose. The result was a conventional and high-strung rhetoric, which Thucydides in his exile could not unbend by contact with the newer teachers. When he returned to Athens, his style, like his ideals, had become irrevocably fixed. Meantime, at Athens, the process of adjusting expression to the spirit of the age had resulted in the plain and ungarnished style of Lysias. While much of Thucydides' harshness may be ascribed to the unformed condition of Attic speech, and some of his irregularities may be due to the copyists, enough remains to show that the peculiarities of his diction are largely individual. When he wishes, he can write simply and nervously ("The lion laughs," says an ancient commentator), as in the description of the siege of Plataea. When we come from the reading of Plato or Demosthenes, we feel that it is from his very striving after clearness that Thucydides becomes obscure. His particularity is too minute. He uses high where we should use low relief. His brevity leads him to pack a paragraph into a sentence, a sentence into a single word. The very words seem to pant for air. He hurries us on to a new thought before we have grasped the one that preceded ("ever pressing close upon his own heels," says Quintilian). He is especially fond of antithesis—a mark of the time. He differentiates synonyms as if Prodicus were at his elbow. If the style is rugged it is never mean; it often attains a noble beauty and grandeur; and throughout, it mirrors the deep moral earnestness of the man. Irony he possesses, but no humor.

The peculiarities of this style are most marked in the speeches; which are either deliberative (including the hortatory addresses to the soldiers), panegyric as in the famous oration of Pericles, or judicial. They are usually arranged in pairs, so as to set forth the interest and policy of the conflicting parties. It is interesting to note, however, that no speaker voices the opposition to Pericles. In one case, instead of two speeches, we have a dialogue between the Athenians and the Melians; placed with fine dramatic irony at that point where the recital of Athenian insolence is to be succeeded by the story of Athens' downfall. The speeches serve not only to relieve the monotony of annalistic narration: they illuminate the character of the great personages; they personify a national cause; and they enable us to realize the policy of the leading statesmen of the time. Not that they are authentic.

Thucydides says that he has merely put into the mouth of each speaker the sentiments proper to the occasion, expressed as he thought the speaker would be likely to express them, while at the same time he has endeavored to embody the substance of what was actually said. The idealized and majestic form is undoubtedly Thucydidean, though some attention has been given to differentiating the styles of the speakers. The speech of the ephor Sthenelaidas has a laconic brevity; that of Alcibiades is as full of metaphors as it is of egotism. All the speeches, even that of Cleon the tanner, show an elevated style. The longer orations display a subtle acquaintance with the character of the speakers. In inserting these public harangues, Thucydides set the type which becomes merely artificial in imitators like Sallust and others. In him they are a natural product of that period in the growth of Attic prose when prose writing was almost entirely confined to oratory.

The Greek standard in matters of literary indebtedness was not the modern standard. Failure to acknowledge one's debt in ancient times is generally to be regarded as merely evidence of agreement; and Thucydides passes over the name of Stesimbrotus who wrote on Themistocles, and of Antiochus of Syracuse to whose work he was largely indebted. Allusion to a predecessor serves only as an opportunity to bring him to penance. Herodotus castigates Hecataeus, Thucydides castigates Herodotus and Hellanicus. How far is Thucydides himself invulnerable?

If we consider the difficulties of composing contemporaneous history in ancient times, when inscriptions were the only written records, we shall not wonder if Thucydides blundered here and there. One inscription shows that he (or was it the defenseless copyist?) misstated the name of a general. There are a few variations of minor importance between a treaty inserted in the text and the actual document discovered on the Acropolis. Müller-Strübing endeavors to shake our belief in the general accuracy of the historian. He charges him with suppressing facts of prime importance. When the last word on this score has been said, we may still believe that if Thucydides had been inaccurate, he would have raised up a cloud of witnesses ready to impeach him. The ancients regarded him as fair-minded, and he makes upon us the impression of a truthfulness and a candor that are free from all simulation. In the third century B.C., Thucydides was the ideal truthful historian, who, as Praxiphanes the pupil of Theophrastus says, "though mostly unknown in his lifetime, was valued beyond price by posterity." Conscious of the single purpose to narrate events as they really were, Thucydides says with lofty confidence that he "will be satisfied if his work shall prove useful to those who wish to see the truth, both of what has happened and will happen again, according to the order of human things." Dionysius, his chief student in antiquity, learned from him that history is philosophy teaching by examples. Only a profound conviction of the truth could have led Thucydides to the belief that by the past we can foresee the future; and emboldened him to the

statement that "unlike the narratives of those who intermingle fables with history to delight the hearer for the moment, his work is a possession to keep forever."

HERBERT WEIR SMYTH

THE NIGHT ATTACK ON PLATÆA

AND now the war between the Athenians and Peloponnesians and the allies of both actually began. Henceforward the struggle was uninterrupted, and they communicated with one another only by heralds. The narrative is arranged according to summers and winters, and follows the order of events.

For fourteen years the thirty years' peace . . . remained unbroken. But in the fifteenth year, when Chrysis the high-priestess of Argos was in the forty-eighth year of her priesthood, Ænesias being ephor at Sparta, and at Athens Pythodorus having two months of his archonship to run, . . . and at the beginning of spring, about the first watch of the night, an armed force of somewhat more than three hundred Thebans entered Platæa, a city of Bœotia which was an ally of Athens. . . . They were invited by Naucleides, a Platæan, and his partisans, who opened the gates to them. These men wanted to kill certain citizens of the opposite faction, and to make over the city to the Thebans, in the hope of getting the power into their own hands. . . . There was an old quarrel between the two cities; and the Thebans, seeing that war was inevitable, were anxious to surprise the place while the peace lasted, and before hostilities had actually broken out. No watch had been set; and so they were enabled to enter the city unperceived. They grounded their arms in the agora; but instead of going to work at once, and making their way into the houses of their enemies, as those who invited them suggested, they resolved to issue a conciliatory proclamation, and try to make friends with the citizens. The herald announced that if any one wished to become their ally, and return to the ancient constitution of Bœotia, he should join their ranks. In this way they thought that the inhabitants would easily be induced to come over to them.

The Platæans, when they found that the city had been surprised and taken, and that the Thebans were within their walls, were panic-stricken. In the darkness they were unable to see them, and greatly overestimated their numbers. So they came to terms, and accepting the proposals which were made to them, remained quiet — the more readily since the Thebans offered violence to no one. But in the course of the negotiations they somehow discovered that their enemies were not so numerous as they had supposed, and concluded that they could easily attack and master them. They determined to make the attempt; for the Platæan people were strongly attached to the Athenian

alliance. They began to collect inside the houses, breaking through the party-walls that they might not be seen going along the streets; they likewise raised barricades of wagons, unyoking the beasts which drew them, and took other measures suitable to the emergency. When they had done all which could be done under the circumstances, they sallied forth from their houses; choosing the time of night just before daybreak, lest, if they put off the attack until dawn, the enemy might be more confident and more a match for them. While darkness lasted they would be timid, and at a disadvantage, not knowing the streets so well as themselves. So they fell upon them at once hand to hand.

When the Thebans found that they had been deceived, they closed their ranks and resisted their assailants on every side. Two or three times they drove them back. But when at last the Plataëans charged them with a great shout, and the women and slaves on the housetops screamed and yelled and pelted them with stones and tiles, the confusion being aggravated by the rain which had been falling heavily during the night, they turned and fled in terror through the city. Hardly any of them knew the way out, and the streets were dark as well as muddy, for the affair happened at the end of the month when there was no moon; whereas their pursuers knew well enough how to prevent their escape: and thus many of them perished. The gates by which they entered were the only ones open; and these a Plataean fastened with the spike of a javelin, which he thrust into the bar instead of the pin. So this exit too was closed, and they were chased up and down the city. Some of them mounted upon the wall, and cast themselves down into the open. Most of these were killed. Others got out by a deserted gate, cutting through the bar unperceived, with an axe which a woman gave them; but only a few, for they were soon found out. Others lost themselves in different parts of the city, and were put to death. But the greater number kept together, and took refuge in a large building abutting upon the wall, of which the doors on the near side chanced to be open; they thinking them to be the gates of the city, and expecting to find a way through them into the country. The Plataëans, seeing that they were in a trap, began to consider whether they should not set the building on fire, and burn them where they were. At last they, and the other Thebans who were still alive and were wandering about the city, agreed to surrender themselves and their arms unconditionally. Thus fared the Thebans in Plataea.

The main body of the Theban army, which should have come during the night to the support of the party entering the city in case of a reverse, having on their march heard of the disaster, were now hastening to the rescue. Plataea is about eight miles distant from Thebes, and the heavy rain which had fallen in the night delayed their arrival; for the river Asopus had swollen, and was not easily fordable. Marching in the rain, and with difficulty crossing the river, they came up too late; some of their friends being already slain and others captives. When the Thebans became aware of the state of affairs, they resolved to lay hands on the Plataëans who were outside the walls; for there were men and

property left in the fields, as would naturally happen when a sudden blow was struck in time of peace. And they meant to keep anyone whom they caught as a hostage, and exchange him for one of their own men if any of them were still alive. But before they had executed their plan, the Platæans, suspecting their intentions, and fearing for their friends outside, sent a herald to the Thebans protesting against the crime of which they had been guilty in seizing their city during peace, and warning them not to touch anything which was outside the walls. If they persisted, they threatened in return to kill the prisoners; but if they retired, they would give them up. This is the Theban account; and they add that the Platæans took an oath. The Platæans do not admit that they ever promised to restore the captives at once, but only if they could agree after negotiations; and they deny that they took an oath. However this may have been, the Thebans withdrew, leaving the Platæan territory unhurt; but the Platæans had no sooner got in their property from the country than they put the prisoners to death. Those who were taken were a hundred and eighty in number, and Eurymachus with whom the betrayers of the city had negotiated, was one of them.

When they had killed their prisoners, they sent a messenger to Athens and gave back the dead to the Thebans under a flag of truce; they then took the necessary measures for the security of the city. The news had already reached Athens; and the Athenians had instantly seized any Bæotians who were in Attica, and sent a herald to Plataea bidding them do no violence to the Theban prisoners, but wait for instructions from Athens. The news of their death had not arrived. For the first messenger had gone out when the Thebans entered, and the second when they were just defeated and captured: but of what followed, the Athenians knew nothing; they sent the message in ignorance, and the herald, when he arrived, found the prisoners dead. The Athenians next dispatched an army to Plataea, and brought in corn. Then, leaving a small force in the place, they conveyed away the least serviceable of the citizens, together with the women and children. The affair of Plataea was a glaring violation of the thirty years' truce; and the Athenians now made preparations for war.

PERICLES' MEMORIAL ORATION OVER THE ATHENIAN DEAD OF THE FIRST CAMPAIGN

MOST of those who have spoken here before me have commended the lawgiver who added this oration to our other funeral customs: it seemed to them a worthy thing that such an honor should be given at their burial to the dead who have fallen on the field of battle. But I should have preferred that when men's deeds have been brave, they should be honored in deed only, and with such an honor as this public funeral which you

are now witnessing. Then the reputation of many would not have been imperiled on the eloquence or want of eloquence of one, and their virtues believed or not as he spoke well or ill. For it is difficult to say neither too little nor too much; and even moderation is apt not to give the impression of truthfulness. The friend of the dead who knows the facts is likely to think that the words of the speaker fall short of his knowledge and of his wishes; another who is not so well informed, when he hears of anything which surpasses his own powers, will be envious and will suspect exaggeration. Mankind are tolerant of the praises of others so long as each hearer thinks that he can do as well or nearly as well himself; but when the speaker rises above him, jealousy is aroused and he begins to be incredulous. However, since our ancestors have set the seal of their approval upon the practice, I must obey, and to the utmost of my power shall endeavor to satisfy the wishes and beliefs of all who hear me.

I will speak first of our ancestors: for it is right and becoming that now, when we are lamenting the dead, a tribute should be paid to their memory. There has never been a time when they did not inhabit this land, which by their valor they have handed down from generation to generation, and we have received from them a free State. But if they were worthy of praise, still more were our fathers, who added to their inheritance, and after many a struggle transmitted to us their sons this great empire. And we ourselves assembled here today, who are still most of us in the vigor of life, have chiefly done the work of improvement, and have richly endowed our city with all things, so that she is sufficient for herself both in peace and war. Of the military exploits by which our various possessions were acquired, or of the energy with which we or our fathers drove back the tide of war, Hellenic or Barbarian, I will not speak; for the tale would be long, and is familiar to you. But before I praise the dead, I should like to point out by what principles of action we rose to power, and under what institutions and through what manner of life our empire became great. For I conceive that such thoughts are not unsuited to the occasion, and that this numerous assembly of citizens and strangers may profitably listen to them.

Our form of government does not enter into rivalry with the institutions of others. We do not copy our neighbors, but are an example to them. It is true that we are called a democracy; for the administration is in the hands of the many and not of the few. But while the law secures equal justice to all alike in their private disputes, the claim of excellence is also recognized; and when a citizen is in any way distinguished, he is preferred to the public service, not as a matter of privilege, but as the reward of merit. Neither is poverty a bar, but a man may benefit his country whatever be the obscurity of his condition. There is no exclusiveness in our public life, and in our private intercourse we are not suspicious of one another, nor angry with our neighbor if he does what he likes; we do not put on sour looks at him, which though harmless are not pleasant. While we are thus unconstrained in our private intercourse, a spirit

of reverence pervades our public acts: we are prevented from doing wrong by respect for authority and for the laws; having an especial regard to those which are ordained for the protection of the injured, as well as to those unwritten laws which bring upon the transgressor of them the reprobation of the general sentiment.

And we have not forgotten to provide for our weary spirits many relaxations from toil: we have regular games and sacrifices throughout the year; at home the style of our life is refined; and the delight which we daily feel in all these things helps to banish melancholy. Because of the greatness of our city the fruits of the whole earth flow in upon us; so that we enjoy the goods of other countries as freely as of our own.

Then again, our military training is in many respects superior to that of our adversaries. Our city is thrown open to the world; and we never expel a foreigner, or prevent him from seeing or learning anything of which the secret if revealed to an enemy might profit him. We rely not upon management or trickery, but upon our own hearts and hands. And in the matter of education, whereas they from early youth are always undergoing laborious exercises which are to make them brave, we live at ease, and yet are equally ready to face the perils which they face. And here is the proof. The Lacedæmonians come into Attica not by themselves, but with their whole confederacy following: we go alone into a neighbor's country; and although our opponents are fighting for their homes and we on a foreign soil, we have seldom any difficulty in overcoming them. Our enemies have never yet felt our united strength; the care of a navy divides our attention, and on land we are obliged to send our own citizens everywhere. But they, if they meet and defeat a part of our army, are as proud as if they had routed us all; and when defeated they pretend to have been vanquished by us all.

If then we prefer to meet danger with a light heart but without laborious training, and with a courage which is gained by habit and not enforced by law, are we not greatly the gainers? Since we do not anticipate the pain, although, when the hour comes, we can be as brave as those who never allow themselves to rest; and thus too our city is equally admirable in peace and in war. For we are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness. Wealth we employ, not for talk and ostentation, but when there is a real use for it. To avow poverty with us is no disgrace: the true disgrace is in doing nothing to avoid it. An Athenian citizen does not neglect the State because he takes care of his own household; and even those of us who are engaged in business have a very fair idea of politics. We alone regard a man who takes no interest in public affairs, not as a harmless but as a useless character; and if few of us are originators, we are all sound judges, of a policy. The great impediment to action is, in our opinion, not discussion, but the want of that knowledge which is gained by discussion preparatory to action. For we have a peculiar power of thinking before we act, and of acting

too; whereas other men are courageous from ignorance but hesitate upon reflection. And they are surely to be esteemed the bravest spirits, who, having the clearest sense both of the pains and pleasures of life, do not on that account shrink from danger. In doing good, again, we are unlike others: we make our friends by conferring, not by receiving favors. Now he who confers a favor is the firmer friend, because he would fain by kindness keep alive the memory of an obligation; but the recipient is colder in his feelings, because he knows that in requiting another's generosity he will not be winning gratitude, but only paying a debt. We alone do good to our neighbors not upon a calculation of interest, but in the confidence of freedom and in a frank and fearless spirit.

To sum up: I say that Athens is the school of Hellas, and that the individual Athenian in his own person seems to have the power of adapting himself to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace. This is no passing and idle word, but truth and fact; and the assertion is verified by the position to which these qualities have raised the State. For in the hour of trial, Athens alone among her contemporaries is superior to the report of her. No enemy who comes against her is indignant at the reverses which she sustains at the hands of such a city; no subject complains that his masters are unworthy of him. And we shall assuredly not be without witnesses: there are mighty monuments of our power, which will make us the wonder of this and of succeeding ages; we shall not need the praises of Homer or of any other panegyrist, whose poetry may please for the moment although his representation of the facts will not bear the light of day. For we have compelled every land and every sea to open a path for our valor, and have everywhere planted eternal memorials of our friendship and of our enmity. Such is the city for whose sake these men nobly fought and died: they could not bear the thought that she might be taken from them; and every one of us who survive should gladly toil on her behalf.

I have dwelt upon the greatness of Athens because I want to show you that we are contending for a higher prize than those who enjoy none of these privileges, and to establish by manifest proof the merit of these men whom I am now commemorating. Their loftiest praise has been already spoken. For in magnifying the city I have magnified them, and men like them whose virtues made her glorious. And of how few Hellenes can it be said as of them, that their deeds when weighed in the balance have been found equal to their fame! Methinks that a death such as theirs has been gives the true measure of a man's worth; it may be the first revelation of his virtues, but is at any rate their final seal. For even those who come short in other ways may justly plead the valor with which they have fought for their country; they have blotted out the evil with the good, and have benefited the State more by their public services than they have injured her by their private actions. None of these men were enervated by wealth, or hesitated to resign the pleasures of life; none of them

put off the evil day in the hope, natural to poverty, that a man though poor may one day become rich. But deeming that the punishment of their enemies was sweeter than any of these things, and that they could fall in no nobler cause, they determined at the hazard of their lives to be honorably avenged, and to leave the rest. They resigned to hope their unknown chance of happiness; but in the face of death they resolved to rely upon themselves alone. And when the moment came, they were minded to resist and suffer rather than to fly and save their lives; they ran away from the word of dishonor, but on the battle-field their feet stood fast: and in an instant, at the height of their fortune, they passed away from the scene, not of their fear, but of their glory.

Such was the end of these men; they were worthy of Athens, and the living need not desire to have a more heroic spirit, although they may pray for a less fatal issue. The value of such a spirit is not to be expressed in words. Any one can discourse to you for ever about the advantages of a brave defense, which you know already. But instead of listening to him, I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens, until you become filled with the love of her: and when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it; who in the hour of conflict had the fear of dishonor always present to them; and who, if ever they failed in an enterprise, would not allow their virtues to be lost to their country, but freely gave their lives to her as the fairest offering which they could present at her feast. The sacrifice which they collectively made was individually repaid to them; for they received again each one for himself a praise which grows not old, and the noblest of all sepulchers — I speak not of that in which their remains are laid, but of that in which their glory survives, and is proclaimed always and on every fitting occasion both in word and deed. For the whole earth is the sepulcher of famous men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not on stone, but in the hearts of men. Make them your examples; and esteeming courage to be freedom and freedom to be happiness, do not weigh too nicely the perils of war. The unfortunate who has no hope of a change for the better has less reason to throw away his life than the prosperous; who, if he survive, is always liable to a change for the worse, and to whom any accidental fall makes the most serious difference. To a man of spirit, cowardice and disaster coming together are far more bitter than death striking him unperceived, at a time when he is full of courage and animated by the general hope.

Wherefore I do not now commiserate the parents of the dead who stand here; I would rather comfort them. You know that your life has been passed amid manifold vicissitudes; and that they may be deemed fortunate who have gained most honor — whether an honorable death like theirs, or an honorable sorrow like yours — and whose days have been so ordered that the term of

their happiness is likewise the term of their life. I know how hard it is to make you feel this, when the good fortune of others will too often remind you of the gladness which once lightened your hearts. And sorrow is felt at the want of those blessings, not which a man never knew, but which were a part of his life before they were taken from him. Some of you are of an age at which they may hope to have other children; and they ought to bear their sorrow better: not only will the children who may hereafter be born make them forget their own lost ones, but the city will be doubly a gainer — she will not be left desolate, and she will be safer. For a man's counsel cannot have equal weight or worth when he alone has no children to risk in the general danger. To those of you who have passed their prime, I say: "Congratulate yourselves that you have been happy during the greater part of your days; remember that your life of sorrow will not last long, and be comforted by the glory of those who are gone. For the love of honor alone is ever young; and not riches, as some say, but honor is the delight of men when they are old and useless."

To you who are the sons and brothers of the departed, I see that the struggle to emulate them will be an arduous one. For all men praise the dead; and however pre-eminent your virtue may be, hardly will you be thought, I do not say to equal, but even to approach them. The living have their rivals and detractors; but when a man is out of the way, the honor and good-will which he receives is unalloyed. And if I am to speak of womanly virtues to those of you who will henceforth be widows, let me sum them up in one short admonition: To a woman, not to show more weakness than is natural to her sex is a great glory, and not to be talked about for good or for evil among men.

I have paid the required tribute in obedience to the law, making use of such fitting words as I had. The tribute of deeds has been paid in part: for the dead have been honorably interred, and it remains only that their children should be maintained at the public charge until they are grown up; this is the solid prize with which, as with a garland, Athens crowns her sons living and dead, after a struggle like theirs. For where the rewards of virtue are greatest, there the noblest citizens are enlisted in the service of the State. And now, when you have duly lamented every one his own dead, you may depart.

REFLECTIONS ON REVOLUTION

WHEN troubles had once begun in the cities, those who followed carried the revolutionary spirit further and further, and determined to outdo the report of all who had preceded them by the ingenuity of their enterprises and the atrocity of their revenges. The mean-

ing of words had no longer the same relation to things, but was changed by them as they thought proper. Reckless daring was held to be loyal courage; prudent delay was the excuse of a coward; moderation was the disguise of unmanly weakness; to know everything was to do nothing. Frantic energy was the true quality of man. A conspirator who wanted to be safe was a recreant in disguise. The lover of violence was always trusted, and his opponent suspected. He who succeeded in a plot was deemed knowing, but a still greater master in craft was he who detected one. On the other hand, he who plotted from the first to have nothing to do with plots was a breaker-up of parties, and a poltroon who was afraid of the enemy. In a word, he who could outstrip another in a bad action was applauded, and so was he who encouraged to evil one who had no idea of it. The tie of party was stronger than the tie of blood, because a partisan was more ready to dare without asking why. (For party associations are not based upon any established law, nor do they seek the public good: they are formed in defiance of the laws and from self-interest.) The seal of good faith was not divine law, but fellowship in crime. If an enemy when he was in the ascendant offered fair words, the opposite party received them, not in a generous spirit, but with a jealous watchfulness of his actions. Revenge was dearer than self-preservation. Any agreements sworn to by either party, when they could do nothing else, were binding as long as both were powerless. But he who on a favorable opportunity first took courage, and struck at his enemy when he saw him off his guard, had greater pleasure in a perfidious, than he would have had in an open, act of revenge: he congratulated himself that he had taken the safer course, and also that he had overreached his enemy and gained the prize of superior ability. In general, the dishonest more easily gain credit for cleverness than the simple for goodness: men take a pride in the one, but are ashamed of the other.

The cause of all these evils was the love of power originating in avarice and ambition, and the party spirit which is engendered by them when men are fairly embarked in a contest. For the leaders on either side used specious names: the one party professing to uphold the constitutional equality of the many, the other the wisdom of an aristocracy; while they made the public interests, to which in name they were devoted, in reality their prize. Striving in every way to overcome each other, they committed the most monstrous crimes, yet even these were surpassed by the magnitude of their revenges, which they pursued to the very utmost—neither party observing any definite limits either of justice or public expediency, but both alike making the caprice of the moment their law. Either by the help of an unrighteous sentence, or grasping power with the strong hand, they were eager to satiate the impatience of party spirit. Neither faction cared for religion; but any fair pretense which succeeded in effecting some odious purpose was greatly lauded. And the citizens who were of neither party fell a prey to both: either

they were disliked because they held aloof, or men were jealous of their surviving.

Thus revolution gave birth to every form of wickedness in Hellas. The simplicity which is so large an element in a noble nature was laughed to scorn and disappeared. An attitude of perfidious antagonism everywhere prevailed; for there was no word binding enough, nor oath terrible enough, to reconcile enemies. Each man was strong only in the conviction that nothing was secure: he must look to his own safety, and could not afford to trust others. Inferior intellects generally succeeded best. For, aware of their own deficiencies, and fearing the capacity of their opponents, for whom they were no match in powers of speech, and whose subtle wits were likely to anticipate them in contriving evil, they struck boldly and at once. But the cleverer sort, presuming in their arrogance that they would be aware in time, and disdaining to act when they could think, were taken off their guard and easily destroyed.

Now, in Corcyra most of these deeds were perpetrated, and for the first time. There was every crime which men might be supposed to perpetrate in revenge who had been governed not wisely, but tyrannically, and now had the oppressor at their mercy. There were the dishonest designs of others who were longing to be relieved from their habitual poverty, and were naturally animated by a passionate desire for their neighbors' goods; and there were crimes of another class, which men commit not from covetousness, but from the enmity which equals foster towards one another until they are carried away by their blind rage into the extremes of pitiless cruelty. At such a time the life of the city was all in disorder; and human nature, which is always ready to transgress the laws, having now trampled them under foot, delighted to show that her passions were ungovernable — that she was stronger than justice, and the enemy of everything above her. If malignity had not exercised a fatal power, how could any one have preferred revenge to piety, and gain to innocence? But when men are retaliating upon others, they are reckless of the future, and do not hesitate to annul those common laws of humanity to which every individual trusts for his own hope of deliverance should he ever be overtaken by calamity; they forget that in their own hour of need they will look for them in vain.

THE FINAL STRUGGLE IN THE HARBOR OF SYRACUSE

THE Syracusans and their allies had already put out with nearly the same number of ships as before. A detachment of them guarded the entrance of the harbor; the remainder were disposed all round it in such a manner that they might fall on the Athenians from every side at once, and that their land forces might at the same time be able to co-operate where-

ever the ships retreated to the shore. Sicanus and Agatharchus commanded the Syracusan fleet, each of them a wing; Pythen and the Corinthians occupied the center. When the Athenians approached the closed mouth of the harbor, the violence of their onset overpowered the ships which were stationed there; they then attempted to loosen the fastenings. Whereupon from all sides the Syracusans and their allies came bearing down upon them; and the conflict was no longer confined to the entrance, but extended throughout the harbor. No previous engagement had been so fierce and obstinate. Great was the eagerness with which the rowers on both sides rushed upon their enemies whenever the word of command was given; and keen was the contest between the pilots as they maneuvered one against another. The marines too were full of anxiety that when ship struck ship, the service on deck should not fall short of the rest; every one in the place assigned to him was eager to be foremost among his fellows. Many vessels meeting — and never did so many fight in so small a space, for the two fleets together amounted to nearly two hundred — they were seldom able to strike in the regular manner, because they had no opportunity of first retiring or breaking the line; they generally fouled one another, as ship dashed against ship in the hurry of flight or pursuit. All the time that another vessel was bearing down, the men on deck poured showers of javelins and arrows and stones upon the enemy; and when the two closed, the marines fought hand to hand, and endeavored to board. In many places, owing to the want of room, they who had struck another found that they were struck themselves; often two or even more vessels were unavoidably entangled about one, and the pilots had to make plans of attack and defense, not against one adversary only, but against several coming from different sides. The crash of so many ships dashing against one another took away the wits of the sailors, and made it impossible to hear the boatswains, whose voices in both fleets rose high, as they gave directions to the rowers, or cheered them on in the excitement of the struggle. On the Athenian side they were shouting to their men that they must force a passage, and seize the opportunity now or never of returning in safety to their native land. To the Syracusans and their allies was represented the glory of preventing the escape of their enemies, and of a victory by which every man would exalt the honor of his own city. The commanders too, when they saw any ship backing water without necessity, would call the captain by his name, and ask of the Athenians whether they were retreating because they expected to be more at home upon the land of their bitterest foes than upon that sea which had been their own so long; on the Syracusan side, whether, when they knew perfectly well that the Athenians were only eager to find some means of flight, they would themselves fly from the fugitives.

While the naval engagement hung in the balance, the two armies on shore had great trial and conflict of soul. The Sicilian soldier was animated

by the hope of increasing the glory which he had already won, while the invader was tormented by the fear that his fortunes might sink lower still. The last chance of the Athenians lay in their ships, and their anxiety was dreadful. The fortune of the battle varied; and it was not possible that the spectators on the shore should all receive the same impression of it. Being quite close, and having different points of view, they would some of them see their own ships victorious; their courage would then revive, and they would earnestly call upon the gods not to take from them their hope of deliverance. But others, who saw their ships worsted, cried and shrieked aloud, and were by the sight alone more utterly unnerved than the defeated combatants themselves. Others again, who had fixed their gaze on some part of the struggle which was undecided, were in a state of excitement still more terrible: they kept swaying their bodies to and fro in an agony of hope and fear, as the stubborn conflict went on and on; for at every instant they were all but saved or all but lost. And while the strife hung in the balance, you might hear in the Athenian army at once lamentation, shouting cries of victory or defeat, and all the various sounds which are wrung from a great host in extremity of danger. Not less agonizing were the feelings of those on board. At length the Syracusans and their allies, after a protracted struggle, put the Athenians to flight; and triumphantly bearing down upon them, and encouraging one another with loud cries and exhortations, drove them to land. Then that part of the navy which had not been taken in the deep water fell back in confusion to the shore, and the crews rushed out of the ships into the camp. And the land forces no longer now divided in feeling, but uttering one universal groan of intolerable anguish, ran, some of them to save the ships, others to defend what remained of the wall; but the greater number began to look to themselves and to their own safety. Never had there been a greater panic in an Athenian army than at that moment. Thus, after a fierce battle and a great destruction of ships and men on both sides, the Syracusans and their allies gained the victory.

XENOPHON

XENOPHON, son of Gryllus, was an Athenian, modest of demeanor and beautiful beyond description. Tradition tells how Socrates met him in a narrow way, and barring the passage with his leveled staff, began to ask him where this or that commodity could be bought. The boy answered readily. Finally the sage inquired, "Where can the beautiful and noble be found?" The youth shook his head in perplexity. "Follow me and learn," said Socrates.

The anecdote is traceable only to gossiping Diogenes Laertius, six centuries later. It is doubtless an invention; but a good one. As a beautiful and vigorous stripling, joining in the Socratic search for wisdom with the eager half-comprehending faith of youth, Xenophon stands eternized in Raphael's 'School of Athens' in the Vatican, and in the grateful memory of mankind.

It is most natural and fitting, then, that Xenophon's masterpiece, the 'Anabasis,' is the ideal book for boys, and furnishes the chosen high-road for every new generation, marching in slow daily stages — albeit unwilling and tearful oftentimes — toward a mastery of the speech and life of ancient Athens. Furthermore this supreme adventure, this triumphant failure, of Xenophon's life, begins with a bold outbreak of truancy and disobedience!

"There was in the army a certain Xenophon, an Athenian, who was neither general, captain, nor soldier. His old friend, the general Proxenus, had written inviting him, promising to make him a friend to Prince Cyrus, whom Proxenus declared he himself prized more than he did his native city." This unpatriotic sentiment of a Theban toward a barbarian should have warned the Athenian youth. Xenophon, however, on reading the letter, asked Socrates' advice. He, fearing that Cyrus' friendship would cost Xenophon the good-will of Athens, and perhaps to gain time for riper thought, bade him consult Apollo's Delphic oracle. "Xenophon, going to Delphi, asked Apollo to which of the gods he should make prayers and vows, in order to succeed in the expedition on which his heart was set, so as to come prosperous and safe home again." Socrates reproached his disciple, upon his return, for not asking first whether it were better to go at all or to stay at home. "Since, however," he added, "you did put the question so, you must now do what the god bade you."

Many incidents of the 'Anabasis' are used again in the 'Cyropedia' [Education of Cyrus the Elder], which makes no pretension to truth, being indeed the first European "historical" novel. This has cast much doubt on the authenticity of the 'Anabasis.' The remark in a third Xenophontic

work (the 'Hellenica') that the upward march and retreat of the Ten Thousand had been recorded "by Themistogenes the Syracusan," does not help our faith. Every reader of the 'Anabasis' must see, at any rate, that the writer views the world through Xenophon's eyes, always knowing his thoughts, and even his dreams. Of its authorship we can have no real doubt. Its truthfulness is another question. Like Cæsar's 'Commentaries,' it represents what the chief hero, and sole recorder, wishes the world to accept as truth. It is rarely possible to convict such masterly special pleaders of direct falsifying.

There was much that was tragic and fatal in this hasty venture of Xenophon. His master, certainly, he never saw again. The death scene which is immortalized — and without doubt freely idealized — at the close of Plato's 'Phædo,' occurred while Xenophon was leading unruly mercenaries to battle against Kurdish and Armenian savages. Even when the survivors of the great retreat reached the Black Sea, many mishaps awaited them, in a Greek world rapidly falling apart under Sparta's weak and selfish leadership. The remnant of the ten thousand adventurers was finally incorporated in the troops assembling for a campaign of the Spartans against the treacherous Tissaphernes. Socrates' fears for Xenophon apparently came true: a passing allusion in the 'Anabasis' itself tells us that Xenophon's return from Asia to Hellas was in Agesilaus' train, when that Spartan king was recalled from Asiatic victories to save Lacedæmon from the alliance of foes at home. Among those jealous allies was Athens. In Agesilaus' barren victory at Coronea (394 B.C.) Xenophon probably shared, thus fighting against his own townsmen.

Whether this constituted him a traitor is not so easy to say. Party spirit ran as high in a classical Greek city as in medieval Italy. Xenophon felt that his true city went into exile with the aristocratic party — or with himself alone, like Dante. Death awaited both at the gate, unless they came home victorious in arms. Moreover there was a feeling, never wholly lacking from Agamemnon to Polybius, that Hellas was the true fatherland, that all Greeks were fellow-citizens, the Persians their only natural foes.

In this crisis, Agesilaus was recalled from a career in Asia that might have anticipated Alexander's. Persian gold subsidized the revolt at home against Sparta's leadership. Xenophon at Coronea may well have justified his action as patriotic — if he indeed fought there. He himself had seen a handful of Greeks knock at the very heart of the Persian leviathan, and come safe home again. The inability of that unwieldy empire to make effective resistance against sudden attack, he has recorded in words that fired Alexander's confidence in the next generation. What wonder if Agesilaus was to him "better than a fatherland" so unfatherly? We only hear that on some charge of Laconism he was condemned to exile. Whether he ever returned to Athens is disputed. If at all, it was in extreme old age.

The home founded by the exile at Scillus in Elis is lovingly described in a graceful excursus of the 'Anabasis,' which is cited below. Here he lived happily for more than twenty years, during which most of his literary work was apparently done.

Xenophon is the first really versatile Greek writer of whom we hear. Of poetry, to be sure, he is quite incapable. His 'Agesilaus' is rather a eulogy than a biography; and the 'Hiero' is a dialogue between the tyrant and the poet Simonides, demonstrating the Socratic doctrine that the despot is wretched rather than fortunate. The 'Memorabilia' was probably in its intention a faithful memorial of Socrates, prepared about ten years after the master's death.

The 'Symposium' and the 'Economist' are dialogues in which Socrates takes part. He is not, however, dominant in either; and we get the impression that they are largely or wholly Xenophon's creations. The 'Symposium' is utterly inferior in power to Plato's great dramatic scene, but is a far more realistic picture of an ordinary Athenian banquet—possibly even an actual one. The 'Economist' is a sketch of an ideal gentleman farmer; and is cited largely below, because it contains one of the brightest glimpses in all ancient literature of a happy wife and home.

The 'Anabasis' was apparently written after 380 B.C., and the 'Cyropaedia' much later still. As a novel the latter must be pronounced a failure, being tedious and unprogressive as a whole. The childhood, and again the death, of the prince are beautifully and touchingly described. In the first book especially Xenophon draws unmistakably from the life, and must have been on terms of loving familiarity with his own children.

Quite the most unsatisfying of Xenophon's chief works is his 'Hellenica.' It was probably undertaken to complete the account of the Peloponnesian War from the point where Thucydides' pen dropped from his dying hand. These manuscripts of Xenophon actually begin "And after that"—but it is thought a leaf or two was early lost at the opening; there is also a gap of some months between the events narrated in the two works. The closing years of the great struggle, 411-404 B.C., and the reign of terror in Athens under the Thirty Tyrants, are described in a complete section of the history, published previous to 387 B.C. The later section brings the story down to about 357 B.C. In this volume the omissions and disproportions are so glaring that some have thought we possess but an epitome of the original work. But probably Xenophon wrote these volumes as memoirs; consciously yielding to his personal interests and sympathies, and perhaps intending his work for a narrow circle. His unrivaled popularity, and the chance of survival, have left him our sole authority for a very important period.

There are abundant indications that Xenophon's delight in outdoor life, agriculture, hunting, horsemanship, and athletics, kept him young and cheerful even into his eighth decade. "The heart of the old man was over-

joyed to see his grandson, unable to keep silent in the excess of his delight, but 'baying' with excitement like a well-bred whelp, whenever he came to close quarters with a beast, and shouting to his fellows by name." Behind the thin mask of royal Astyages, the author of the 'Cyropedia' here shows his own cheerful face. An abiding faith in kindly guidance by the gods through omens, sacrifices, and dreams, contentment with his lot, loving loyalty to friendship, cool intrepidity in deadly peril, and a constant lively sense of the humorous in all things—these are traits which Xenophon shared with Socrates, and it may well be that they are in part lifelong traces of the philosopher's early influence.

Xenophon himself, however, is not a philosopher, hardly even a scholar; and certainly not in the least a mystic. Rather he reminds us of a cheerful English country gentleman, perfectly satisfied with his estates, his family, and himself. Modern sportsmen have made vigorous protests against some of his methods of snaring hares wholesale, but his 'Treatise on Horsemanship' is still useful. In general the man is astonishingly human, not to say modern.

WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

THE TRAINING OF A WIFE

From the 'Economist'

"AS to what you asked me besides, Socrates, I assuredly do not spend my life indoors; for," added he, "my wife is quite capable herself of managing what is to be done in my house."—"But," said I, "Ischomachus, I would very gladly be permitted to ask you whether you instructed your wife yourself, so that she might be qualified as she ought to be; or whether, when you received her from her father and mother, she was possessed of sufficient knowledge to manage what belongs to her."—"And how, my dear Socrates," said he, "could she have had sufficient knowledge when I took her? since she came to my house when she was not fifteen years old, and had spent the preceding part of her life under the strictest restraint, in order that she might see as little, hear as little, and ask as few questions as possible. Does it not appear to you to be quite sufficient, if she did but know, when she came, how to take wool and make a garment, and had seen how to apportion the tasks of spinning among the maid-servants? For as to what concerns the appetite, Socrates," added he, "which seems to me a most important part of instruction both for a man and for a woman, she came to me extremely well instructed."—"But as to other things, Ischomachus," said I, "did you yourself instruct your wife, so that she should be qualified to attend to the affairs belonging to her?"

—“Not, indeed,” replied Ischomachus, “until I had offered sacrifice, and prayed that it might be my fortune to teach, and hers to learn, what would be best for both of us.” —“Did your wife, then,” said I, “join with you in offering sacrifice, and in praying for these blessings?” —“Certainly,” answered Ischomachus, “and she made many vows to the gods that she would be such as she ought to be, and showed plainly that she was not likely to disregard what was taught her.” —“In the name of the gods, Ischomachus, tell me,” said I, “what you began to teach her first; for I shall have more pleasure in hearing you give this account, than if you were to give me a description of the finest gymnastic or equestrian games.” —“Well then, Socrates,” returned Ischomachus, “when she grew familiarized and domesticated with me, so that we conversed freely together, I began to question her in some such way as this: —

“‘Tell me, my dear wife, have you ever considered with what view I married you, and with what object your parents gave you to me? For that there was no want of other persons with whom we might have shared our respective beds must, I am sure, be evident to you as well as to me. But when I considered for myself, and your parents for you, whom we might select as the best partner for a house and children, I preferred you, and your parents as it appears preferred me, out of those who were possible objects of choice. If, then, the gods should ever grant children to be born to us, we shall consult together, with regard to them, how we may bring them up as well as possible; for it will be a common advantage to both of us to find them of the utmost service as supporters and maintainers of our old age. At present, however, this is our common household; for I deposit all that I have as in common between us, and you put everything that you have brought into our common stock. Nor is it necessary to consider which of the two has contributed the greater share; but we ought to feel assured that whichever of us is the better manager of our common fortune will give the more valuable service.’

“To these remarks, Socrates, my wife replied, ‘In what respect could I co-operate with you? What power have I? Everything lies with you. My duty, mother told me, was to conduct myself discreetly.’ —‘Yes, by Jupiter, my dear wife,’ replied I, ‘and my father told me the same. But it is the part of discreet people, as well husbands as wives, to act in such a manner that their property may be in the best possible condition, and that as large additions as possible may be made to it by honorable and just means.’ —‘And what do you see,’ said my wife, ‘that I can do to assist in increasing our property?’ —‘Endeavor by all means,’ answered I, ‘to do in the best possible manner those duties which the gods have qualified you to do, and which custom approves.’ —‘And what are they?’ asked she. —‘I consider,’ replied I, ‘that they are duties of no small importance, unless indeed the queen bee in a hive is appointed for purposes of small importance. For

to me the gods, my dear wife,' said I, 'seem certainly to have united that pair of beings which is called male and female, with the greatest judgment, that they may be in the highest degree serviceable to each other in their connection. In the first place, the pair are brought together to produce offspring, that the races of animals may not become extinct; and to human beings, at least, it is granted to have supporters for their old age from this union. For human beings also, their mode of life is not, like that of cattle, in the open air; but they have need, we see, of houses. It is accordingly necessary for those who would have something to bring into their houses, to have people to perform the requisite employments in the open air: for tilling, and sowing, and planting, and pasturage are all employments for the open air; and from these employments the necessities of life are procured. But when these necessities have been brought into the house, there is need of some one to take care of them, and to do whatever duties require to be done under shelter. The rearing of young children also demands shelter, as well as the preparation of food from the fruits of the earth, and the making of clothes from wool. And as both these sorts of employments, alike those without doors and those within, require labor and care, the gods, as it seems to me,' said I, 'have plainly adapted the nature of the woman for works and duties within doors, and that of the man for works and duties without doors. For the divinity has fitted the body and mind of the man to be better able to bear cold, and heat, and traveling, and military exercises, so that he has imposed upon him the work without doors; and by having formed the body of the woman to be less able to bear such exertions, he appears to me to have laid upon her,' said I, 'the duties within doors. But knowing that he had given the woman by nature, and laid upon her, the office of rearing young children, he has also bestowed upon her a greater portion of love for her newly born offspring than on the man.

"'The law, too,' I told her," he proceeded, "'gives its approbation to these arrangements, by uniting the man and the woman; and as the divinity has made them partners, as it were, in their offspring, so the law ordains them to be sharers in household affairs. The law also shows that those things are more becoming to each which the divinity has qualified each to do with greater facility; for it is more becoming for the woman to stay within doors than to roam abroad, but to the man it is less creditable to remain at home than to attend to things out of doors. And if any one acts contrary to what the divinity has fitted him to do, he will, while he violates the order of things, possibly not escape the notice of the gods, and will pay the penalty whether of neglecting his own duties or of interfering with those of his wife. The queen of the bees,' I added, 'appears to me to discharge such duties as are appointed her by the divinity.' — 'And what duties,' inquired my wife, 'has the queen bee to perform, that she should be made an example for the

business which I have to do?' — 'She, remaining within the hive,' answered I, 'does not allow the bees to be idle, but sends out to their duty those who ought to work abroad: and whatever each of them brings in, she takes cognizance of it and receives it, and watches over the store until there is occasion to use it; and when the time for using it is come, she dispenses to each bee its just due. She also presides over the construction of the cells within, that they may be formed beautifully and expeditiously. She attends, too, to the rising progeny, that they may be properly reared; and when the young bees are grown up, and are fit for work, she sends out a colony of them under some leader taken from among the younger bees.' — 'Will it then be necessary for me,' said my wife, 'to do such things?' — 'It will certainly be necessary for you,' said I, 'to remain at home, and to send out such of the laborers as have to work abroad, to their duties; and over such as have business to do in the house you must exercise a watchful superintendence. Whatever is brought into the house, you must take charge of it; whatever portion of it is required for use, you must give out; and whatever should be laid by, you must take account of it and keep it safe, so that the provision stored up for a year, for example, may not be expended in a month. Whenever wool is brought home to you, you must take care that garments be made for those who want them. You must also be careful that the dried provisions may be in a proper condition for eating. One of your duties, however,' I added, 'will perhaps appear somewhat disagreeable; namely, that whoever of all the servants may fall sick, you must take charge of him, that he may be recovered.' — 'Nay, assuredly,' returned my wife, 'that will be a most agreeable office, if such as receive good treatment are likely to make a grateful return, and to become more attached to me than before.' — 'Delighted with her answer,' continued Ischomachus, 'I said to her, 'Are not the bees, my dear wife, in consequence of some such care on the part of the queen of the hive, so affected toward her, that when she quits the hive, no one of them thinks of deserting her, but all follow in her train?' — 'I should wonder, however,' answered my wife, 'if the duties of leader do not rather belong to you than to me: for my guardianship of what is in the house, and distribution of it, would appear rather ridiculous, I think, if you did not take care that something might be brought in from out of doors.' — 'And on the other hand,' returned I, 'my bringing in would appear ridiculous, unless there were somebody to take care of what is brought in. Do you not see,' said I, 'how those who are said to draw water in a bucket full of holes are pitied, as they evidently labor in vain?' — 'Certainly,' replied my wife, 'for they are indeed wretched, if they are thus employed.'

"'Some other of your occupations, my dear wife,' continued I, 'will be pleasing to you. For instance, when you take a young woman who does not know how to spin, and make her skilful at it, and she thus becomes of twice

as much value to you. Or when you take one who is ignorant of the duties of a housekeeper or servant, and having made her accomplished, trustworthy, and handy, render her of the highest value. Or when it is in your power to do services to such of your attendants as are steady and useful, while if any one is found transgressing you can inflict punishment. But you will experience the greatest of pleasures, if you show yourself superior to me, and render me your servant: and have no cause to fear that as life advances, you may become less respected in your household; but may trust that, while you grow older, the better consort you prove to me, and the more faithful guardian of your house for your children, so much the more will you be esteemed by your family. For what is good and honorable,' I added, 'gains increase of respect, not from beauty of person, but from merits directed to the benefit of human life.'

"Such were the subjects, Socrates, on which, as far as I remember, I first conversed seriously with my wife."

Translated by J. S. Watson

XENOPHON'S ESTATE AT SCILLUS

From the 'Anabasis'

XENOPHON, after causing an offering to be made for Apollo, deposited it in the treasury of the Athenians at Delphi, inscribing on it his own name, and that of Proxenus who was killed with Clearchus; for he had been his guest-friend. The portion designed for Diana of Ephesus he left with Megabyzus, the warden of that goddess's temple, when he returned with Agesilaus out of Asia on an expedition to Bœotia, because he seemed likely to incur some peril, and enjoined him, if he escaped, to return the money to him; but if he met with an ill fate, to make such an offering as he thought would please the goddess, and dedicate it to her. Afterwards when Xenophon was banished from his country, and was living at Scillus, a colony settled by the Lacedæmonians near Olympia, Megabyzus came to Olympia to see the games, and restored him the deposit. Xenophon, on receiving it, purchased some land as an offering to the goddess where the god had directed him. The river Selinus happens to run through the midst of it; and another river named Selinus runs close by the temple of Diana at Ephesus: and in both there are different kinds of fish, and shell-fish. On the land near Scillus, too, there is hunting of all such beasts as are taken in the chase. He built also an altar and a temple with the consecrated money, and continued afterwards to make a sacrifice every year, always receiving a tenth of the produce of the seasons from the land: and all the people of the town, as well as the men and women of the neighborhood,

took part in the festival; while the goddess supplied those in tents there with barley-meal, bread, wine, sweetmeats, and a share of the victims offered from the sacred pastures, and of those caught in hunting: for the sons of Xenophon, and those of the other inhabitants, always made a general hunt against the festival, and such of the men as were willing hunted with them; and there were caught, partly on the sacred lands and partly on Mount Pholoe, boars and antelopes and deer. This piece of ground lies on the road from Lacedæmon to Olympia, about twenty stadia from the temple of Jupiter at Olympia.

There are within the place groves and hills covered with trees, adapted for the breeding of swine, goats, oxen, and horses; so that the beasts of the persons coming to the festival are amply supplied with food. Round the temple itself is planted a grove of cultivated trees, bearing whatever fruits are eatable in the different seasons. The edifice is similar, as far as a small can be to a great one, to that at Ephesus; and the statue is as like to that at Ephesus as a statue of cypress can be to one of gold. A pillar stands near the temple, bearing this inscription:

THIS GROUND IS SACRED TO DIANA. HE THAT POSSESSES AND REAPS THE FRUIT OF IT IS TO OFFER EVERY YEAR THE TENTH OF ITS PRODUCE, AND TO KEEP THE TEMPLE IN REPAIR FROM THE RESIDUE. IF ANY ONE FAIL TO PERFORM THESE CONDITIONS, THE GODDESS WILL TAKE NOTICE OF HIS NEGLECT.

Translated by J. S. Watson

HARDSHIPS IN THE SNOW

From the 'Anabasis'

THE next day it was thought necessary to march away as fast as possible, before the enemy's force should be reassembled, and get possession of the pass. Collecting their baggage at once, therefore, they set forward through a deep snow, taking with them several guides; and having the same day passed the height on which Tiribazus had intended to attack them, they encamped. Hence they proceeded three days' journey through a desert tract of country, a distance of fifteen parasangs, to the river Euphrates, and passed it without being wet higher than the middle. The sources of the river were said not to be far off. From hence they advanced three days' march, through much snow and a level plain, a distance of fifteen parasangs; the third day's march was extremely troublesome, as the north wind blew full in their faces, completely parching up everything and benumbing the men. One of the augurs, in consequence, advised that they should sacrifice to the wind: and a sacrifice was accordingly offered; when the vehemence of the wind ap-

peared to every one manifestly to abate. The depth of the snow was a fathom; so that many of the baggage cattle and slaves perished, with about thirty of the soldiers. They continued to burn fires through the whole night, for there was plenty of wood at the place of encampment. But those who came up late could get no wood; those therefore who had arrived before, and had kindled fires, would not admit the late comers to the fire unless they gave them a share of the corn or other provisions that they had brought. Thus they shared with each other what they respectively had. In the places where the fires were made, as the snow melted, there were formed large pits that reached down to the ground; and here there was accordingly opportunity to measure the depth of the snow.

From hence they marched through snow the whole of the following day, and many of the men contracted the *bulimia*. Xenophon, who commanded in the rear, finding in his way such of the men as had fallen down with it, knew not what disease it was. But as one of those acquainted with it told him that they were evidently affected with *bulimia*, and that they would get up if they had something to eat, he went round among the baggage, and wherever he saw anything eatable, he gave it out, and sent such as were able to run, to distribute it among those diseased; who as soon as they had eaten, rose up and continued their march. As they proceeded, Cheirisophus came, just as it grew dark, to a village; and found at a spring in front of the rampart some women and girls belonging to the place fetching water. The women asked them who they were; and the interpreter answered in the Persian language that they were people going from the king to the satrap. They replied that he was not there, but about a parasang off. However, as it was late, they went with the water-carriers within the rampart, to the head-man of the village; and here Cheirisophus, and as many of the troops as could come up, encamped: but of the rest, such as were unable to get to the end of the journey spent the night on the way without food or fire; and some of the soldiers lost their lives on that occasion. Some of the enemy too, who had collected themselves into a body, pursued our rear, and seized any of the baggage cattle that were unable to proceed, fighting with one another for the possession of them. Such of the soldiers, also, as had lost their sight from the effects of the snow, or had had their toes mortified by the cold, were left behind. It was found to be a relief to the eyes against the snow, if the soldiers kept something black before them on the march; and to the feet, if they kept constantly in motion, and allowed themselves no rest, and if they took off their shoes in the night: but as to such as slept with their shoes on, the straps worked into their feet, and the soles were frozen about them; for when their old shoes had failed them, shoes of raw hides had been made by the men themselves from the newly skinned oxen. From such unavoidable sufferings, some of the soldiers were left behind—who, seeing a piece of ground of a black appearance from the snow having disappeared there, conjectured

that it must have melted; and it had in fact melted in that spot from the effect of a fountain, which was sending up vapor in a woody hollow close at hand. Turning aside thither, they sat down and refused to proceed farther. Xenophon, who was with the rear-guard, as soon as he heard this, tried to prevail on them by every art and means not to be left behind, telling them at the same time that the enemy were collected, and pursuing them in great numbers. At last he grew angry; and they told him to kill them, as they were quite unable to go forward. He then thought it the best course to strike a terror, if possible, into the enemy that were behind, lest they should fall upon the exhausted soldiers. It was now dark, and the enemy were advancing with a great noise, quarreling about the booty that they had taken; when such of the rear-guard as were not disabled started up and rushed towards them, while the tired men, shouting as loud as they could, clashed their spears against their shields. The enemy, struck with alarm, threw themselves into the snow of the hollow, and no one of them afterwards made himself heard from any quarter.

Xenophon and those with him, telling the sick men that a party would come to their relief next day, proceeded on their march; but before they had gone four stadia they found other soldiers resting by the way in the snow, and covered up with it, no guard being stationed over them. They roused the men, but the latter said that the head of the army was not moving forward. Xenophon, going past them, and sending on some of the ablest of the peltasts, ordered them to ascertain what it was that hindered their progress. They brought word that the whole army was in that manner taking rest. Xenophon and his men, therefore, stationing such a guard as they could, took up their quarters there without fire or supper. When it was near day, he sent the youngest of his men to the sick, with orders to rouse them and oblige them to proceed. At this juncture Cheirisophus sent some of his people from the villages to see how the rear were faring. The young men were rejoiced to see them, and gave them the sick to conduct to the camp, while they themselves went forward; and before they had gone twenty stadia, found themselves at the village in which Cheirisophus was quartered. When they came together, it was thought safe enough to lodge the troops up and down in the villages. Cheirisophus accordingly remained where he was; and the other officers, appropriating by lot the several villages that they had in sight, went to their respective quarters with their men.

Here Polycrates, an Athenian captain, requested leave of absence: and taking with him the most active of his men, and hastening to the village which Xenophon had been allotted, surprised all the villagers and their head-men in their houses, together with seventeen colts that were bred as a tribute for the King, and the head-man's daughter, who had been but nine days married; her husband was gone out to hunt hares, and was not found in any of the villages. Their houses were under ground: the entrance like

the mouth of a well, but spacious below; there were passages dug into them for the cattle, but the people descended by ladders. In the houses were goats, sheep, cows, and fowls, with their young; all the cattle were kept on fodder within the walls. There were also wheat, barley, leguminous vegetables, and barley-wine in large bowls: the grains of barley floated in it even with the brims of the vessels, and reeds also lay in it, some larger and some smaller, without joints; and these, when any one was thirsty, he was to take in his mouth and suck. The liquor was very strong unless one mixed water with it, and a very pleasant drink to those accustomed to it.

Xenophon made the chief man of his village sup with him, and told him to be of good courage, assuring him that he should not be deprived of his children, and that they would not go away without filling his house with provisions in return for what they took, if he would but prove himself the author of some service to the army till they should reach another tribe. This he promised; and to show his good-will, pointed out where some wine was buried. This night, therefore, the soldiers rested in their several quarters in the midst of great abundance; setting a guard over the chief, and keeping his children at the same time under their eye. The following day Xenophon took the head-man and went with him to Cheirisophus; and wherever he passed by a village, he turned aside to visit those who were quartered in it, and found them in all parts feasting and enjoying themselves: nor would they anywhere let them go till they had set refreshments before them; and they placed everywhere upon the same table lamb, kid, pork, veal, and fowl, with plenty of bread both of wheat and barley. Whenever any person, to pay a compliment, wished to drink to another, he took him to the large bowl, where he had to stoop down and drink, sucking like an ox. The chief they allowed to take whatever he pleased, but he accepted nothing from them; where he found any of his relatives, however, he took them with him.

When they came to Cheirisophus, they found his men also feasting in their quarters, crowned with wreaths made of hay, and Armenian boys in their barbarian dresses waiting upon them — to whom they made signs what they were to do, as if they had been deaf and dumb. When Cheirisophus and Xenophon had saluted one another, they both asked the chief man, through the interpreter who spoke the Persian language, what country it was. He replied that it was Armenia. They then asked him for whom the horses were bred; and he said that they were a tribute for the king, and added that the neighboring country was that of the Chalybes, and told them in what direction the road lay. Xenophon then went away, conducting the chief back to his family: giving him the horse that he had taken, which was rather old, to fatten and offer in sacrifice (for he had heard that it had been consecrated to the sun); being afraid, indeed, that it might die, as it had been injured by the journey. He then took some of the young horses, and gave one of them to each of the other generals and captains. The horses

in this country were smaller than those of Persia, but far more spirited. The chief instructed the men to tie little bags round the feet of the horses and other cattle when they drove them through the snow; for without such bags they sunk up to their bellies.

Translated by J. S. Watson

THE EDUCATION OF A PERSIAN BOY

From the 'Cyropedia'

CYRUS is said to have had for his father Cambyses, king of the Persians. Cambyses was of the race of the Perseidæ, who were so called from Perseus. It is agreed that he was born of a mother named Mandane; and Mandane was the daughter of Astyages, king of the Medes. Cyrus is described, and is still celebrated by the barbarians, as having been most handsome in person, most humane in disposition, most eager for knowledge, and most ambitious of honor; so that he would undergo any labor and face any danger for the sake of obtaining praise. Such is the constitution of mind and body that he is recorded to have had; and he was educated in conformity with the laws of the Persians.

These laws seem to begin with a provident care for the common good; not where they begin in most other governments: for most governments, leaving each individual to educate his children as he pleases, and the advanced in age to live as they please, enjoin their people not to steal, not to plunder, not to enter a house by violence, not to strike any one whom it is wrong to strike, not to be adulterous, not to disobey the magistrates, and other such things in like manner; and if people transgress any of these precepts, they impose punishments upon them. But the Persian laws, by anticipation, are careful to provide from the beginning that their citizens shall not be such as to be inclined to any action that is bad and mean. This care they take in the following manner. They have an agora, called The Free, where the king's palace and other houses for magistrates are built: all things for sale, and the dealers in them with their cries and coarsenesses, are banished from hence to some other place that the disorder of these may not interfere with the regularity of those who are under instruction. This agora, round the public courts, is divided into four parts: of these, one is for the boys, one for the youth, one for the full-grown men, and one for those who are beyond the years for military service. Each of these divisions, according to the law, attend to their several quarters: the boys and full-grown men as soon as it is day; the elders when they think convenient, except upon appointed days, when they are obliged to be present. The youth pass the night round the courts, in their light arms, except such as are married: for

these are not required to do so, unless orders have been previously given them; nor is it becoming in them to be often absent. Over each of the classes there are twelve presidents, for there are twelve distinct tribes of the Persians. Those over the boys are chosen from amongst the elders, and are such as are thought likely to make them the best boys; those over the youth are chosen from amongst the full-grown men, and are such as are thought likely to make them the best youth; and over the full-grown men, such as are thought likely to render them the most expert in performing their appointed duties, and in executing the orders given by the chief magistrate. There are likewise chosen presidents over the elders, who take care that these also perform their duties. What it is prescribed to each age to do, we shall relate, that it may be the better understood how the Persians take precautions that excellent citizens may be produced.

The boys attending the public schools pass their time in learning justice; and say that they go for this purpose, as those with us say that they go to learn to read. Their presidents spend the most part of the day in dispensing justice amongst them: for there are among the boys, as among the men, accusations for theft, robbery, violence, deceit, calumny, and other such things as naturally occur — and such as they convict of doing wrong in any of these respects they punish; they punish likewise such as they find guilty of false accusation: they appeal to justice also in the case of a crime for which men hate one another excessively, but for which they never go to law — that is, ingratitude; and whomsoever they find able to return a benefit and not returning it, they punish severely. For they think that the ungrateful are careless with regard to the gods, their parents, their country, and their friends; and upon ingratitude seems closely to follow shamelessness, which appears to be the principal conductor of mankind into all that is dishonorable.

They also teach the boys self-control; and it contributes much towards their learning to control themselves, that they see every day their elders behaving themselves with discretion. They teach them also to obey their officers; and it contributes much to this end, that they see their elders constantly obedient to their officers. They teach them temperance with respect to eating and drinking: and it contributes much to this object, that they see that their elders do not quit their stations to satisfy their appetites, until their officers dismiss them; and that the boys themselves do not eat with their mothers, but with their teachers, and when the officers give the signal. They bring from home with them bread, and a sort of cresses to eat with it; and a cup to drink from, that if any are thirsty they may take water from the river. They learn, besides, to shoot with the bow and to throw the javelin. These exercises the boys practise till they are sixteen or seventeen years of age, when they enter the class of young men.

Translated by J. S. Watson

HERACLITUS

HERACLITUS, the most original of the pre-Socratic Greek philosophers, was born at Ephesus about 535 B.C. His father belonged to the nobility, and claimed descent from Androclus the founder of Ephesus, a son of the Athenian king Codrus. He had even a claim to the royal title himself, doubtless as the titular head of the State religion; but resigned it to his brother when he devoted himself to philosophy. He remained, however, always an aristocrat, and bitterly opposed to the growing democracy of Ephesus, which banished his uncle Hermodorus. Heraclitus seems to have lived a retired life, and to have died about 475 B.C. He was known in later times as "the weeping philosopher."

Few men have influenced the world by their thought more deeply than Heraclitus. He was the inventor of the *Logos*, from which the science of Logic is named, and on which the first principle of Stoicism and the Christian doctrine of "the Word" are based. His one book, 'On Nature,' was written in Ionic prose, in a form so difficult as to earn him in subsequent times the title of "the Dark." This darkness, however, was due far more to the matter than to the style of the book. The latter indeed, if abrupt and terse, is powerful and sublime, reminding us of the Hebrew prophets; while of the former, Socrates said that its depth was so great as to require "a Delian diver."

Heraclitus claims to be self-taught; nevertheless he shows acquaintance with Homer and Hesiod, with Pythagoras, Xenophanes, Hecataeus, Archilochus, and Bias—and inveighs against all of them, except the last. His originality therefore consisted in his attitude of opposition to his predecessors. Combining the material principle of his Ionian predecessors with the numerical proportion of Pythagoras and the all-embracing unity of being of Xenophanes, he set up as his absolute a universal fire, determining itself according to measure and number. Through the regulated self-transformation of this, the universe with all its phenomena, including thought, arises. In this universe everything is in perpetual change, except the *Logos* or law of change, which is conceived as one with the primal fire. The universal life is a process from fire and to fire—a continual differentiation and a continual overcoming of differentiation.

Heraclitus is the first materialistic monist, and all subsequent systems of monism descend from him. His views are discussed in the 'Cratylus' of Plato, and are often referred to by Aristotle. He founded no school; but about 308 B.C., Zeno of Citium, adopting his leading principles, his *Logos*

and his monism, founded Stoicism, which is thus mainly a development of Heracliteanism. Stoicism played a great part in the world for six or seven hundred years, and some of the noblest spirits of the ancient world professed it — Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Seneca, etc.

In modern times Hegel adopted into his Logic all the principles of Heraclitus — the self-determining, world-creating Logos, the identity of opposites, and the universal process. Hegel himself by this means reached an all-embracing idealism, which professed to furnish a new basis for the old conceptions of Church and State, which the French Revolution had rudely shaken; but his disciple Ferdinand Lassalle, who wrote a large work in two volumes on Heraclitus emphasizing the latter's materialism, made it the basis of that view of the world and of society which calls for Socialism as its true expression. Indeed, Socialism is merely Heracliteanism in politics and economics. Thus, in a very important sense, Heraclitus may be said to be the father of Socialism, and to be very much alive among us today.

FRAGMENTS

LISTENING, not to me, but to the Word, it is wise for men to confess that all things are one.

Though the Word always speaks, yet men are born without understanding for it, both before they hear it, and at first after they have heard it. For though all things are produced according to this Word, men seem to be unaware of it, making attempts at such words and deeds as I explain by separating them according to their nature, and telling them as they are. But other men fail as completely to recognize what they do while they are awake as they forget what they do when asleep.

Having ears and understanding not, they are like deaf men. To them the proverb applies: "While they're here they're yonder."

Evil witnesses to men are the eyes and ears of them that have barbarous souls.

For many men have no wisdom regarding those things with which they come in contact, nor do they learn by experience. They are opinions even to themselves.

If thou hope for that which is past hope, thou shalt not find it; for it is past searching and past finding out.

Those who search for gold, dig much earth and find little.

Nature loves to hide herself.

The Sibyl, with inspired lips, uttering words unmeet for laughter, unadorned, unanointed, reaches with her voice across a thousand years, because of the god that is in her.

Eyes are more accurate witnesses than ears.

Much learning doth not teach understanding; else it had taught Hesiod and Pythagoras, yea, and Xenophanes, and Hecataëus.

Pythagoras, the son of Mnesarchus, pursued information most of all men, and making selections from these writings, he produced a wisdom of his own — much learning, little wit!

For the Wise is one — to know the principle whereby all things are steered through all.

This world, which is the same for all, neither any god nor any man made; but it was always, is, and ever shall be, an ever-living fire, kindling by measure and dying out by measure.

The sea is spread abroad, and meted out with the same measure as it was before the earth was brought forth.

Fire lives the death of earth, and air the death of fire. Water lives the death of air, and earth the death of water.

The thunderbolt is at the helm of the universe.

The Sun shall not transgress his bounds; else the Fates, the handmaids of Justice, will find it out.

God is day and night, winter and summer, war and peace, surfeit and famine. He changeth as fire when it is mingled with spices, and is named as each man listeth.

You cannot step twice into the same river; for other and ever other waters flow on.

They understand not that that which differs agrees with itself: a back-returning harmony, as of the bow and the lyre.

An invisible harmony is better than a visible.

Let us make no random guesses about the greatest things.

Asses would prefer garbage to gold.

The sea is the purest and the foulest water: for fishes drinkable and wholesome; for men undrinkable and hurtful.

The upward and the downward way are one and the same. Beginning and end are identical.

The bounds of the soul thou shalt not find, though thou travel every way.

Like a torch in the night, man is lit and extinguished.

Into the same stream we step in and step not in; we are and are not.

Common to all is wisdom. They who speak with reason must take their stand upon that which is common to all, as firmly as a state does upon its law, and much more firmly. For all human laws are fed by the one divine law; it prevaieth as far as it listeth, and sufficeth for all, and surviveth all.

Even they that sleep are laborers and co-workers in all that is done in the world.

Though the Word is universal, most men live as if each had a wisdom of his own.

We must not act and speak as if we were asleep. When we are awake we have one common world; but when we are asleep each turns aside to a world of his own.

A foolish man bears the same relation to a divinity as a child to a man.

It is not better that what men desire should befall them: for it is disease that causes health; sweet, bitter; evil, good; hunger, satisfaction; fatigue, rest.

It is hard to fight with passion; for what it desires to happen, it buys with life.

One man to me is ten thousand, if he be the best. For what is their mind or sense? They follow [strolling] minstrels, and make the mob their school-master, not knowing that the evil are many, the good few. For the best choose one thing in preference to all, eternal glory among mortals; but the many glut themselves like cattle. In Priene was born Bias, the son of Teutamides, whose intelligence was superior to that of all others.

It were fitting that the Ephesians should hang themselves on reaching manhood, and leave the city to the boys; for that they cast out Hermodorus, the worthiest man among them, saying: "Let there be no one worthiest man among us; if there be, let him be elsewhere and with others."

Dogs bark at every one they do not know. A foolish man is wont to be scared at every [new] idea.

Justice will overtake the framers and abettors of lies.

With man, character is destiny.

There remaineth for men after death that which they neither hope for nor believe. Then they desire to rise and become guardians of the quick and the dead.

Polluted [murderers] are cleansed with blood, as if one, having stepped into mud, should wipe himself with mud.

PARMENIDES

PARMENIDES, the most famous of the Eleatic philosophers, was born at Elea, in Southern Italy, about 520 B.C. Of his life little is known: he took an active part in the politics of his native city, drawing up for it a code of laws to which the Eleans every year swore to conform; and, according to Plato, late in life, about 454 B.C., he made a visit to Athens in company with his pupil Zeno, and there made the acquaintance of Socrates, then a very young man. He seems to have been acquainted with the thought of the Ionian philosophers, especially of Anaximander and Heraclitus, but to have been more deeply influenced by Pythagoras and Xenophanes. He numbered among his friends Empedocles and Leucippus, and taught Melissus and Zeno. His only written work was a poem 'On Nature,' of which considerable fragments remain. These have several times been collected.

With the exception of Heraclitus, Parmenides is the greatest of the pre-Socratic Greek thinkers. He was the first to distinguish between the Ideal and the Real; between Being, eternal, unchangeable, and the subject of science, and Becoming, transient, changeable, and mere matter of opinion. Being he identifies with thought; and Becoming with sensation. He is thus the author of that dualism which runs through all Greek thinking, and which logically leads to ascetism in life and absolutism in politics. The resemblance of his philosophy to certain Hindu systems has induced some writers to connect it with these; but it is in fact due to a combination of the Pythagorean principle of number with the Ionic notion of process. It led the way to the universal subjectivism of the Sophists.

INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM ON NATURE

SOON as the coursers that bear me and draw me as far as extendeth
Impulse, guided and threw me aloft in the glorious pathway,
Up to the goddess that guideth through all things man that is conscious,
There was I carried along, for there did the coursers sagacious,
Drawing the chariot, bear me, and virgins preceded to guide them —
Daughters of Helios, leaving behind them the mansions of darkness —
Into the light, with their strong hands forcing asunder the night-shrouds,
While in its sockets the axle emitted the sound of a syrinx,
Glowing, for still it was urged by a couple of wheels well-rounded,
One upon this side, one upon that, when it hastened its motion.

There were the gates of the paths of the Night and the paths of the Daytime.
 Under the gates is a threshold of stone, and above is a lintel.
 These too are closed in the ether with great doors guarded by Justice —
 Justice the mighty avenger, that keepeth the keys of requital.
 Her did the virgins address, and with soft words deftly persuaded,
 Swiftly for them to withdraw from the gates the bolts and its fastener.
 Opening wide, they uncovered the yawning expanse of the portal,
 Backward rolling successive the hinges of brass in their sockets —
 Hinges constructed with nails and with clasps; then onward the virgins
 Straightway guided their steeds and their chariot over the highway.
 Then did the goddess receive me with gladness, and taking my right hand
 Into her own, thus uttered a word and kindly bespake me: —

“Youth that art mated with charioteers and companions immortal,
 Coming to us on the coursers that bear thee, to visit our mansion,
 Hail! for it is not an evil Award that hath guided thee hither
 Into this path — for, I ween, it is far from the pathway of mortals —
 Nay, it is Justice and Right. Thou needs must have knowledge of all things:
 First of the Truth’s unwavering heart that is fraught with conviction,
 Then of the notions of mortals, where no true conviction abideth;
 But thou shalt surely be taught this too — that every opinion
 Needs must pass through the ALL, and vanquish the test with approval.”

Translated by Thomas Davidson

THOUGHT AND EXISTENCE

ONE and the same are thought and that whereby there is thinking;
 Never apart from existence, wherein it receiveth expression,
 Shalt thou discover the action of thinking; for naught is or shall be
 Other besides or beyond the Existent; for Fate hath determined
 That to be lonely and moveless, which all things are but a name for —
 Things that men have set up for themselves, believing as real —
 Birth and decay, becoming and ceasing, to be and to not-be,
 Movement from place to place, and change from color to color.
 But since the uttermost limit of Being is ended and perfect,
 Then it is like to the bulk of a sphere well rounded on all sides,
 Everywhere distant alike from the center: for never there can be
 Anything greater or anything less, on this side or that side;
 Yea, there is neither a non-existent to bar it from coming
 Into equality, neither can Being be different from Being,
 More of it here, less there, for the All is inviolate ever.
 Therefore, I ween, it lies equally stretched in its limits on all sides.

Translated by Thomas Davidson

KOSMOS

THEN thou shalt know the ethereal nature and each of its tokens —
 Each of the signs in the ether, and all the invisible workings
 Wrought by the blemishless sun's pure lamp, and whence they have
 risen;

Then thou shalt hear of the orb-eyed moon's circumambient workings,
 And of her nature, and likewise discern the heaven that surrounds them,
 Whence it arose, and how by her sway Necessity bound it
 Firm, to encircle the bounds of the stars.

Translated by Thomas Davidson

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EMPEDOCLES

EMPEDOCLES the Sicilian was born at Agrigentum, early in the fifth century B.C. The dates of his birth and death are uncertain, but his life probably covered nearly the whole of the first three-quarters of that century. His family was rich and influential, and in politics allied with the popular or democratic side. He himself rose to a commanding position as a statesman, and was sufficiently versatile to become no less eminent as an orator, poet, religious teacher, and physician. Of his two long poems—the one cosmological, the other religious—four hundred and fifty fragmentary verses have come down to us, the exceptionally large number showing the wide-spread character of his popularity. In certain political overturnings he fell into disfavor with his fellow-citizens, and was apparently banished. At any rate, many years of his life were passed in wandering over the Greek countries. Travel in those days took the place of the modern university. A long life was spent in forming and proclaiming philosophic doctrine, in preaching, and in healing the sick. A man of imposing personality, he was popularly believed to work miracles and to possess divine power, beliefs which he took no pains to discourage. The suspicion of charlatanry which attaches to him appears in the probably baseless story that he secretly threw himself into the crater of *Ætna*, in order not to be thought to have died as a man, but to have disappeared as a god. His character and teachings have deeply affected two notable poems, Lucretius' '*De Rerum Natura*,' and Matthew Arnold's '*Empedocles on Ætna*.'

At the beginning of the fifth century B.C. there was great intellectual activity throughout the Greek world, especially along the coast land of Asia Minor, among the islands of the *Ægean* Sea, in Sicily and Southern Italy, where comfortable conditions had been attained in freedom, wealth, and ease of communication. Here men were becoming conscious of themselves and of an environing world, and had begun to seek a more exact explanation of the universe than the traditional mythologies could supply. The ancient beliefs accepted gods of all degrees and ranges of power. The arrangements of the world were due to them, and all events were under their control; but they were imagined as having their birth and exerting their activity in an already existing universe. Of this, or of themselves, they did not lay the foundations. In the preceding century men had already begun to wonder about this origin, and to distrust mythological explanations of it. They questioned what was the ultimate ground of things, what was the universal Nature from which gods and men alike proceeded, of what was the world made. These questions mark the first stirrings of a philosophic spirit among the Greeks.

The Ionians suggested in reply that some one of the many elements now existing might be the primordial element, and from this all else be derived. Water or even air might be the primordial stuff which processes of thickening and thinning then turned into all that we see. Nature would thus consist of a single real substance, and of it the many objects we perceive would be but the modifications.

Acute minds, however, at Elea in Southern Italy — Xenophanes, Parmenides, Zeno — pressed this hypothesis farther. If the many objects we see are but modifications of a single being or substance, then objects themselves, and the whole changing world which they involve, become illusory. For how could water be changed into anything other than itself, without ceasing in the same degree to be water at all? And if one primordial element is all that ultimately constitutes Being, will not every change of this Being or Substance move in the direction of Not-Being or Insubstantiality? It is useless to suggest that change might arise through the transition from one kind of being to another. If there are kinds of Being, diversity is planted in the frame of things, rational unity disappears, and anything like a universe becomes impossible. The one and the many are so inherently opposed that each must exclude the other from existence. To the Eleatic eye, or to any other capable of distinguishing reality and appearance, all Being is one, changeless, undifferentiated, eternal. It is the deceiving senses which report multiplicity; reason speaks only of unity. The transformations suggested and seemingly warranted by sensuous experience cannot even be thought of with precision, but will on reflection everywhere disclose hidden contradictions.

Only one method of preserving the reality of change accordingly remains, and that is to imbed it in the nature of the primordial element itself. This method was adopted by Heraclitus. Fire, said he, presents a case of existence where nothing like fixed Being is to be found. Of fire it is not true that it first exists and afterwards changes. At no moment of its existence is it unchanging. Into its nature change is so inwrought that we are obliged to describe it as always becoming, rather than as at any time being. And what is true of fire is true of the universe in general. Ceaseless change characterizes it. All things flow, nothing stands. You cannot bathe twice in the same stream. The Eleatics were right in declaring that Being cannot change except into its opposite, Not-Being; but that is precisely what it perpetually does change into. Nature is made by the union of these opposites. Strife is the father of all, the unceasing strife of Being and Not-Being. The two are inseparable. The original element contains them both, and Nature arises from their conflict.

These, then, were the explanations of the universe offered to Empedocles: the mythological notion of personal divine agency, the primary transformable element of the Ionians, the one fixed substance of the Eleatics, the ceaseless change of Heraclitus. Perhaps we should add the teachings of Pythagoras

about number, immortality, and a renovated social order. All these widely divergent cosmologic notions Empedocles accepted, and in his eclectic and compromising fashion sought to adjust them into harmony with one another. With the Eleatics he agrees in holding that whatever ultimately exists must be perpetual, incapable of changing its qualities, of coming into being or ceasing to be. But he conciliates this with the Heraclitan recognition of the universality of change, by a peculiar adaptation of Ionic doctrine. It is true that not all the elements of the world are equally primordial; but why assume that there is but one such primordial element? — may there not be several? The Pythagoreans taught that the number four entered deeply into the structure of the world. Might there not, then, be four original elements — say, earth, air, fire, and water? Three of these had already figured separately in Ionic speculation. These primordial roots, as Empedocles calls them, in themselves always unchanged, might by mingling with one another, or by separation, produce the appearances which we know as birth, death, and changeable phenomena. Yet to effect such combinations, something is needed which the Ionians overlooked — forces, to operate change and to adjust the elements to one another. These Empedoclean forces are two, Love and Strife, or (stripping off that mythological and personified character which this poetizing philosopher attributes to them, as also to his four elements) we may call them by the modern names of affinity and repulsion. In the beginning all the four elements were compacted by Love into a harmonious universe, which may be symbolized by a sphere. Into this spherical concord crept Strife, gradually, through disturbing the normal degrees of mixture, breaking up the primeval whole into individual existences. These individual existences appeared at first in fragmentary and imperfect forms, heads and arms and eyes coming into life, yet missing their congruous parts. Such monstrosities soon perished. But when one happened to be joined to another in natural fitness, it survived. So there was a progression from the imperfect to the more perfect. Moreover, although in the world which now exists differentiating and individualizing Strife is in the ascendant, Love will one day have its way again and draw all once more back to the sphere-shaped fourfold harmony. Yet this Love-ruled harmony will not persist, but out of it new mixtures will still proceed, a Strife-cycle forever alternating with a Love-cycle. Out of this same Love our perceptions and desires spring, the elements which form us seeking their similars elsewhere. Only like can be known by like. With these physical doctrines Empedocles combined, for no obvious reason, the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

To sum up, the teaching of Empedocles is a composite, and includes fragments of all the theories current in his time. His own contributions are — 1, the doctrine of the four elements; 2, the perception that for the fashioning of a world, forces are as needful as material; 3, the notion of alternating world-cycles; 4, vague hints of evolution and even of natural selection; and

5, cognition by similars. To have four or five original ideas is to be a wealthy man indeed. Those of Empedocles were all taken up into subsequent philosophy, and have ever since enriched the blood of the world.

GEORGE HERBERT PALMER

FROM THE POEM ON NATURE

EMPEDOCLES was without doubt a leader of mystics, and one who claimed for himself superhuman nature and wisdom; but it seems equally true — as true as of Plato, of Swedenborg, or of Emerson — that he was his own first and sincerest believer. In particular, the lines in which he declares his recollections of immortality and of a more blest divine existence, are as weighty as anything in Plato or in Wordsworth.

There is a doom of fate, an ancient decree of immortals,
Never to be unmade, by amplest pledges attested:
That, if a spirit divine, who shares in the life everlasting,
Through transgression defile his glorious body by bloodshed,
Or if he perjure himself by swearing unto a falsehood,
Thrice ten thousand seasons he wanders apart from the Blessèd,
Passing from birth unto birth through every species of mortal,
Changing ever the paths of life, yet ever unresting:
Even as I now roam, from gods far-wandered, an exile,
Yielding to maddening strife.

These, as Plutarch and others testify, are the opening lines in the Prelude of Empedocles' great poem on Nature. Other and briefer fragments continue the same train of thought.

Once already have I as a youth been born, as a maiden,
Bush, and wingèd bird, and silent fish in the waters. . . .
After what horrors, and after how long and blissful existence,
Thus am I wretchedly doomed to abide in the meadows of mortals!
Loudly I wept and wailed at beholding the place unfamiliar. . . .
Joyless the place, where
Murder abides, and Strife, with the other races of Troubles.

The belief in transmigration, which we are wont to associate especially with the Pythagorean teachings, is nowhere more vividly expressed than by Empedocles. The conviction that Man's soul is a fallen exile from a higher

sphere, to which he may hope to return only after long purgatorial atonement in earthly incarnations — all this has been even more magnificently elaborated in Platonic dialogues like the *Phædrus* and the *Phædo*; but Plato himself may well owe much of his loftiest inspiration to this Sicilian seer.

The theory of the four elements is clearly stated in a three-line fragment of the same Prelude: —

Hearken and learn that four, at the first, are the sources of all things:
Fire, and water, and earth, and lofty ether unbounded.
Thence springs all that is, that shall be, or hath been aforetime.

Empedocles seems to have rivaled Lucretius himself in the picturesque vividness of his similes. Here, for instance, is an attempt to illustrate how the manifold forms of the visible world might well arise from the mingling of these few elements: —

Just as men who the painter's craft have thoroughly mastered
Fashion in many a tint their picture, an offering sacred;
When they have taken in hand their paints of various colors,
Mingling skilfully more of the one and less of another,
Out of these they render the figures like unto all things;
Trees they cause to appear, and the semblance of men and of women,
Beasts of the field, and birds, and fish that inhabit the waters,
Even the gods, whose honors are greatest, whose life is unending: —
Be not deceived, for such, and nowise other, the fountain
Whence all mortals spring, whatever their races unnumbered.

Incidentally we see clearly that while the painter's art has made many a stride from Homer's time to Empedocles' day, yet "Art is still religion"; the masterpiece is as a matter of course an *anathema*, an altar-piece.

Among the other fragments of the Poem is the singular invocation of the Muse. The poetic quality is rather disappointing. Despite his hatred of Strife, Empedocles has evidently just indulged in rather strong polemic; perhaps against those who profess to teach more than man may know, for the invocation begins thus: —

Only do ye, O gods, remove from my tongue their madness;
Make ye to flow from a mouth that is holy a fountain unsullied.
Thou, O white-armed Virgin, the Muse who rememberest all things,
Whatsoe'er it is lawful to utter to men that are mortal
Bring me, from Piety driving a chariot easily guided.

It is clear from many such passages, that Empedocles claimed for himself not merely a poetic inspiration but an absolutely superhuman nature. It is

not easy to find anywhere a more magnificent and sublime egotism than his. The most famous passage of this character is not from his great work on Nature (or Creation), but is found in the 'Katharmoi' (Poem of Purifications): —

O my friends, whoso in Acragas' beautiful city
Have your dwelling aloft; whose hearts are set upon virtue;
Reverent harbors of guests, who have no share in dishonor —
Greeting! But I as a god divine, no longer a mortal,
Dwell with you, by all in reverence held, as is fitting,
Girt with fillets about, and crowned with wreaths of rejoicing.
Whatsoever the folk whose prosperous cities I enter,
There I of women and men am revered. By thousands they follow,
Questioning where they may seek for the path that leadeth to profit.
These are in need of prophetic words, and others, in illness,
Since they have long been racked with the grievous pangs of diseases,
Crave that I utter the charm whose power is sovran in all things. —
Yet pray why lay stress upon this, as were it a marvel
If I surpass mankind, who are mortal and utterly wretched?

Translated by W. C. Lawton

OTHER FRAGMENTS FROM THE POEM ON NATURE

AND thou shalt learn all the drugs that are a defense against ills and old age, since for thee alone shall I accomplish all this. Thou shalt arrest the violence of the weariless winds that arise and sweep the earth, laying waste the corn-fields with their breath; and again, when thou so desirest, thou shalt bring their blasts back again with a rush. Thou shalt cause for men a seasonable drought after the dark rains, and again after the summer drought thou shalt produce the streams that feed the trees as they pour down from the sky. Thou shalt bring back from Hades the life of a dead man.

Fools! for they have no far-reaching thoughts who deem that what before was not comes into being, or that aught can perish and be utterly destroyed. For it cannot be that aught can arise from what in no way is, and it is impossible and unheard-of that what *is* should perish; for it will always *be*, wherever one may keep putting it.

I shall tell thee a twofold tale. At one time things grew to be one only out of many; at another, that divided up to be many instead of one. There is

a double becoming of perishable things, and a double passing away. The coming together of all things brings one generation into being and destroys it; the other grows up and is scattered as things become divided. And these things never cease, continually changing places, at one time all uniting in one through Love, at another each borne in different directions by the repulsions of Strife.

For of a truth, they [*i. e.*, Love and Strife] were aforetime and shall be; nor ever, methinks, will boundless time be emptied of that pair. And they prevail in turn as the circle comes round, and pass away before one another, and increase in their appointed turn.

It is not possible for us to set God before our eyes, or to lay hold of him with our hands, which is the broadest way of persuasion that leads into the heart of man. For he is not furnished with a human head on his body, two branches do not sprout from his shoulders, he has no feet, no swift knees, nor hairy parts; but he is only a sacred and unutterable Mind, flashing through the whole world with rapid thoughts.

FROM THE POEM OF PURIFICATIONS

AND there was among them a man of rare knowledge, most skilled in all manner of wise works, a man who had won the utmost wealth of wisdom; for whensoever he strained with all his mind, he easily saw everything of all the things that are now [though he lived] ten, yea, twenty generations of men ago. . . .

But at the last, they appear among mortal men as prophets, song-writers, physicians, and princes; and thence they rise up as gods exalted in honor, sharing the hearth of the other gods and the same table; free from human woes, safe from destiny, and incapable of hurt.

Translated by John Burnet

PLATO

PLATO, the first of philosophers, and the only writer of prose who ranks in the literature of power with the bibles and supreme poets of the world, was born at Athens in the year 427 B.C., and died in the year 347. His youth was contemporaneous with that fatal Peloponnesian War in which the Athens of Pericles dissipated, in a fratricidal contest, the energies that might have prolonged the flowering season of the Greek genius for another century. His maturity and old age were passed as writer and teacher in the subdued and chastened Athens of the restoration, whose mission it was, as schoolmaster of Greece, to disengage the spirit of Hellenism from local and temporal accidents, and prepare it for assimilation by the Hellenistic, the Roman, the modern world. Like his pupil Aristotle, he embraces in the compass of his thoughts the entire experience, and reflective criticism of life, of the Greek race. But because he was an Athenian born, and had nourished his mighty youth on the still living traditions of the great age, he transmits the final outcome of Greek culture to us in no quintessential distillation of abstract formulas, but in vivid dramatic pictures that make us actual participants in the spiritual intoxication, the Bacchic revelry of philosophy, as Alcibiades calls it, that accompanied the most intense and fruitful outburst of intellectual activity in the annals of mankind.

It was an age of discussion. In the Athens of Socrates, for the first and last time, men talked with men seriously, passionately, on other topics than those of business or practical politics; and their discussions created the logic, the rhetoric, the psychology, the metaphysic, the ethical and political philosophy of western Europe, and wrought out the distinctions, the definitions, the categories in which all subsequent thought has been cast. The Platonic dialogues are a dramatic idealization of that stimulating soul-communion which Diotima celebrates as the consummation of the right love of the beautiful; wherein a man is copiously inspired to declare to his friend what human excellence really is, and what are the practices and the ways of life of the truly good man. And in addition to their formal and inspirational value, they remain, even after the codification of their leading thoughts in the systematic treatises of Aristotle, a still unexhausted storehouse of ideas, which, as Emerson says, "make great havoc of our originalities." This incomparable suggestiveness is due — after the genius of Plato — to the wealth of virgin material which then lay awaiting the interpretative ingenuity of these brilliant talkers, and the synoptic eye of the philosopher who should first be able to see the one in the many and the many in the one.

Before the recent transformation of all things by physical science, the experience of the modern world offered little to the generalizing philosophic mind which the Periclean Greek could not find in the mythology, the poetry, the art, the historical vicissitudes, the colonial enterprises, and the picturesquely various political life of his race. Modern science was lacking. But the guesses of the pre-Socratic poet-philosophers had started all its larger hypotheses, and had attained at a bound to conceptions of evolution which, though unverified in detail, distinctly raised all those far-reaching questions touching the origin and destiny of man and the validity of moral and religious tradition, that exercise our own maturer thought.

The concentration and conscious enjoyment of this rich culture in the intense life of imperial Athens gave rise to new ideals in education, and to the new Spirit of the Age, embodied in the Sophists — professional teachers of rhetoric and of the art of getting on in the world. Their sophistry consisted not in any positive intention of corruption, but in the intellectual bewilderment of a broad but superficial half-culture, which set them adrift with no anchorage of unquestioned principle or fixed faith in any kind of ultimate reality. They thus came to regard the conflicting religious, ethical, and social ideals of an age of transition merely as convenient themes for the execution of dialectical and rhetorical flourishes, or as forces to be estimated in the shrewd conduct of the game of life.

Among these showy talkers moved the strange uncouth figure of Socrates, hardly distinguished from them by the writers of comedy or by the multitude, and really resembling them in the temporarily unsettling effect, upon the mind of ingenuous youth, of his persistent questioning of all untested conventions and traditions. Two things, in addition to the stoic simplicity of his life, his refusal to accept pay for his teaching, and his ironical affectation of ignorance, especially distinguish his conversation from theirs: First, a persistent effort to clear up the intellectual confusion of the age before logic, by insistence on definitions that shall distinguish essence from accident. Second, an adamant faith in the morality of common-sense, and in the absoluteness of the distinction between right and wrong.

Every student must decide for himself which he will accept as the probable Socrates of history: the homely portrait of Xenophon, or the speculative, supersubtle, mystic protagonist of the Platonic dialogues, fertile in invention, inexhaustible in resource, equal to every situation, seemingly all things to all men, yet guarding ever his indomitable moral and intellectual integrity behind a veil of playful irony. This Platonic Socrates stands out as the second religious figure of the European world in the fourfold gospel of his conversation, his trial, his temptation, and his death, recorded in the 'Gorgias,' the 'Apology,' the 'Crito,' and the 'Phædo.' However much of this result criticism may attribute to the genius of the reporter, we divine a strangely potent personality in the very fact that he dominated to the end the imagi-

nation of a scholar who went to school to many other influences, and who absorbed the entire culture of that wondrous age in "a synthesis without parallel before or since." Amid all the dramatic variety, the curious subtlety, the daring speculation, the poetic Pythagorean mysticism of the later dialogues, the two chief Socratic notes persist. There is always an effort to dissipate the clouds of intellectual confusion by the aid of some logic of definition and relevancy; and however often the quest for absolute verities loses itself in baffling labyrinths of dialectic, or issues in an *impasse* of conflicting probabilities, the faith is never lost that truth exists, may be won by persistent wooing, and is in the end essentially moral.

Associated with Socrates are groups of the noble youths of Athens; with worthy burghers who are their parents, guardians, or friends, an inner circle of earnest disciples or devoted enthusiasts attached to the person of the master, an outer circle of local celebrities and of all the brilliant personalities whom the policy of Pericles drew to the Prytaneum of Greek intellect — visiting sophists, rhetoricians, philosophers. The dramatic setting is some typical scene of Athenian life. Socrates returning from the campaign of Potidæa strolls into a gymnasium, inquires of the progress of the young men, and draws the reigning favorite Charmides into a discussion of the nature and definition of that virtue of temperance which is the bloom of youthful beauty. He is aroused at earliest dawn by the knock of the youthful enthusiast Hippocrates, who comes breathless to announce that "Protagoras is in town," and that there is to be a great gathering of wise men at the house of Callias. Thither they proceed, and hear and say many things. He meets Phædrus, fresh from the rhetorical school of Lysias, carrying a roll under his arm, and joins him in a constitutional beyond the city gates while they discourse on the philosophy of style, and incidentally on love. He is a guest at the banquet held to celebrate the success of Agathon's new tragedy at the Dionysiac festival; and after listening benignantly to the young men's euphuistic panegyrics on the great god Love, expounds to them the lore he learned from the wise woman Diotima; and then, as the night wears on, drinks all the guests under the table while he proves to Aristophanes and Agathon that the true dramatic artist will excel in both tragedy and comedy. Turning homeward from attendance on a religious ceremony at the Piræus, he is constrained by the playful importunity of a band of young friends to remain for the torchlight race in the evening. They proceed to the house of the delightful old man Cephalus, father of the orator Lysias, where a conversation springs up on old age and the right use of wealth, which insensibly develops into the long argument on the Republic or Ideal State, in which alone justice and the happy life are perfectly typed. Condemned to drink the hemlock "for corrupting the youth," he spends the last hours in prison beguiling the grief of his distracted disciples with high disputations touching the immortality of the soul, striving

— to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind, that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook.

The style is as various as are the themes. It ranges from homely parable and the exquisite urbanity of Attic conversation to the subtlest metaphysical disquisition, the loftiest flights of poetic eloquence, the most dithyrambic imaginative mysticism. The only limitation of this universality which the critics of antiquity could discover was the failure (in the 'Menexenus,' for example) to achieve sustained formal eloquence of the Demosthenic type. The thought was too curious and subtle, the expression charged with too many minor intentions, for that; the peculiar blending, in the Platonic diction, of colloquialism, dialectic precision, vivid imagination, and the tone of mystic uncton, unfitted it for the conventional effects of political oratory.

But no other prose writer manifests such complete and easy mastery of every note in the compass of his idiom as Plato possesses over the resources of Greek. He not only employs all styles separately at will, but modulates from one to the other by insensible transitions, that can be compared only to the effects of modern music. Platonic prose is an orchestral accompaniment of the thought; suggesting for every *nuance* of the idea its appropriate mood, and shot through with *leitmotifs* of reminiscence and anticipation, that bind the whole into emotional and artistic unity. He is not only the greatest but the first artist of an elaborate and curiously wrought prose diction. No writer before him had thus combined quotation, parody, literary and historic allusion, idiom, proverb, dialect, continued metaphor, and the dramatically appropriated technical vocabularies of all arts, sciences, and professions, and combined them all to one resultant literary effect suited to his various meanings and moods. The nice finish of Demosthenes' comparatively simple oratorical prose was the outcome of a long evolution, and of the labors of three generations of orators and rhetoricians. The composite, suggestive, polychromatic, literary prose which is the ideal of the cleverest modern writers, was created, in its perfection and without precedent, by the genius of Plato.

The reconstruction of a systematic philosophy for Plato must be left, in his own words, to "some very clever and laborious but not altogether enviable man." The notorious doctrine of Ideas is a language, a metaphysic, a mythology. "Socrates used to ask concerning each *thing* — as justice, friendship, or the State — What is it?" And so in the minor dialogues of search, the definition pursued through many a dialectical winding in the dramatization of elementary logic came to be regarded as a real thing to be apprehended, and not as the mere "statement of the connotation of a term." "The naïve childish realism of the immature mind!" will be the confident comment of the hasty critic. But as against the deeper meaning of Plato such criticism

is competent only to those, if any there be, who have completely solved the problem of the true nature of Universals. The medieval controversy still subsists under manifold disguises; and in the last resort, as William James picturesquely says, "introspective psychology is forced to throw up the sponge." We may classify the doctrine of Ideas as "logical realism"; but if we remember the kind of reality which Berkeley, Kant, Schopenhauer, Shelley, and the most delicate psychological analysis concur in attributing to the "things" of common-sense, which Plato called shadows and copies of the ideas, we may well surmise that the Platonic doctrine is more nearly akin to modern psychological and poetical idealism than to the crude logical realism of the Middle Ages. The verification of this conjecture would take us too far afield. It is enough that general notions, forms, essences, purposes, ideals, are in a sense as real as brick and mortar. For Plato they are the supreme realities. The idea of a thing, its form, identifying aspect, purpose, and true function — these, and not its material embodiment and perishable accidents, are what concern us. The very workman who makes a tool does not copy, with Chinese fidelity the accidents of an individual pattern, but is guided by an idea of a service or function which in the last analysis determines both material and form. Similarly the Divine Artist may be said to have created the world by stamping, in the limits of necessity, upon rude and shapeless chaos the informing types of harmonious order and his own beneficent designs. Lastly we may transfer the analogy to the social life of man, and say that the true educator, statesman, and ruler, is he whose soul has risen to the apprehension of fixed norms of virtue, law, the ideal city, the perfectly just man, and who has the power to mold and fashion as nearly as may be to the likeness of these ideal types the imperfectly plastic human material — the "social tissue" — in which he works.

Thus the theory of ideas is a high poetic language, consistently employed to affirm the precedence of soul, form, ideal, reason, and design, over matter, body, and the accidents, irrelevancies, imperfections, and necessary compromises, of concrete physical existence.

For Soul is Form, and doth the body make.

From this it is but a step to the imaginative mythological personification of the ideas. They are beautiful shapes, almost persons, first beheld by the soul in prenatal vision, and now in life's stormy voyage, ever fleeting before us "down the waste waters day and night," or gleaming "like virtue firm, like knowledge fair," through the mists that encompass the vessel's prow. So conceived, they provide a ready explanation or evasion of all the final problems which Plato was both unwilling and unable to answer in the sense of an unflinching materialistic nominalism. Our instantaneous *a priori* recognition of mathematical truth, the shaping of the vague chaos of sensation in pre-determined molds of thought, the apprehension of norms of experience to

which no finite experience ever conforms, our intuitions of a beauty, a goodness, a truth, transcending anything that earth can show, our devotion to ideals that actual life always disappoints, our postulates of a perfection that rebukes and shames our practice — what can these things mean save that all which we call knowledge here is a faint and troubled reminiscence of the Divine reality once seen face to face, a refraction of the white light of eternity by life's dome of many-colored glass, a sequence of shadow pictures cast on the further wall of the dim cavern in which we sit pinioned, our eyes helplessly averted from the true Light of the World?

But Plato does not, like the pseudo-Platonists, abandon himself to dreaming ecstasy. The theory of Ideas in its practical effect is a doctrine of the strenuous definition and application to life of regulative ideals. The multitude who lack such guiding aims live the "untested life" which Socrates pronounced intolerable. The so-called statesmen who fail to achieve them are blind leaders of the blind. The establishment in the mind of a clearly defined ethical and social ideal, as a touchstone of the tendencies of all particular acts and policies, is described in the language of poetical Platonism as the acquisition of the highest knowledge, the knowledge of the Idea of Good, on which the value of all partial and relative "goods" depends. The Idea of Good, supreme in the hierarchy of ideas, and last reached in the scale and process of pure dialectic, is the sun of the intelligible world; and like its symbol, the visible sun, is not only the fountain of light and knowledge, but the source of motion, life, and existence. For institutions, laws, and systems of government and education have their origin and find their best explanation in the final purposes, the ultimate ethical and social ideals, of their founders and supporters. But the knowledge of the Idea of Good, though described as a vision, is not granted to visionaries. The relation of all action to a rational and consistent theory of practice presupposes a severe discipline in dialectic. And dialectic itself, so confusing and unsettling as practised in imitation of Socrates and the Sophists by the irresponsible youth of Athens, may be safely studied only after a long preparatory training in all the culture and exact science of the age. Only to the elect few, who, triumphantly supporting these and many other tests of mind and body attain the beatific vision, will Plato intrust the government of his perfect city and the guardianship of mankind. They represent for him the antithesis of the typical pettifoggers and brawling demagogues of the Athens that was "dying of the triumph of the liberal party." For these too he shapes a theory of unscrupulous cynical practice more coherent, doubtless, than anything in their minds, but serving as an ideal of evil to oppose to his own idea or ideal of good. It has been affirmed that Plato was a bad citizen because he despaired of the Republic. But if we remember that, as Matthew Arnold says, Plato was right and Athens was doomed, if we recall the excesses of the post-Periclean demagogues, if we reflect on his bitter disillusionment in the brief tyrannical rule

of the "good-and-fair" companions of his youth, we shall not censure him for "standing aside under a wall in a storm of dust and hurricane of driving wind," or seeking refuge in the "city of which a pattern is laid up in heaven." "He was born to other politics."

Platonism is much more than this doctrine of Ideas, or than any doctrine. The dialogues, apart from their dramatic interest and literary charm, make a manifold appeal to numerous abiding instincts and aptitudes of the human mind through dialectics, metaphysics, mysticism, and esthetic and ethical enthusiasm. Some hard-headed readers will use them as an intellectual gymnastic. The thrust and parry of logical fence, the close pursuit of a trail of ratiocination through all the windings and apparently capricious digressions of the argument, the ingenious detours and surprises of the Socratic Elenchus, the apparatus of definitions, divisions, and fine-spun distinctions — these things are in themselves a pleasurable exercise to many minds. Others seek in the dialogues the gratification of that commonplace metaphysical instinct which Walter Pater warns us to suppress. Being and non-Being, the One and the Many, the finite and the infinite, weave their endless dance through the 'Parmenides,' the 'Sophist,' and the 'Philebus.' We may say that it is barren logomachy, the ratiocinative faculty run to seed, if we will. The history of literature proves it what Plato called it: a persistent affection of discourse of reason in man. Certain Platonic dialogues exercise and gratify this instinct even more completely than Neo-Platonism, medieval scholasticism, Hegelianism, or the new psychological scholasticism of today. And so, to the amazement and disgust of the positivists, the stream of *résumés*, new interpretations, and paraphrases of the 'Sophist' and 'Parmenides,' flows and will continue to flow.

Mysticism too "finds in Plato all its texts." The yearning towards an Absolute One, ineffable symbol of the unity which the soul is ever striving to recover amid the dispersions of life, the impulse to seek a spiritual counterpart for every material fact, the tantalizing glimpses of infinite vistas beyond the ken of the bodily eye, the aspirations that refuse to be shut in a formula — to all these

Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,

Plato gives full recognition, while shunning with unerring tact their concrete superstitious developments. His mystical imagery is embroidered on a definite framework of thought. The attributes of the Absolute One are deduced as systematically as a table of logical categories. The structure of a Greek temple is not more symmetrical than the allegory of the sun and the Idea of Good, the analogy of the divided line, and the symbolism of the Cave in the 'Republic'; or than the description, in the 'Phædrus,' of the soul as a celestial

car, of which reason is the charioteer, and noble passion and sensuous appetite are the two steeds. The visions of judgment that close the 'Republic' and 'Gorgias' are as definite in outline as a picture of Polygnotus. All nobler forms of mystic symbolism, from Plotinus to Emerson, derive from Plato; all its baser developments, from Iamblichus to the newest thaumaturgic theosophy, seek shelter under his name.

Allied to mysticism is the quality which the eighteenth century deprecated as enthusiasm. The intellect is suffused with feeling. All the nobler sentiments partake of the intensity of passionate love and the solemnity of initiations. Hence the sage and serious doctrine of Platonic love, whose interpretation would demand a volume: —

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar.

All noble unrest and higher aspiration in this world is a striving to recapture something of the rapture of the soul's prenatal vision of the Divine ideas. Now the good and the true are apprehended dimly through the abstractions of dialectic. The idea of beauty alone finds a not wholly inadequate visible embodiment on earth. And so the love of beauty is the predestined guide to the knowledge of the good and the true. In the presence of the beautiful the soul is stung by recollection of the Idea, and yearns for an immortality which the mortal can put on only through generation. To this throe, this yearning, awakened by the sight of a beautiful body, men give the special name love. But love in the larger sense is all passionate thirst for happiness, all thrilling recollection of the absolute beauty, all desire to reproduce it on earth, not merely after the flesh, but in such immortal children of the spirit as the poems of Homer and Sappho, the laws of Solon and Lycurgus, the victories of Epaminondas.

The noble heart that harbors virtuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, until it forth have brought
Th' eternal brood of glory excellent.

For this higher love the lower is a preparation and an initiation.

Akin to this enthusiasm of the lover is the fine frenzy of the poet, who, by visitation of the Muse, is inspired to utter many strange and beautiful sayings, of which he can render no account under a Socratic cross-examination. This power of the Muse resembles the magnet, which both attracts and imparts its attractive virtue to other substances. And when a vast audience thrills

with terror and pity as the rhapsode, tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect, recites the sorrows of Priam or Hecuba, they are all dependent links in the magnetic chain that descends from the poet and the Muse.

The 'Vita Nuova' of Dante, the sonnets of Michelangelo, the 'Eroici Furori' of Bruno, the spiritual quality of the higher poetry of the Italian and English Renaissance, and the more recent names of Shelley, Wordsworth, and Emerson, faintly indicate the historic influence of these beautiful conceptions.

In later years Plato's "enthusiasm" was transmuted into a prophetic puritanic world-reforming temper — the seeming antithesis of this gracious philosophy of love and beauty. His work was from the beginning as intensely moralized as were the discourses of Socrates. On whatever theme you talked with Socrates, it was said, you would in the end be forced to render an account of the state of your soul. And so in Plato every text is improved for edification, "the moral properties and scope of things" are kept constantly in sight, and the unfailing ethical suggestiveness of the style intensifies the moral sentiment to a pitch of spiritual exaltation that makes of Platonism one of the great religions of the world. But the age as we see it in Thucydides, Aristophanes, and Euripides, was one of "enlightenment," scepticism, and the breaking up of traditional moral restraints. As Plato watched year by year the deterioration of the Athenian civic temper, and the triumph of the mocking spirit of denial, his passionate concern for the moral side of life developed into something akin to the temper of the Hebrew prophet, preaching righteousness to a stubborn and perverse generation, or the modern Utopian reformer, dashing his angry heart against the corruptions of the world. The problems which increasingly absorb his attention are the disengagement from outworn forms of the saving truths of the old religion and morality, the polemic defense of this fundamental truth against the new Spirit of the Age, and the salvation of society by a reconstitution of education and a reconstruction of government.

These are the chief problems, again, of our own age of transition; and the 'Republic,' in which they find their ripest and most artistic treatment, might seem a book of yesterday — or tomorrow. The division of labor, specialization, the formation of a trained standing army, the limitation of the right of private property, the industrial and political equality of women, the improvement of the human breed by artificial selection, the omnipotence of public opinion, the reform of the letter of the creeds to save their spirit, the proscription of unwholesome art and literature, the reorganization of education, the kindergarten method, the distinction between higher and secondary education, the endowment of research, the application of the higher mathematics to astronomy and physics — such are some of the divinations, the modernisms of that wonderful work. The framework is a confutation of ethical scepticism by demonstration that morality is of the nature of things,

and the just life is intrinsically happier than the unjust. The nature of justice can be studied only in the larger life of the state. A typical Greek city is constructed, or rather, allowed to grow, and by the reform of education is insensibly transformed into the ideal monarchy or aristocracy, governed by philosopher-statesmen who have attained to the Idea of Good. The existing degenerate forms of government are reviewed, and estimated by their approximation to this perfect type; and by means of an elaborate psychological parallel between the individual and the social constitution, it is inferred that the superior happiness of the "just man" is proportional to the perfection of the best city.

The puritanic temper reveals itself in the famous banishment of Homer from the ideal state. In the course of a criticism of Greek anthropomorphism, which was repeated almost verbatim by the Christian fathers, the tales told of the gods by Homer are deprecated as unsuitable for the ears of the young. As his conception of education broadens, Socrates unfolds the Wordsworthian idea of the molding influence upon character of noble rhythms, and a beautiful and seemly environment of nature and art; and ordains that in the perfect city all art and literature must be of a quality to produce this ennobling effect. Lastly, recurring to the topic with deeper analysis in the closing book, he rejects all forms of dramatic, flamboyant, luscious art and literature, as superficial mimicries twice removed from absolute truth, unwholesome stimulants of emotion, and nurses of harmful illusions. We may not, with Ruskin, pronounce this a quenching of the imagination and of the poetic sensibilities by the excess of the logical faculty. Plato is only too conscious of the siren's charm: — "And thou too, dear friend, dost thou not own her spell, and most especially when she comes in the guise of Homer? But great is the prize for which we strive; and what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world of poetry and art, and lose his own soul?"

But all those pleasant bowers and palace brave
Guyon broke down with rigor pitiless,
Ne aught their goodly workmanship might save
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulness.

The 'Republic' undertakes to prove that virtue is its own reward, and needs no other wage here or hereafter. But at the close the imperious human cry makes itself heard: "Give her the wages of going on, and not to die." The beautiful tale of salvation related by Er the son of Armenius is like the myth at the close of the 'Gorgias'; and the description of the blissful region of the "upper earth" in the 'Phædo' rather an "intimation of immortality" than a cogent logical demonstration. Plato sketches many such proofs: the soul possesses concepts not derived from experience; the soul is an uncomposite unity; the soul is a spontaneous source of motion. But like the myths,

these arguments are rather tentative expressions of a rational hope than dogmatic affirmations or organic members of a system. Yet the traditional conception of Plato as the champion of immortality and the truths of natural religion, is justified by the fact that in the age when traditional religion first found itself confronted with the affirmations of dogmatic science, and with the picture of a mechanical universe that left no place for God or the soul — he, at home in both worlds of thought, stood forward as a mediator, and demonstrated this much at least: that a purely sensationist psychology fails to yield an intelligible account of mind, and that the dogmatism of negation is as baseless as the dogmatism of unlicensed affirmation.

PAUL SHOREY

FROM THE 'PROTAGORAS'

[Socrates and his young friend Hippocrates visit the Sophists' school.]

I PROCEEDED: Is not a Sophist, Hippocrates, one who deals wholesale or retail in the food of the soul? To me that appears to be the sort of man.

And what, Socrates, is the food of the soul?

Surely, I said, knowledge is the food of the soul; and we must take care, my friend, that the Sophist does not deceive us when he praises what he sells, like the dealers wholesale or retail who sell the food of the body: for they praise indiscriminately all their goods, without knowing what are really beneficial or hurtful; neither do their customers know, with the exception of any trainer or physician who may happen to buy one of them. In like manner those who carry about the wares of knowledge, and make the round of the cities, and sell or retail them to any customer who is in want of them, praise them all alike: and I should not wonder, O my friend, if many of them were really ignorant of their effect upon the soul; and their customers equally ignorant, unless he who buys of them happens to be a physician of the soul. If therefore you have understanding of what is good and evil, you may safely buy knowledge of Protagoras, or of any one; but if not, then, O my friend, pause, and do not hazard your dearest interests at a game of chance. For there is far greater peril in buying knowledge than in buying meat and drink: the one you purchase of the wholesale or retail dealer, and carry them away in other vessels, and before you receive them into the body as food you may deposit them at home, and call in any experienced friend who knows what is good to be eaten or drunken, and what not, and how much and when; and hence the danger of purchasing them is not so great. But when you buy the wares of knowledge you cannot carry them away in another vessel; they have

been sold to you, and you must take them into the soul and go your way, either greatly harmed or greatly benefited by the lesson: and therefore we should think about this and take counsel with our elders; for we are still young — too young to determine such a matter. And now let us go, as we were intending, and hear Protagoras: and when we have heard what he has to say, we may take counsel of others; for not only is Protagoras at the house of Callias, but there is Hippias of Elis, and if I am not mistaken, Prodicus of Ceos, and several other wise men.

To this we agreed, and proceeded on our way until we reached the vestibule of the house; and there we stopped in order to finish a dispute which had arisen as we were going along; and we stood talking in the vestibule until we had finished and come to an understanding. And I think that the doorkeeper, who was a eunuch, and who was probably annoyed at the great inroad of the Sophists, must have heard us talking. At any rate, when we knocked at the door, and he opened and saw us, he grumbled, They are Sophists — he is not at home; and instantly gave the door a hearty bang with both his hands. Again we knocked, and he answered without opening, Did you not hear me say that he is not at home, fellows? But, my friend, I said, we are not Sophists, and we are not come to see Callias: fear not, for we want to see Protagoras; and I must request you to announce us. At last, after a good deal of difficulty, the man was persuaded to open the door.

When we entered, we found Protagoras taking a walk in the portico; and next to him on one side were walking Callias the son of Hipponicus, and Paralus the son of Pericles, who by the mother's side is his half-brother, and Charmides the son of Glaucon. On the other side of him were Xanthippus the other son of Pericles, Philippides the son of Philomelus; also Antimærus of Mende, who of all the disciples of Protagoras is the most famous, and intends to make sophistry his profession. A train of listeners followed him, of whom the greater part appeared to be foreigners, who accompanied Protagoras out of the various cities through which he journeyed. Now he, like Orpheus, attracted them by his voice, and they followed the attraction. I should mention also that there were some Athenians in the company. Nothing delighted me more than the precision of their movements: they never got into his way at all; but when he and those who were with him turned back, then the band of listeners divided into two parts on either side; he was always in front, and they wheeled round and took their places behind him in perfect order.

After him, as Homer says, "I lifted up my eyes and saw" Hippias the Elean, sitting in the opposite portico on a chair of state, and around him were seated on benches Eryximachus the son of Acumenus, and Phædrus the Myrrhinusian, and Andron the son of Androtion, and there were strangers whom he had brought with him from his native city of Elis, and some others: they appeared to be asking Hippias certain physical and astronomical ques-

tions, and he, *ex cathedrâ*, was determining their several questions to them, and discoursing of them.

Also, "my eyes beheld Tantalus"; for Prodicus the Cean was at Athens: he had been put into a room which in the days of Hipponicus was a store-house; but as the house was full, Callias had cleared this out and made the room into a guest-chamber. Now Prodicus was still in bed, wrapped up in sheepskins and bedclothes, of which there seemed to be a great heap; and there were sitting by him on the couches near, Pausanias of the deme of Cerameis, and with Pausanias was a youth quite young, who is certainly remarkable for his good looks, and if I am not mistaken, is also of a fair and gentle nature. I think that I heard him called Agathon, and my suspicion is that he is the beloved of Pausanias. There was this youth, and also there were the two Adeimantuses — one the son of Cepis, and the other of Leucolophides — and some others. I was very anxious to hear what Prodicus was saying, for he seemed to me to be an extraordinarily wise and divine man; but I was not able to get into the inner circle, and his fine deep voice made an echo in the room which rendered his words inaudible.

No sooner had we entered than there followed us Alcibiades the beautiful — as you say, and I believed you; and also Critias the son of Callæschrus.

On entering, we stopped a little in order to look about us, and then walked up to Protagoras, and I said: Protagoras, my friend Hippocrates and I have come to see you.

Do you wish, he said, to speak with me alone, or in the presence of others?

That is as you please, I said: you shall determine when you have heard the object of our visit.

And what is that? he said.

I must explain, I said, that my friend Hippocrates is a native Athenian; he is the son of Apollodorus, and of a great and prosperous house, and he is himself in natural ability quite a match for those of his own age. I believe that he aspires to political eminence; and this he thinks that conversation with you is most likely to procure for him: now it is for you to decide whether you would wish to speak to him of these matters alone or in company.

Thank you, Socrates, for your consideration of me. For certainly a stranger finding his way into great cities, and persuading the flower of the youth in them to leave the company of their other kinsmen or acquaintance, and live with him, under the idea that they will be improved by his conversation, ought to be very cautious: great jealousies are occasioned by his proceedings, and he is the subject of many enmities and conspiracies. I maintain the art of the Sophist to be of ancient date; but that in ancient times the professors of the art, fearing this odium, veiled and disguised themselves under various names; some under that of poets, as Homer, Hesiod, and Simonides; some as hierophants and prophets, as Orpheus and Musæus; and some, as I observe, even under the name of gymnastic-masters, like Iccus of Tarentum, or the

more recently celebrated Herodicus, now of Selymbria and formerly of Megara, who is a first-rate Sophist. Your own Agathocles pretended to be a musician, but was really an eminent Sophist; also Pythocleides the Cean; and there were many others: and all of them, as I was saying, adopted these arts as veils or disguises because they were afraid of the envy of the multitude. But that is not my way: for I do not believe that they effected their purpose, which was to deceive the government, who were not blinded by them; and as to the people, they have no understanding, and only repeat what their rulers are pleased to tell them. Now to run away, and to be caught in running away, is the very height of folly; and also greatly increases the exasperation of mankind, for they regard him who runs away as a rogue, in addition to any other objection which they have to him: and therefore I take an entirely opposite course, and acknowledge myself to be a Sophist and instructor of mankind; such an open acknowledgment appears to me to be a better sort of caution than concealment. Nor do I neglect other precautions; and therefore I hope, as I may say, by the favor of heaven, that no harm will come of the acknowledgment that I am a Sophist. And I have been now many years in the profession; — for all my years when added up are many, and there is no one here present of whom I might not be the father. Wherefore I should much prefer conversing with you, if you do not object, in the presence of the company.

As I suspected that he would like to have a little display and glory in the presence of Prodicus and Hippias, and would gladly show us to them in the light of his admirers, I said: But why should we not summon Prodicus and Hippias and their friends to hear us?

Very good, he said.

Suppose, said Callias, that we hold a council in which you may sit and discuss. This was determined, and great delight was felt at the prospect of hearing wise men talk; we ourselves all took the chairs and benches, and arranged them by Hippias, where the other benches had been already placed. Meanwhile Callias and Alcibiades got up Prodicus, and brought in him and his companions.

When we were all seated, Protagoras said: Now that the company are assembled, Socrates, tell me about the young man of whom you were just now speaking.

FROM THE 'PHÆDO'

[Socrates, concluding his mythical account of the soul's future state, prepares for death.]

I DO not mean to affirm that the description which I have given of the soul and her mansions is exactly true: a man of sense ought hardly to say that. But I do say that inasmuch as the soul is shown to be immortal, he may venture to think, not improperly or unworthily, that something of the kind is true. The venture is a glorious one, and he ought to comfort himself with words like these, which is the reason why I lengthen out the tale. Wherefore, I say, let a man be of good cheer about his soul who has cast away the pleasures and ornaments of the body as alien to him, and rather hurtful in their effect, and has followed after the pleasures of knowledge in this life; who has adorned the soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, and justice, and courage, and nobility, and truth: in these arrayed she is ready to go on her journey to the world below, when her time comes. You, Simmias and Cebes, and all other men, will depart at some time or other. Me already, as the tragic poet would say, the voice of Fate calls. Soon I must drink the poison; and I think that I had better repair to the bath first, in order that the women may not have the trouble of washing my body after I am dead.

When he had done speaking, Crito said: And have you any commands for us, Socrates — anything to say about your children, or any other matter in which we can serve you?

Nothing particular, he said: only, as I have always told you, I would have you to look to yourselves; that is a service which you may always be doing to me and mine as well as to yourselves. And you need not make professions; for if you take no thought for yourselves, and walk not according to the precepts which I have given you — not now for the first time — the warmth of your professions will be of no avail.

We will do our best, said Crito. But in what way would you have us bury you?

In any way that you like; only you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not walk away from you. Then he turned to us, and added with a smile: I cannot make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who have been talking and conducting the argument; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see — a dead body — and he asks, How shall he bury me? And though I have spoken many words in the endeavor to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed — these words of mine with which I comforted you and myself have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be surety for me now, as he was surety for me at the trial; but let the promise be of another

sort: for he was my surety to the judges that I would remain, but you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees my body being burned or buried. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, Thus we lay out Socrates, or, Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito; and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that as is usual, and as you think best.

When he had spoken these words, he arose and went into the bath chamber with Crito, who bid us wait; and we waited, talking and thinking of the subject of discourse, and also of the greatness of our sorrow—he was like a father of whom we were being bereaved, and we were about to pass the rest of our lives as orphans. When he had taken the bath, his children were brought to him (he had two young sons and an elder one); and the women of his family also came, and he talked to them and gave them a few directions in the presence of Crito: and he then dismissed them and returned to us.

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out, he sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the servant of the eleven, entered and stood by him, saying: To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison: indeed I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be; you know my errand. Then bursting into tears he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said: I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid. Then turning to us, he said, How charming the man is!—since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good as could be to me, and now see how generously he sorrows for me. But we must do as he says, Crito; let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared: if not, let the attendant prepare some.

Yet, said Crito, the sun is still upon the hilltops; and many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, and indulged in sensual delights; do not hasten then—there is still time.

Socrates said: Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing this, for they think they will gain by the delay, but I am right in not doing thus, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should be sparing and saving a life which is already gone: I could only laugh at myself for this. Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me.

Crito, when he heard this, made a sign to the servant; and the servant went in, and remained for some time, and then returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said: You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed. The man answered: You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then lie down and the poison will act. At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, Echecrates, as his manner was, took the cup and said: What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not? The man answered: We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough. I understand, he said; yet I may and must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world; may this then, which is my prayer, be granted to me. Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forebear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself — for certainly I was not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a companion. Nor was I the first: Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed; and at that moment, Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out into a loud cry, which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness: What is this strange outcry? he said. I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience. When we heard that, we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions: and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard and asked him if he could feel; and he said No; and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said: When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end. He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said (they were his last words) — he said: Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius: will you remember to pay the debt? The debt shall be paid, said Crito: is there anything else? There was no answer to this question: but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest and justest and best of all the men whom I have ever known.

FROM THE 'APOLOGY'

[Remarks added by Socrates after his condemnation.]

AND now, O men who have condemned me, I would fain prophesy to you; for I am about to die, and that is the hour in which men are gifted with prophetic power. And I prophesy to you who are my murderers, that immediately after my death, punishment far heavier than you have inflicted on me will surely await you. Me you have killed because you wanted to escape the accuser, and not to give an account of your lives. But that will not be as you suppose: far otherwise. For I say that there will be more accusers of you than there are now; accusers whom hitherto I have restrained: and as they are younger they will be more severe with you, and you will be more offended at them. For if you think that by killing men you can avoid the accuser censuring your lives, you are mistaken; that is not a way of escape which is either possible or honorable: the easiest and the noblest way is not to be crushing others, but to be improving yourselves. This is the prophecy which I utter before my departure, to the judges who have condemned me.

Friends who would have acquitted me, I would like also to talk with you about this thing which has happened, while the magistrates are busy, and before I go to the place at which I must die. Stay then for a while; for we may as well talk with one another while there is time. You are my friends, and I should like to show you the meaning of this event which has happened to me. O my judges — for you I may truly call judges — I should like to tell you of a wonderful circumstance. Hitherto the familiar oracle within me has constantly been in the habit of opposing me even about trifles, if I was going to make a slip or error about anything; and now, as you see, there has come upon me that which may be thought, and is generally believed to be, the last and worst evil. But the oracle made no sign of opposition, either as I was leaving my house and going out in the morning, or when I was going up into this court, or while I was speaking, at anything which I was going to say; and yet I have often been stopped in the middle of a speech, but now in nothing I either said or did touching this matter has the oracle opposed me. What do I take to be the explanation of this? I will tell you. I regard this as a proof that what has happened to me is a good, and that those of us who think that death is an evil are in error. This is a great proof to me of what I am saying; for the customary sign would surely have opposed me had I been going to evil and not to good.

Let us reflect in another way, and we shall see that there is great reason to hope that death is a good, for one of two things: either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or as men say, there is a change

and migration of the soul from this world to another. Now if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain. For if a person were to select the night in which his sleep was undisturbed even by dreams, and were to compare with this the other days and nights of his life, and then were to tell us how many days and nights he had passed in the course of his life better and more pleasantly than this one, I think that any man — I will not say a private man, but even the great king — will not find many such days or nights, when compared with the others. Now if death is like this, I say that to die is gain; for eternity is then only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead are, what good, O my friends and judges, can be greater than this? If indeed, when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there — Minos and Rhadamanthus and Æacus and Triptolemus, and other sons of God who were righteous in their own life — that pilgrimage will be worth making. What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Musæus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I too shall have a wonderful interest in a place where I can converse with Palamedes, and Ajax the son of Telamon, and other heroes of old, who have suffered death through an unjust judgment; and there will be no small pleasure, as I think, in comparing my own suffering with theirs. Above all, I shall be able to continue my search into true and false knowledge; as in this world, so also in that, I shall find out who is wise, and who pretends to be wise and is not. What would not a man give, O judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition; or Odysseus or Sisyphus, or numberless others, men and women too! What infinite delight would there be in conversing with them and asking them questions! For in that world they do not put a man to death for this; certainly not. For besides being happier in that world than in this, they will be immortal, if what is said is true.

Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth — that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that to die and be released was better for me; and therefore the oracle gave no sign. For which reason, also, I am not angry with my accusers or my condemners; they have done me no harm, although neither of them meant to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them.

Still I have a favor to ask of them. When my sons are grown up, I would ask you, O my friends, to punish them; and I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything, more than about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are really

nothing — then reprove them, as I have reproved you, for not caring about that for which they ought to care, and thinking that they are something when they are really nothing. And if you do this, I and my sons will have received justice at your hands.

The hour of departure has arrived; and we go our ways — I to die, and you to live. Which is better, Gód only knows.

FROM THE 'PHÆDRUS'

[Mythic description of the soul.]

ENOUGH of the Soul's immortality.

Her form is a theme of divine and large discourse; human language may however speak of this briefly, and in a figure. Let our figure be of a composite nature — a pair of winged horses and a charioteer. Now the winged horses and the charioteer of the gods are all of them noble, and of noble breed, while ours are mixed: and we have a charioteer who drives them in a pair, and one of them is noble and of noble origin, and the other is ignoble and of ignoble origin; and as might be expected, there is a great deal of trouble in managing them. I will endeavor to explain to you in what way the mortal differs from the immortal creature. The soul or animate being has the care of the inanimate, and traverses the whole heaven in divers forms appearing; when perfect and fully winged she soars upward, and is the ruler of the universe: while the imperfect soul loses her feathers, and drooping in her flight, at last settles on the solid ground; there, finding a home, she receives an earthly frame which appears to be self-moved, but is really moved by her power: and this composition of soul and body is called a living and mortal creature. For no such union can be reasonably believed, or at all proved, to be other than mortal; although fancy may imagine a god, whom, not having seen nor surely known, we invent — such a one, an immortal creature having a body and having also a soul, which have been united in all time. Let that, however, be as God wills, and be spoken of acceptably to him. But the reason why the soul loses her feathers should be explained, and is as follows: —

The wing is intended to soar aloft and carry that which gravitates downward into the upper region which is the dwelling of the gods; and this is that element of the body which is most akin to the divine. Now the divine is beauty, wisdom, goodness, and the like: and by these the wing of the soul is nourished, and grows apace; but when fed upon evil and foulness, and the like, wastes and falls away. Zeus, the mighty lord holding the reins of a winged chariot, leads the way in heaven, ordering all and caring for all; and there follows him the heavenly array of gods and demigods, divided into eleven bands: for only Hestia is left at home in the house of heaven;

but the rest of the twelve greater deities march in their appointed order. And they see in the interior of heaven many blessed sights: and there are ways to and fro, along which the happy gods are passing, each one fulfilling his own work; and any one may follow who pleases, for jealousy has no place in the heavenly choir. This is within the heaven. But when they go to feast and festival, then they move right up the steep ascent, and mount the top of the dome of heaven. Now the chariots of the gods, self-balanced, upward glide in obedience to the rein; but the others have a difficulty, for the steed who has evil in him, if he has not been properly trained by the charioteer, gravitates and inclines and sinks towards the earth; and this is the hour of agony and extremest conflict of the soul. For the immortal souls, when they are at the end of their course, go out and stand upon the back of heaven, and the revolution of the spheres carries them round, and they behold the world beyond. Now of the heaven which is above the heavens, no earthly poet has sung or ever will sing in a worthy manner. But I must tell, for I am bound to speak truly when speaking of the truth. The colorless and formless and intangible essence is visible to the mind, which is the only lord of the soul. Circling around this in the region above the heavens is the place of true knowledge. And as the divine intelligence, and that of every other soul which is rightly nourished, is fed upon mind and pure knowledge, such an intelligent soul is glad at once more beholding Being; and feeding on the sight of truth, is replenished, until the revolution of the worlds brings her round again to the same place. During the revolution she beholds justice, temperance, and knowledge absolute, not in the form of generation or of relation, which men call existence, but knowledge absolute in existence absolute; and beholding other existences in like manner, and feeding upon them, she passes down into the interior of the heavens and returns home; and there the charioteer, putting up his horses at the stall, gives them ambrosia to eat and nectar to drink.

This is the life of the gods: but of the other souls, that which follows God best and is likest to him lifts the head of the charioteer into the outer world, and is carried round in the revolution, troubled indeed by the steeds, and beholding true being, but hardly; another rises and falls, and sees, and again fails to see by reason of the unruliness of the steeds. The rest of the souls are also longing after the upper world, and they all follow, but not being strong enough, they sink into the gulf as they are carried round, plunging, treading on one another, striving to be first; and there is confusion and the extremity of effort, and many of them are lamed or have their wings broken through the ill driving of the charioteers; and all of them after a fruitless toil go away without being initiated into the mysteries of being, and are nursed with the food of opinion. The reason of their great desire to behold the plain of truth is, that the food which is suited to the highest part of the soul comes out of that meadow; and the wing on which the soul soars is nourished with this. And there is a law of the goddess Retribution,

that the soul which attains any vision of truth in company with the god is preserved from harm until the next period, and he who always attains is always unharmed. But when she is unable to follow, and fails to behold the vision of truth, and through some ill hap sinks beneath the double load of forgetfulness and vice, and her feathers fall from her, and she drops to earth — then the law ordains that this soul shall in the first generation pass, not into that of any other animal, but only of man; and the soul which has seen most of truth shall come to the birth as a philosopher or artist or musician or lover; that which has seen truth in the second degree shall be a righteous king or warrior or lord; the soul which is of the third class shall be a politician or economist or trader; the fourth shall be a lover of gymnastic toils or a physician; the fifth a prophet or hierophant; to the sixth a poet or imitator will be appropriate; to the seventh the life of an artisan or husbandman; to the eighth that of a sophist or demagogue; to the ninth that of a tyrant: all these are states of probation, in which he who lives righteously improves, and he who lives unrighteously deteriorates his lot.

Ten thousand years must elapse before the soul can return to the place from whence she came, for she cannot grow her wings in less: only the soul of a philosopher, guileless and true, or the soul of a lover, who is not without philosophy, may acquire wings in the third recurring period of a thousand years; and if they choose this life three times in succession, then they have their wings given them, and go away at the end of three thousand years. But the others receive judgment when they have completed their first life: and after the judgment they go, some of them to the houses of correction which are under the earth, and are punished; others to some place in heaven whither they are lightly borne by justice, and there they live in a manner worthy of the life which they led here when in the form of men. And at the end of the first thousand years, the good souls and also the evil souls both come to cast lots and choose their second life, and they may take any that they like. And then the soul of the man may pass into the life of a beast, or from the beast again into the man. But the soul of him who has never seen the truth will not pass into the human form, for man ought to have intelligence, as they say, "*secundum speciem*," proceeding from many particulars of sense to one conception or reason; and this is the recollection of those things which our soul once saw when in company with God — when looking down from above on that which we now call Being, and upwards towards the true Being. And therefore the mind of the philosopher alone has wings: and this is just; for he is always, according to the measure of his abilities, clinging in recollection to those things in which God abides, and in beholding which he is what he is. And he who employs aright these memories is ever being initiated into perfect mysteries, and alone becomes truly perfect. But as he forgets earthly interests, and is rapt in the divine, the vulgar deem him mad, and rebuke him: they do not see that he is inspired.

FROM THE 'GORGIAS'

[Myth of the judgment of the dead.]

LISTEN then, as story-tellers say, to a very pretty tale, which I dare say that you may be disposed to regard as a fable only, but which, as I believe, is a true tale; for I mean, in what I am going to tell you, to speak the truth. Homer tells us how Zeus and Poseidon and Pluto divided the empire which they inherited from their father. Now in the days of Cronos there was this law respecting the destiny of man, which has always existed, and still continues in heaven: that he who has lived all his life in justice and holiness shall go, when he dies, to the islands of the blest, and dwell there in perfect happiness out of the reach of evil; but that he who has lived unjustly and impiously shall go to the house of vengeance and punishment, which is called Tartarus. And in the time of Cronos, and even later in the reign of Zeus, the judgment was given on the very day on which the men were to die; the judges were alive, and the men were alive: and the consequence was that the judgments were not well given. Then Pluto and the authorities from the islands of the blest came to Zeus, and said that the souls found their way to the wrong places. Zeus said: — "I shall put a stop to this: the judgments are not well given, and the reason is that the judged have their clothes on, for they are alive; and there are many having evil souls who are appareled in fair bodies, or wrapt round in wealth and rank, and when the day of judgment arrives, many witnesses come forward and witness on their behalf that they have lived righteously. The judges are awed by them, and they themselves too have their clothes on when judging: their eyes and ears and their whole bodies are interposed as a veil before their own souls. This all stands in the way: there are the clothes of the judges and the clothes of the judged. What is to be done? I will tell you: In the first place, I will deprive men of the foreknowledge of death, which they at present possess; that is a commission the execution of which I have already intrusted to Prometheus. In the second place, they shall be entirely stripped before they are judged, for they shall be judged when they are dead: and the judge too shall be naked, that is to say, dead; he with his naked soul shall pierce into the other naked soul as soon as each man dies, he knows not when, and is deprived of his kindred, and hath left his brave attire in the world above: and then judgment will be just. I knew all about this before you did, and therefore I have made my sons judges: two from Asia — Minos and Rhadamanthus; and one from Europe — Æacus. And these, when they are dead, shall judge in the meadow where three ways meet, and out of which two roads lead: one to the islands of the blessed, and the other to Tartarus. Rhadamanthus shall judge those who come from Asia, and Æacus those who come from Europe. And to

Minos I shall give the primacy, and he shall hold a court of appeal in case either of the two others are in doubt: in this way the judgment respecting the last journey of men will be as just as possible."

This is a tale, Callicles, which I have heard and believed, and from which I draw the following inferences: Death, if I am right, is in the first place the separation from one another of two things, soul and body; this, and nothing else. And after they are separated they retain their several characteristics, which are much the same as in life; the body has the same nature and ways and affections, all clearly discernible. For example, he who by nature or training or both was a tall man while he was alive, will remain as he was after he is dead, and the fat man will remain fat, and so on; and the dead man who in life has a fancy to have flowing hair, will have flowing hair. And if he was marked with the whip and had the prints of the scourge or of wounds in him when he was alive, you might see the same in the dead body; and if his limbs were broken or misshapen when he was alive, the same appearance would be visible in the dead. And in a word, whatever was the habit of the body during life would be distinguishable after death, either perfectly, or in a great measure and for a time. And I should infer that this is equally true of the soul, Callicles: when a man is stripped of the body, all the natural or acquired affections of the soul are laid open to view. And when they come to the judge, as those from Asia came to Rhadamanthus, he places them near him and inspects them quite impartially, not knowing whose the soul is: perhaps he may lay hands on the soul of the great king, or of some other king or potentate, who has no soundness in him; but his soul is marked with the whip, and is full of the prints and scars of perjuries, and of wrongs which have been plastered into him by each action, and he is all crooked with falsehood and imposture, and has no straightness, because he has lived without truth. Him Rhadamanthus beholds, full of deformity and disproportion, which is caused by license and luxury and insolence and incontinence, and dispatches him ignominiously to his prison, and there he undergoes the punishment which he deserves.

Now the proper office of punishment is twofold: he who is rightly punished ought either to become better and profit by it, or he ought to be made an example to his fellows, that they may see what he suffers, and fear and become better. Those who are punished by gods and men, and improved, are those whose sins are curable: still the way of improving them, as in this world so also in another, is by pain and suffering; for there is no other way in which they can be delivered from their evil. But they who have been guilty of the worst crimes, and are incurable by reason of their crimes, are made examples; for, as they are incurable, the time has passed at which they can receive any benefit themselves. But others get good when they behold them forever enduring the most terrible and painful and fearful sufferings as the penalty of their sins; there they are, hanging up as examples, in the prison-house of the world

below — a spectacle and a warning to all unrighteous men who come thither. And most of those fearful examples, as I believe, are taken from the class of tyrants and kings and potentates and public men; for they are the authors of the greatest and most impious crimes, because they have the power. And Homer witnesses to the truth of this; for those whom he has described as suffering everlasting punishment in the world below are always kings and potentates; — there are Tantalus, and Sisyphus, and Tityus. But no one ever described Thersites, or any private person who was a villain, as suffering everlasting punishment because he was incurable. For to do as they did was, as I am inclined to think, not in his power; and he was happier than those who had the power. Yes, Callicles, the very bad men come from the class of those who have power. And yet, in that very class there may arise good men, and worthy of all admiration they are; for where there is great power to do wrong, to live and die justly is a hard thing, and greatly to be praised, and few there are who attain this. Such good and true men, however, there have been, and will be again, in this and other states, who have fulfilled their trust righteously; and there is one who is quite famous all over Hellas — Aristides the son of Lysimachus. But in general, great men are also bad, my friend.

And as I was saying, Rhadamanthus, when he gets a soul of this kind, knows nothing about him, neither who he is nor who his parents are: he knows only that he has got hold of a villain; and seeing this, he stamps him as curable or incurable, and sends him away to Tartarus, whither he goes and receives his recompense. Or again, he looks with admiration on the soul of some just one who has lived in holiness and truth: he may have been a private man or not; and I should say, Callicles, that he is most likely to have been a philosopher who has done his own work, and not troubled himself with the doings of other men in his lifetime: him Rhadamanthus sends to the islands of the blest. Æacus does the same; and they both have scepters, and judge; and Minos is seated, looking on, as Odysseus in Homer declares that he saw him —

Holding a scepter of gold, and giving laws to the dead.

Now I, Callicles, am persuaded of the truth of these things; and I consider how I shall present my soul whole and undefiled before the judge in that day. Renouncing the honors at which the world aims, I desire only to know the truth, and to live as well as I can; and when the time comes, to die. And to the utmost of my power, I exhort all other men to do the same. And in return for your exhortation of me I exhort you also to take part in the great combat, which is the combat of life, and greater than every other earthly conflict. And I retort your reproach of me, and say that you will not be able to help yourself when the day of trial and judgment, of which I was speaking, comes upon you: you will go before the judge, the son of Ægina, and when you are in the hands of justice you will gape and your head will swim round, just as mine

would in the courts of this world; and very likely some one will shamefully box you on the ears, and put upon you every sort of insult.

Perhaps this may appear to you to be only an old wife's tale, which you condemn. And there might be reason in your condemning such tales, if by searching we could find out anything better or truer: but now you see that you and Polus and Gorgias, who are the three wisest of the Greeks of our day, are not able to show that we ought to live any life which does not profit in another world as well as in this. And of all that has been said, nothing remains unshaken but the saying, that to do injustice is more to be avoided than to suffer injustice, and that the reality and not the appearance of virtue is to be followed above all things, as well in public as in private life; and that when any one has been wrong in anything, he is to be chastised; and that the next best thing to a man being just is, that he should become just, and be chastised and punished; also that he should avoid all flattery of himself as well as of others, of the few as of the many; and rhetoric and any other art should be used by him, and all his actions should be done, always with a view to justice.

FROM THE 'REPUBLIC'

[The Figure of the Cave.]

AFTER this, I said, imagine the enlightenment or ignorance of our nature in a figure: Behold! human beings living in a sort of underground den, which has a mouth open towards the light, and reaching all across the den; they have been here from their childhood, and have their legs and necks chained so that they cannot move, and can only see before them; for the chains are arranged in such a manner as to prevent them from turning their heads around. At a distance above and behind them the light of a fire is blazing, and between the fire and the prisoners there is a raised way; and you will see, if you look, a low wall built along the way, like the screen which marionette players have before them, over which they show the puppets.

I see, he said.

And do you see, I said, men passing along the wall carrying vessels, which appear over the wall; also figures of men and animals, made of wood and stone and various materials; and some of the passengers, as you would expect, are talking, and some of them are silent?

That is a strange image, he said, and they are strange prisoners.

Like ourselves, I replied; and they see only their own shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave?

True, he said: how could they see anything but the shadows if they were never allowed to move their heads?

And of the objects which are being carried in like manner they would only see the shadows?

Yes, he said.

And if they were able to talk with one another, would they not suppose that they were naming what was actually before them?

Very true.

And suppose further that the prison had an echo which came from the other side, would they not be sure to fancy that the voice which they heard was that of a passing shadow?

No question, he replied.

There can be no question, I said, that the truth would be to them just nothing but the shadows of the images.

That is certain.

And now look again, and see how they are released and cured of their folly. At first, when any one of them is liberated and compelled suddenly to go up and turn his neck round and walk and look at the light, he will suffer sharp pains; the glare will distress him, and he will be unable to see the realities of which in his former state he had seen the shadows: and then imagine some one saying to him, that what he saw before was an illusion, but that now he is approaching real Being, and has a truer sight and vision of more real things—what will be his reply? And you may further imagine that his instructor is pointing to the objects as they pass and requiring him to name them—will he not be in difficulty? Will he not fancy that the shadows which he formerly saw are truer than the objects which are now shown to him?

Far truer.

And if he is compelled to look at the light, will he not have a pain in his eyes, which will make him turn away to take refuge in the object of vision which he can see, and which he will conceive to be clearer than the things which are now being shown to him?

True, he said.

And suppose once more, that he is reluctantly dragged up a steep and rugged ascent, and held fast and forced into the presence of the sun himself, do you not think that he will be pained and irritated, and when he approaches the light he will have his eyes dazzled, and will not be able to see any of the realities which are now affirmed to be the truth?

Not all in a moment, he said.

He will require to get accustomed to the sight of the upper world. And first he will see the shadows best, next the reflections of men and other objects in the water, and then the objects themselves; next he will gaze upon the light of the moon and the stars; and he will see the sky and the stars by night, better than the sun, or the light of the sun, by day?

Certainly.

And at last he will be able to see the sun, and not mere reflections of him in the water, but he will see him as he is in his own proper place, and not in another; and he will contemplate his nature?

Certainly.

And after this he will reason that the sun is he who gives the seasons and the years, and is the guardian of all that is in the visible world, and in a certain way the cause of all things which he and his fellows have been accustomed to behold?

Clearly, he said, he would come to the other first and to this afterwards.

And when he remembered his old habitation, and the wisdom of the den and his fellow-prisoners, do you not suppose that he would felicitate himself on the change, and pity them?

Certainly he would.

And if they were in the habit of conferring honors on those who were quickest to observe and remember and foretell which of the shadows went before, and which followed after, and which were together, do you think that he would care for such honors and glories, or envy the possessors of them? Would he not say with Homer —

Better be a poor man, and have a poor master,

and endure anything, rather than to think and live after their manner?

Yes, he said, I think that he would rather suffer anything than live after their manner.

Imagine once more, I said, that such a one, coming suddenly out of the sun, were to be replaced in his old situation: is he not certain to have his eyes full of darkness?

Very true, he said.

And if there were a contest, and he had to compete in measuring the shadows with the prisoners who have never moved out of the den, during the time that his sight is weak, and before his eyes are steady (and the time which would be needed to acquire this new habit of sight might be very considerable), would he not be ridiculous? Men would say of him that up he went and down he comes without his eyes; and that there was no use in even thinking of ascending: and if any one tried to loose another and lead him up to the light, let them only catch the offender in the act, and they would put him to death.

No question, he said.

This allegory, I said, you may now append to the previous argument: the prison is the world of sight, the light of the fire is the sun, the ascent and vision of the things above you may truly regard as the upward progress of the soul into the intellectual world; that is my poor belief, to which, at your desire, I have given expression. Whether I am right or not, God only knows: but whether true or false, my opinion is that in the world of knowledge the idea of good appears last of all, and is seen only with an effort; and when seen, is

also inferred to be the universal author of all things beautiful and right, parent of light and the lord of light in this world, and the source of truth and reason in the other: this is the first great cause, which he who would act rationally either in public or private life must behold.

I agree, he said, as far as I am able to understand you.

I should like to have your agreement in another matter, I said. For I would not have you marvel that those who attain to this beatific vision are unwilling to descend to human affairs; but their souls are ever hastening into the upper world in which they desire to dwell: and this is very natural, if our allegory may be trusted.

Certainly, that is quite natural.

And is there anything surprising in one who passes from divine contemplations to human things, misbelieving himself in a ridiculous manner; if while his eyes are blinking and before he has become accustomed to the darkness visible, he is compelled to fight in courts of law, or in other places, about the images or shadows of images of justice, and is endeavoring to meet the conceptions of those who have never yet seen the absolute justice?

There is nothing surprising in that, he replied.

Any one who has common-sense will remember that the bewilderments of the eyes are of two kinds, and arise from two causes — either from coming out of the light or from going into the light; which is true of the mind's eye quite as much as of the bodily eye: and he who remembers this when he sees the soul of any one whose vision is perplexed and weak, will not be too ready to laugh; he will first ask whether that soul has come out of the brighter life, and is unable to see because unaccustomed to the dark, or having turned from darkness to the day is dazzled by excess of light. And then he will count the one happy in his condition and state of being, and he will pity the other; or if he have a mind to laugh at the soul which comes from below into the light, there will be more reason in this than in the laugh which greets the other from the den.

That, he said, is a very just remark.

But if this is true, then certain professors of education must be mistaken in saying that they can put a knowledge into the soul which was not there before, like giving eyes to the blind.

Yes, that is what they say, he replied.

Whereas, I said, our argument shows that the power is already in the soul; and that as the eye cannot turn from darkness to light without the whole body, so too, when the eye of the soul is turned round, the whole soul must be turned from the world of generation into that of Being, and become able to endure the sight of Being and of the brightest and best of Being — that is to say, of the good.

Very true.

And this is conversion: and the art will be how to accomplish this as easily

and completely as possible; not implanting eyes, for they exist already, but giving them a right direction, which they have not.

Yes, he said, that may be assumed.

And hence while the other qualities seem to be akin to the body, being infused by habit and exercise and not originally innate, the virtue of wisdom is part of a divine essence, and has a power which is everlasting; and by this conversion is rendered useful and profitable, and is also capable of becoming hurtful and useless.

FROM THE 'STATESMAN'

STRANGER. When we praise quickness and energy and acuteness, whether of mind or body or speech, we express our praise of the quality which we admire, by one word; and that one word is manliness or courage.

Young Socrates. How is that?

Stranger. We speak of an action as energetic and manly, quick and manly, or vigorous and manly; this is the common epithet which we apply to all persons of this class.

Young Socrates. True.

Stranger. And do we not often praise the quiet strain of action also?

Young Socrates. To be sure.

Stranger. And do we not then say the opposite of what we said of the other?

Young Socrates. How do you mean?

Stranger. In speaking of the mind, we say, How calm! How temperate! These are the terms in which we describe the working of the intellect; and again we speak of actions as deliberate and gentle, and of the voice as smooth and deep, and of all rhythmical movement and of music in general as having a proper solemnity. To all these we attribute not courage, but a name indicative of order.

Young Socrates. Very true.

Stranger. But when, on the other hand, either of these is out of place, the names of either are changed into terms of censure.

Young Socrates. How is that?

Stranger. Too great sharpness or quickness or hardness is termed violence or madness; too great slowness or gentleness is called cowardice or sluggishness: and we may observe that these qualities, and in general the temperance of one class of characters and the manliness of another, are arrayed as enemies on opposite sides, and do not mingle with one another in their respective actions; and if we pursue the inquiry, we shall find that the men who have these qualities are at variance with one another.

Young Socrates. How do you mean?

Stranger. In the instance which I mentioned, and very likely in many others, there are some things which they praise as being like themselves, and other things which they blame as belonging to the opposite characters; and out of this, many quarrels and occasions of quarrels arise among them.

Young Socrates. True.

Stranger. The difference between the two classes is amusing enough at times; but when affecting really important matters, becomes a most utterly hateful disorder in the State.

Young Socrates. What part of the State is thus affected?

Stranger. The whole course of life suffers from the disorder. For the orderly class are always ready to lead a peaceful life, and do their own business; this is their way of living with all men at home, and they are equally ready to keep the peace with foreign states. And on account of this fondness of theirs for peace, which is often out of season where their influence prevails, they become by degrees unwarlike, and bring up their young men to be like themselves; they are at the command of others: and hence in a few years they and their children and the whole city often pass imperceptibly from the condition of freemen into that of slaves.

Young Socrates. That is hard, cruel fate.

Stranger. What now is the case with the more courageous natures? Are they not always inciting their country to go to war, owing to their excessive love of the military life? Their enemies are many and mighty; and if they do not ruin their cities, they enslave and subject them to their enemies.

Young Socrates. That, again, is true.

Stranger. Must we not admit, then, that these two classes are always in the greatest antipathy and antagonism to one another?

Young Socrates. We cannot deny that.

Stranger. I want to know whether any constructive art will make any, even the smallest thing, out of bad and good materials indifferently, if this can be avoided? whether all art does not rather reject the bad as far as possible, and accept the good and fit materials, and out of these like and unlike elements, gathering all into one, work out some form or idea?

Young Socrates. To be sure.

Stranger. Then the true natural art of statesmanship will never allow any state to be formed by a combination of good and bad men, if this can be avoided; but will begin by testing human natures in play, and after testing them, will intrust them to proper teachers who are her ministers: she will herself give orders and maintain authority—like weaving, which continually gives orders and maintains authority over the carders and all the others who prepare the material for the work; showing to the subsidiary arts the works which she deems necessary for making the web.

Young Socrates. Quite true.

Stranger. In like manner, the royal science appears to me to be the mistress of all careful educators and instructors; and having this queenly power, will not allow any of them to train characters unsuited to the political constitution which she desires to create, but such as are suitable only. Other natures, which have no part in manliness and temperance, or any other virtuous inclination, and from the necessity of an evil nature are violently carried away to godlessness and injustice and violence, she exterminates by death, and punishes them by exile and the greatest of disgraces.

Young Socrates. That is commonly said.

Stranger. But those who are wallowing in ignorance and baseness she bows under the yoke of slavery.

Young Socrates. Quite right.

Stranger. The rest of the citizens — of whom, if they have education, something noble may be made, and who are capable of social science — the kingly art blends and weaves together; taking on the one hand those whose natures tend rather to courage, which is the stronger element and may be regarded as the warp, and on the other hand those which incline to order and gentleness, and which are represented in the figure as spun thick and soft after the manner of the woof — these, which are naturally opposed, she seeks to bind and weave together. . . . This, then, according to our view, is the perfection of the web of political action. There is a direct intertexture of the brave and temperate natures, when the kingly science has drawn the two sorts of lives into communion by unanimity and kindness; and having completed the noblest and best of all webs of which a common life admits, and enveloping therein all other inhabitants of cities, whether slaves or freemen, binds them in one fabric and governs and presides over them, omitting no element of a city's happiness.

Young Socrates. You have completed, Stranger, a very perfect image of the King and of the Statesman.

[The preceding selections from the Dialogues are Jowett's translations]

ARISTOTLE

THE "Stagirite," called by Eusebius "Nature's private secretary," and by Dante "the master of those that know" — the greatest thinker of the ancient world, and the most influential of all time — was born of Greek parents at Stagira, in the mountains of Macedonia, in 384 B.C. Of his mother, Phæstis, almost nothing is known. His father, Nicomachus, belonged to a medical family, and acted as private physician to Amyntas, grandfather of Alexander the Great; whence it is probable that Aristotle's boyhood was passed at or near the Macedonian court. Losing both his parents while a mere boy, he was taken charge of by a relative, Proxenus Atarneus, and sent, at the age of seventeen, to Athens to study. Here he entered the school of Plato, where he remained twenty years, as pupil and as teacher. During this time he made the acquaintance of the leading contemporary thinkers, read omnivorously, amassed an amount of knowledge that seems almost fabulous, schooled himself in systematic thought, and collected a library, perhaps the first considerable private library in the world. Having towards the end felt obliged to assume an independent attitude in thought, he was not at the death of Plato (347) appointed his successor in the Academy, as might have been expected. Not wishing at that time to set up a rival school, he retired to the court of a former fellow-pupil, Hermias, then king of Assos and Atarneus, whom he greatly respected, and whose adopted daughter, Pythias, he later married. Here he remained, pursuing his studies, for three years; and left only when his patron was treacherously murdered by the Persians.

Having retired to Mitylene, he soon afterward received an invitation from Philip of Macedonia to undertake the education of his son Alexander, then thirteen years old. Aristotle willingly obeyed this summons; and retiring with his royal pupil to Mieza, a town southwest of Pella, imparted his instruction in the Nymphæum, which he had arranged in imitation of Plato's garden school. Alexander remained with him three years, and was then called by his father to assume important state duties. Whether Aristotle's instruction continued after that is uncertain; but the two men remained fast friends, and there can be no doubt that much of the nobility, self-control, largeness of purpose, and enthusiasm for culture, which characterized Alexander's subsequent career, were due to the teaching of the philosopher. What Aristotle was in the world of thought Alexander became in the world of action.

Aristotle remained in Macedonia ten years, giving instruction to young Macedonians and continuing his own studies. He then returned to Athens, and opened a school in the *peripatos* of the Lyceum, the gymnasium of the foreign

residents, a school which from its location was called the Peripatetic. Here he developed a manifold activity. He pursued all kinds of studies, logical, rhetorical, physical, metaphysical, ethical, political, and esthetic, gave public (exoteric) and private (esoteric) instruction, and composed the bulk of the treatises which have made his name famous. These treatises were composed slowly, in connection with his lectures, and subjected to frequent revision. He endeavored to lead an ideal social life with his friends and pupils, whom he gathered under a common roof to share meals and elevated converse in common.

Thus affairs went on for twelve fruitful years, and might have gone on longer, but for the sudden death of Alexander, his friend and patron. Then the hatred of the Athenians to the conqueror showed itself in hostility to his old master, and sought for means to put him out of the way. How hard it was to find a pretext for so doing is shown by the fact that they had to fix upon the poem which he had written on the death of his friend Hermias many years before, and base upon it — as having the form of the pæan, sacred to Apollo — a charge of impiety. Aristotle, being unwilling, as he said, to allow the Athenians to sin a second time against philosophy, retired beyond their reach to his villa at Chalcis in Eubœa, where he died of stomach disease the year after (322). In the later years of his life, the friendship between him and his illustrious pupil had, owing to certain outward circumstances, become somewhat cooled; but there never was any serious breach. His body was carried to Stagira, which he had induced Philip to restore after it had been destroyed, and whose inhabitants therefore looked upon him as the founder of the city. As such he received the religious honors accorded to heroes: an altar was erected to him, at which an annual festival was celebrated in the month named after him.

We may sum up the character of Aristotle by saying that he was one of the sanest and most rounded men that ever lived. As a philosopher, he stands in the front rank. "No time," says Hegel, "has a man to place by his side." Nor was his moral character inferior to his intellect. No one can read his 'Ethics,' or his will (the text of which is extant), without feeling the nobleness, simplicity, purity, and modernness of his nature. In his family relations he seems to have stood far above his contemporaries. The depth of his esthetic perception is attested by his poems and his 'Poetics.'

The unsatisfactory condition in which Aristotle's works have come down to us makes it difficult to judge of his style. Many of them seem mere collections of notes for lectures, without any attempt at style. The rest are distinguished by brevity, terseness, and scientific precision. No other man ever enriched philosophic language with so many original expressions. We know, from the testimony of competent judges, such as Cicero, that his popular writings, dialogues, etc., were written in an elegant style, casting even that of Plato into the shade; and this is borne out by some extant fragments.

Greek philosophy culminates in Aristotle. Setting out with a naïve acceptance of the world as being what it seemed, and trying to reduce this Being to some material principle, such as water, air, etc., it was gradually driven, by force of logic, to distinguish Being from Seeming, and to see that while the latter was dependent on the thinking subject, the former could not be anything material. This result was reached by both the materialistic and spiritualistic schools, and was only carried one step further by the Sophists, who maintained that even the being of things depended on the thinker. This necessarily led to scepticism, individualism, and disruption of the old social and religious order.

Then arose Socrates, who, seeing that the outer world had been shown to depend on the inner, adopted as his motto, "Know thyself," and devoted himself to the study of mind. By his dialectic method he showed that scepticism and individualism can be overcome by carrying out thought to its implications; when it proves to be the same for all, and to bring with it an authority binding on all, and replacing that of the old external gods. Thus Socrates discovered the principle of human liberty, a principle hostile to the ancient State, which absorbed the man in the citizen. Socrates was accordingly put to death as an atheist; and then Plato, with good intentions but prejudiced insight, set to work to restore the old tyranny of the state. This he did by placing truth, or reality (which Socrates had found in complete thought, internal to the mind), outside of both thought and nature, and making it consist of a group of eternal schemes, or forms, of which natural things are merely transient phantoms, and which can be reached by only a few aristocratic souls, born to rule the rest. On the basis of this distortion he constructed his Republic, in which complete despotism is exercised by the philosophers through the military; man is reduced to a machine, his affections and will being disregarded; community of women and of property is the law; and science is scouted.

Aristotle's philosophy may be said to be a protest against this view, and an attempt to show that reality is embodied in nature, which depends on a supreme intelligence, and may be realized in other intelligences, such as the human mind. In other words, according to Aristotle, truth is actual in the world and potential in all minds, which may by experience put on its forms. Thus the individualism of the Sophists and the despotism of Plato are overcome, while an important place is made for experience, or science.

Aristotle, accepting the world of common-sense, tried to rationalize it; that is, to realize it in himself. First among the Greeks he believed it to be unique, uncreated, and eternal, and gave his reasons. Recognizing that the phenomenal world exists in change, he investigated the principle and method of this. Change he conceives as a transition from potentiality to actuality, and as always due to something actualized, communicating its form to something potential. Looking at the "world" as a whole, and picturing it as limited, globular, and constructed like an onion, with the earth in the center, and

round about it nine concentric spheres carrying the planets and stars, he concludes that there must be at one end something purely actual and therefore unchanging — that is, pure form or energy; and at the other, something purely potential and therefore changing — that is, pure matter or latency. The pure actuality is at the circumference, pure matter at the center. Matter, however, never exists without some form. Thus, nature is an eternal circular process between the actual and the potential. The supreme Intelligence, God, being pure energy, changelessly thinks himself, and through the love inspired by his perfection moves the outmost sphere; which would move all the rest were it not for inferior intelligences, fifty-six in number, who, by giving them different directions, diversify the divine action and produce the variety of the world. The celestial world is composed of eternal matter, or ether, whose only change is circular motion; the sublunary world is composed of changing matter, in four different but mutually transmutable forms — fire, air, water, earth — movable in two opposite directions, in straight lines, under the ever-varying influence of the celestial spheres.

Thus the world is an organism, making no progress as a whole, but continually changing in its various parts. In it all real things are individuals, not universals, as Plato thought. And forms pass from individual to individual only. Peleus, not humanity, is the parent of Achilles; the learned man only can teach the ignorant. In the world-process there are distinct stages, to each of which Aristotle devotes a special work, or series of works. Beginning with the "four elements" he works up through the mineral, vegetable, and animal worlds, to man, and thence through the spherul intelligences to the supreme, divine intelligence, on which the Whole depends. Man stands on the dividing line between the temporal and the eternal; belonging with his animal part to the former, with his intelligence (which "enters from without") to the latter. He is an intelligence, of the same nature as the sphere-movers, but individuated by mutable matter in the form of a body, matter being in all cases the principle of individuation. As intelligence, he becomes free; takes the guidance of his life into his own hand; and, first through ethics, politics, and esthetics, the forms of his sensible or practical activity, and second through logic, science, and philosophy, the forms of his intellectual activity, he rises to divine heights and "plays the immortal." His supreme activity is contemplation. This, the eternal energy of God, is possible for man only at rare intervals.

Aristotle, by placing his eternal forms in sensible things as their meaning, made science possible and necessary. Not only is he the father of scientific method, inductive and deductive, but his actual contributions to science place him in the front rank of scientists. His Zoölogy, Psychology, Logic, Metaphysics, Ethics, Politics, and Esthetics, are still highly esteemed and extensively studied. At the same time, by failing to overcome the dualism and supernaturalism of Plato, by adopting the popular notions about spheres and sphere-movers, by separating intelligence from sense, by conceiving matter

as independent and the principle of individuation, and by making science relate only to the universal, he paved the way for astrology, alchemy, magic, and all the forms of superstition, retarding the advance of several sciences, as for example astronomy and chemistry, for many hundred years.

After Aristotle's death, his school was continued by a succession of studious and learned men, but did not for many centuries deeply affect contemporary life. At last, in the fifth century A.D., his thought found its way into the Christian schools, giving birth to rationalism and historical criticism. At various times its adherents were condemned as heretics and banished, mostly to Syria. Here, at Edessa and Nisibis, they established schools of learning which for several centuries were the most famous in the world. The entire works of Aristotle were turned into Syriac; among them several spurious ones of Neo-Platonic origin, notably the famous 'Liber de Causis' and the 'Theology of Aristotle.' Thus a Neo-Platonic Aristotle came to rule Eastern learning. On the rise of Islam, this Aristotle was borrowed by the Moslems, and became ruler of their schools at Bagdad, Basra, and other places — schools which produced many remarkable men. On the decay of these, he passed in the twelfth century into the schools of Spain, and here ruled supreme until Arab philosophy was suppressed, shortly before 1200. From the Arabs he passed into the Christian Church about this date; and though at first resisted, was finally accepted, and became "the philosopher" of the schools, and the inspirer of Dante. The Reformers, though decrying him, were forced to have recourse to him; but his credit was firmly re-established in the nineteenth century.

The extant works of Aristotle, covering the whole field of science, may be classified as follows: —

A. *Logical or Formal*, dealing with the form rather than the matter of science: — 'Categories,' treating of Being and its determination, which, being regarded ontologically, bring the work into the metaphysical sphere; 'On Interpretation,' dealing with the proposition; 'Former Analytics,' theory of the syllogism; 'Later Analytics,' theory of proof; 'Topics,' probable proofs; 'Sophistical Proofs,' fallacies. These works were later united by the Stoics under the title 'Organon,' or Instrument (of science).

B. *Scientific or Philosophical*, dealing with the matter of science. These may be subdivided into three classes: (a) Theoretical, (b) Practical, (c) Creative.

(a) The *Theoretical* has further subdivisions: (a) Metaphysical, (b) Physical, (c) Mathematical. — (a) The Metaphysical works include the incomplete collection under the name 'Metaphysics.' — (b) The Physical works include 'Physics,' 'On the Heavens,' 'On Generation and Decay,' 'On the Soul,' with eight supplementary tracts on actions of the soul as combined with the body; viz., 'On Sense and Sensibles,' 'On Memory and Reminiscence,' 'On Sleep and Waking,' 'On Dreams,' 'On Divination from Dreams,' 'On

Length and Shortness of Life,' 'On Life and Death,' 'On Respiration,' 'Meteorologics,' 'Histories of Animals' (Zoögraphy), 'On the Parts of Animals,' 'On the Generation of Animals,' 'On the Motion of Animals,' 'Problems' (largely spurious), 'On the Cosmos,' 'Physiognomics,' 'On Wonderful Auditions,' 'On Colors.'—The Mathematical works include 'On Indivisible Lines,' 'Mechanics.'

(b) The *Practical* works are 'Nicomachean Ethics,' 'Eudemian Ethics,' 'Great Ethics' ('Magna Moralia'); really different forms of the same work; 'Politics,' 'Constitutions' (originally one hundred and fifty-eight in number; now represented only by the recently discovered 'Constitution of Athens'), 'On Virtues and Vices,' 'Rhetoric to Alexander,' 'Economics.'

(c) Of *Creative* works we have only the fragmentary 'Poetics.' To these may be added a few poems, one of which is given here.

Besides the extant works of Aristotle, we have titles, fragments, and some knowledge of the contents of a large number more. Among these are the whole of the "exoteric" works, including nineteen Dialogues. A list of his works, as arranged in the Alexandrian Library (apparently), is given by Diogenes Laërtius in his 'Life of Aristotle' (printed in the Berlin and Paris editions of 'Aristotle'); a list in which it is not easy to identify the whole of the extant works. The 'Fragments' appear in both the editions just named. Some of the works named above are almost certainly spurious; e. g., the 'Rhetoric to Alexander,' the 'Economics,' etc.

THOMAS DAVIDSON

ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HISTORY AND POETRY, AND HOW HISTORICAL MATTER SHOULD BE USED IN POETRY

From the 'Poetics,' Chapter 9

BUT it is evident from what has been said that it is not the province of a poet to relate things which have happened, but such as might have happened, and such things as are possible according to probability, or which would necessarily have happened. For a historian and a poet do not differ from each other because the one writes in verse and the other in prose; for the history of Herodotus might be written in verse, and yet it would be no less a history with meter than without meter. But they differ in this, that the one speaks of things which have happened, and the other of such as might have happened. Hence, poetry is more philosophic, and more deserving of attention, than history. For poetry speaks more of universals, but history of particulars. But universal consists, indeed, in relating or performing

certain things which happen to a man of a certain description, either probably or necessarily [to which the aim of poetry is directed in giving names]; but particular consists in narrating what [for example] Alcibiades did, or what he suffered. In comedy, therefore, this is now become evident. For comic poets having composed a fable through things of a probable nature, they thus give whatever names they please to their characters, and do not, like iambic poets, write poems about particular persons. But in tragedy they cling to real names. The cause, however, of this is, that the possible is credible. Things therefore which have not yet been done, we do not yet believe to be possible: but it is evident that things which have been done are possible, for they would not have been done if they were impossible.

Not indeed but that in some tragedies there are one or two known names, and the rest are feigned; but in others there is no known name, as for instance in the 'Flower' of Agathon. For in this tragedy the things and the names are alike feigned, and yet it delights no less. Hence, one must not seek to adhere entirely to traditional fables, which are the subjects of tragedy. For it is ridiculous to make this the object of search, because even known subjects are known but to a few, though at the same time they delight all men. From these things, therefore, it is evident that a poet ought rather to be the author of fables than of meters, inasmuch as he is a poet from imitation, and he imitates actions. Hence, though it should happen that he relates things which have happened, he is no less a poet. For nothing hinders but that some actions which have happened are such as might both probably and possibly have happened, and by [the narration of] such he is a poet.

But of simple plots and actions, the episodic are the worst. But I call the plot episodic, in which it is neither probable nor necessary that the episodes follow each other. Such plots, however, are composed by bad poets, indeed, through their own want of ability; but by good poets, on account of the players. For, introducing [dramatic] contests, and extending the plot beyond its capabilities, they are frequently compelled to distort the connection of the parts. But tragedy is not only an imitation of a perfect action, but also of actions which are terrible and piteous, and actions principally become such (and in a greater degree when they happen contrary to opinion) on account of each other. For thus they will possess more of the marvelous than if they happened from chance and fortune; since also of things which are from fortune, those appear to be the most admirable which seem to happen as it were by design. Thus the statue of Mityus at Argos killed him who was the cause of the death of Mityus by falling as he was surveying it. For such events as these seem not to take place casually. Hence it is necessary that fables of this kind should be more beautiful.

ON PHILOSOPHY

Quoted in Cicero's 'Nature of the Gods'

IF there were men whose habitations had been always under ground, in great and commodious houses, adorned with statues and pictures, furnished with everything which they who are reputed happy abound with, and if, without stirring from thence, they should be informed of a certain divine power and majesty, and after some time the earth should open and they should quit their dark abode to come to us, where they should immediately behold the earth, the seas, the heavens; should consider the vast extent of the clouds and force of the winds; should see the sun and observe his grandeur and beauty, and perceive that day is occasioned by the diffusion of his light through the sky; and when night has obscured the earth they should contemplate the heavens, bespangled and adorned with stars, the surprising variety of the moon in her increase and wane, the rising and setting of all the stars and the inviolable regularity of their courses — when, says he, "they should see these things, they would undoubtedly conclude that there are gods, and that these are their mighty works."

ON ESSENCES

From 'The Metaphysics,' Book xi, Chapter 1

THE subject of theory (or speculative science) is *essence*. In it are investigated the principles and causes of essences. The truth is, if the All be regarded as a whole, essence is its first (or highest) part. Also, if we consider the natural order of the categories, essence stands at the head of the list; then comes quality; then quantity. It is true that the other categories, such as qualities and movements, are not in any absolute sense at all, and the same is true of [negatives, such as] not-white or not-straight. Nevertheless, we use such expressions as "Not-white is."

Moreover, no one of the other categories is separable [or independent]. This is attested by the procedure of the older philosophers; for it was the principles, elements, and causes of essence that were the objects of their investigations. The thinkers of the present day, to be sure, are rather inclined to consider universals as essence. For genera are universals, and these they hold to be principles and essences, mainly because their mode of investigation is a logical one. The older philosophers, on the other hand, considered particular things to be essences; *e. g.*, fire and earth, not body in general.

There are three essences. Two of these are sensible, one being eternal and the other transient. The latter is obvious to all, in the form of plants and animals; with regard to the former, there is room for discussion, as to whether its elements are one or many. The third, differing from the other two, is immutable and is maintained by certain persons to be separable. Some make two divisions of it, whereas others class together, as of one nature, ideas and mathematical entities; and others again admit only the latter. The first two essences belong to physical science, for they are subject to change; the last belongs to another science, if there is no principle common to all.

ON COMMUNITY OF STUDIES

From the 'Politics,' Book viii

NO one, therefore, can doubt that the legislator ought principally to attend to the education of youth. For in cities where this is neglected, the politics are injured. For every state ought to be governed according to its nature; since the appropriate manners of each polity usually preserve the polity, and establish it from the beginning. Thus, appropriate democratic manners preserve and establish a democracy, and oligarchic an oligarchy. Always, however, the best manners are the cause of the best polity. Further still, in all professions and arts, there are some things which ought previously to be learnt, and to which it is requisite to be previously accustomed, in order to the performance of their several works; so that it is evident that it is also necessary in the practice of virtue.

Since, however, there is one purpose to every city, it is evident that the education must necessarily be one and the same in all cities; and that the attention paid to this should be common. At the same time, also, no one ought to think that any person takes care of the education of his children separately, and privately teaches them that particular discipline which appears to him to be proper. But it is necessary that the studies of the public should be common. At the same time, also, no one ought to think that any citizen belongs to him in particular, but that all the citizens belong to the city; for each individual is a part of the city. The care and attention, however, which are paid to each of the parts, naturally look to the care and attention of the whole. And for this, some one may praise the Lacedæmonians; for they pay very great attention to their children, and this in common. It is evident, therefore, that laws should be established concerning education, and that it should be made common.

HYMN TO VIRTUE

VIRTUE, to men thou bringest care and toil;
 Yet art thou life's best, fairest spoil!
 O virgin goddess, for thy beauty's sake
 To die is delicate in this our Greece,
 Or to endure of pain the stern strong ache.
 Such fruit for our soul's ease
 Of joys undying, dearer far than gold
 Or home or soft-eyed sleep, dost thou unfold!
 It was for thee the seed of Zeus,
 Stout Herakles, and Leda's twins, did choose
 Strength-draining deeds, to spread abroad thy name:
 Smit with the love of thee
 Aias and Achilleus went smilingly
 Down to Death's portal, crowned with deathless fame.
 Now, since thou art so fair,
 Leaving the lightsome air,
 Atarneus' hero ¹ hath died gloriously.
 Wherefore immortal praise shall be his guerdon:
 His goodness and his deeds are made the burden
 Of songs divine
 Sung by Memory's daughters nine,
 Hymning of hospitable Zeus the might
 And friendship firm as fate in fate's despite.

Translated by John Addington Symonds

¹ Hermias, Tyrant of Atarneus with whom Aristotle lived from B.C. 348-345.

PHILEMON, MENANDER, AND THE LOST ATTIC COMEDY

IN the field of comedy there can be no doubt that Aristophanes was the one exuberantly original genius, whose lonely height has been reached since then only twice at most: by Molière, and by the myriad-sided creator of Jack Falstaff, Caliban, and Bottom the weaver. If Attic comedy could have but one representative surviving in the modern world, there was no one to contest the right of Aristophanes. And yet his very originality mocks the patient student who attempts to cite from him historical data, traits of manner, or even usages of the theater. Nothing in his comic world walks our earth, or breathes our heavier air. We may as well appeal for facts to the adventurous Alice.

In a memorable passage at the close of Plato's 'Symposium,' after all the other banqueters are asleep, Socrates forces Aristophanes and the tragic poet Agathon to concede that their two arts are one, and that he who is a master artist in comedy can create tragedy no less. Though this seems to us like a marvelous foreshadowing of Shakespeare, it probably was in fact suggested to Plato by a process which he must have seen already far advanced; namely, the approximation of the two dramatic forms to each other until they were practically fused in the comedy of manners. This creation is chiefly associated by the Athenians with the long career of Philemon, though later ages preferred his younger and briefer-lived rival Menander.

These authors of comedy were right, however, in regarding as their chief master Euripides, who brought the dramatist's art down from its pedestal. He made his characters essentially human, realistic, even contemporary, in all save names and costumes. With his fussy nurses and quibbling slaves the comedy of manners begins. These later writers—deprived of the dramatic chorus and expensive equipment generally, discarding the tragic cothurnus, and set to face an audience weary of divine and heroic myths—held the mirror up, far more frankly than Euripides dared, to the artificial and ignoble social conditions about them. Euripides, in an age of religious doubt and political despair, retained a generous portion of Æschylus' noble aspiration, united with a creative fancy almost Aristophanic. Little indeed of either could survive the final fall of Athenian freedom.

Menander and Philemon catered to the diversion of a refined, quick-witted, degenerate folk, with limited political power, and of petty social aims; comparable, perhaps superficially, to London under the second Charles, but with-

out the latent forces which lay dormant beneath England's ignominy. Even the courtly life of London had always more virtue and strength than Congreve and Vanbrugh concede. Athens, even a century after Chæroneia, can hardly have been so contemptible a microcosm as the comedies depict.

These comedies are known to us chiefly through the rough and rollicking adaptations of Plautus and the more polished versions of Terence. We agree heartily with Professor Lodge, that both these playwrights set before us Greek, not Roman, life. The "gags" and local hits, in which comedy must always indulge, make no exception.

I offer here a few of my own translations, from the copious fragments still surviving. They will give a glimpse of the infinitely greater wealth lying deep beneath "the tide whose waves are years." The sources from which we must draw, however, are most unsatisfying. Athenæus in his 'Banqueters' assures us he had read *eight hundred* plays of the 'Middle Comedy,' or transition period alone (about 400–336 B.C.). He cites from them hundreds of times — but almost solely to verify the existence of a rare tidbit or a dainty sauce! This indicates — as J. A. Symonds reminds us — not that poets and people were epicures, but that such a mass of drama contained abundant material to illustrate every side of Athenian life. The sober Stobæus and his scrap-book, again, would give us the impression that brief moral sermons, with an occasional thrust at the professional philosophers, were the chief staple of the comic dialogue; but this is of course no less misleading. We advise the English reader to peruse first the 'Trinummus' of Plautus and the 'Andria' of Terence, at least. There he can mark for himself both sorts of passages — wise saws and curious sauces — and can see that both together are but part of the seasoning in the general dish that was set before the greedy Demos!

It will be noticed that the earlier fragments represent (or rather, misrepresent) contemporaries of Aristophanes, often placed above him by the judges and by the fickle Athenians. It is hard to believe their judgment well founded. Still, a single comedy of Eupolis, recovered from that unexhausted Egyptian storehouse, may come, any day, to prove that what we have thought was unique Aristophanic invention was but traditional commonplace on the high table-land of Attic imagination.

SIXTH CENTURY

SUSARION

Susarion, the father of Attic comedy, is assigned to the sixth century B.C. He survives only in one brief passage of doubtful authenticity, which however strikes a note most characteristic in every age.

WOMEN

HEAR, oh ye people! This Susarion saith,
 Son of Philinus out of Megara: —
 We cannot without evil have a home:
 For both to wed, and not to wed, are ill!

FIFTH CENTURY

TELECLIDES

THE AGE OF GOLD

IN the first place, Peace was as plentiful then as water is now for washing,
 And the Earth no terror nor illness produced but whatever men craved
 in abundance.

For every stream ran full with wine, and the loaves with the biscuits contended
 Which first should enter the mouths of the folk, beseeching that men would
 devour them,

If they were desirous of dainties white; and the fishes came to the houses,
 And broiling themselves they served themselves on platters upon the tables;
 At the side of the couches ran rivers of soup, with hot sliced meat in the
 current;

The quails ready broiled and laid upon toast straight into men's mouths came
 flying. —

In those days men were exceedingly portly, a terrible people of giants.

CRATINUS

Of Cratinus we hear something from his successful rival, Aristophanes.
 A single couplet may serve to recall his notorious weakness.

WINE is a swift-footed steed for the minstrel, giver of pleasure:
 But nothing fine a water-drinker brings to light.

HERMIPPUS

The following passage from Hermippus, beginning with a Homeric verse, is really important for the light it throws on Attic imports. A bold political allusion or two will remind us how free and powerful a critic Comedy then was.

IMPORTS OF ATHENS

TELL me, ye Muses, now, who hold your Olympian dwellings,
 Whence Dionysus comes, as he sails over wine-colored waters;
 What are the goods men bring in black ships hither to harbor!
 Out of Cyrene the cauliflower comes, and hides of the oxen;
 Out of Italia ribs of beef and grain in abundance;
 Syracuse sends us cheese, and pork she furnishes also.
 As to the Corcyræans, we pray that Poseidon destroy them
 Utterly, vessels and all, for the treacherous heart that is in them! —
 Rhodes provides us raisins, and figs that invite unto slumber.
 Slaves from Phrygia come, but out of Arcadia, allies!
 Carthage, finally, sends to us carpets, and cushions resplendent.

From the same play we have a loving disquisition on choice wines, ending quite like our modern toast, "Champagne for our real friends, and real pain for our sham friends!"

THE BEST WINES

OVER the Thasian wine there hovers the odor of apples;
 This I account by far most perfect, above all others —
 Saving only the faultless and painless liquor of Chios.
 Yet there is also a certain wine, men Saprian name it: .
 Whensoever from off its jar the cover is taken,
 Then there arises the odor of hyacinth, violets, roses;
 Glorious fragrance, filling the high-roofed palace entirely; —
That is a nectar indeed; ambrosia and nectar together!
 This is the wine for my friends; — Peparethian proffer my foemen!

EUPOLIS

Our single citation from Eupolis illustrates the freedom with which the poets assailed each other, especially in the 'Parabasis,' or interlude where they spoke in their own proper character. This passage is supposed to be aimed at Aristophanes, as a poet not born in Athens. Eupolis' quotation from his rival was probably accompanied by a gesture, pointing out Aristophanes in the audience.

HONOR TO HOME TALENT

FIRST I ask in my defense:

How have you been taught to think the foreign poets masters, all?

But if any native-born, and noway less than they in wit,
Undertakes the poet's craft, and hopes to win himself a prize,
"He is mad and frenzied in his mind!" so run thy words!

Hearken unto me, my people. Change your feeling. Grudge it not
If a youth, one of yourselves, shall take delight in poesy.

PHRYNICHUS

Phrynichus, the comic poet, is best known to us for his tender tribute to Sophocles. It will be remembered that even Aristophanes, in the 'Frogs,' dares not ridicule for a moment the lamented and popular tragic poet.

EULOGY ON SOPHOCLES

FORTUNATE Sophocles! His life was long —
An artist still, and happy, to the last.
Many the noble tragedies he wrought,
Blessed his end. No sorrow he endured.

ALEXIS

The whole period of Middle Comedy is more than covered by the amazingly long life of Alexis, from 393 to 287 B.C. His view of life as a brief passing show is characteristic of the decadence, and is repeated far more impressively by Menander.

VANITY FAIR

THIS is a mere excursion we enjoy,
We who are living, who are but released —
As for some festival — from death and gloom.
For our division we to light are sent —
This light of life; and whoso laughs and drinks
And loves the most, in the brief time we here
May tarry, and at the banquet wins him so
The prize — he best contented hies him home!

FOURTH CENTURY

AMPHIS

LIFE AND DEATH

DRINK, and play! for life is mortal; brief the time on earth we
 spend:
 But eternal death will be, when once that life shall find an end!

ANAXANDRIDES

HEALTH, BEAUTY, WEALTH

WHOE'ER he was that made the drinking-song,
 Who put health first, as though it were the best,
 So far, was right — but second he set beauty,
 And riches third! There he, you see, was daft;
 For after health is wealth the chieftest thing —
 A handsome starveling is a wretched beast!

ANTIPHANES

THE COMIC POET'S GRIEVANCES

HAPPY in every way the lot
 Of tragic poets! First, because the tale
 Is perfectly to the spectators known,
 Ere aught is said. The poet only need
 Remind them: for if I say "*Ædipus*,"
 Why, all the rest they know. . . .
 Besides, when they have nothing more to say,
 Then like a finger their machine they raise,
 And that suffices for their audience.
 Nothing of this have we, but everything
 We must invent: new names, each circumstance,
 Present conditions, the catastrophe,
 The episodes. If one be overlooked,
 Chremes and Pheidon hiss us from the stage.

TIMOCLES

OFFICE OF TRAGEDY

MAN is a creature doomed to weary toil,
 And many sorrows life itself contains.
 As consolation to our anxious thoughts
 Is this devised. The soul forgets her woes,
 Led to oblivion by an alien grief.
 With pleasure, and made wiser, she departs.
 The tragic poets, then, consider well,
 How much they help us. . . .
 For each who sees a trouble, heavier far
 Than he has suffered, fall on other men,
 Lamenteth less his own calamity.

PHILEMON

From Philemon's ninety-eight years and ninety-seven plays surprisingly little remains. The prologue of the 'Trinummus,' however, says expressly: —

"Philemon wrote it: Plautus rendered it
 In barbarous speech."

The Plautine 'Mercator,' also, is a translation from this poet. His gentle nature and rather commonplace yet polished style is shown in the five passages here chosen.

PEACE IS HAPPINESS

IT is a question of philosophers,
 So have I heard, whereon much time is spent —
 What is the real Good. None find it. One
 Says Virtue; and another Prudence. I,
 Who in the country dwell, and dig the earth,
 Have found it: it is Peace! O dearest Zeus,
 How loving is the goddess, and how kind!
 Marriages, festivals, kin, children, friends,
 Food, wine, health, riches, happiness, she gives.
 And if of all these things we are deprived,
 Dead is the life of men while yet they live!

TEARS

IF lamentation were the cure of grief,
 And he were freed from sorrow who laments,
 Then would we proffer gold to purchase tears!
 But now, our destiny doth pay no heed
 Thereto, my lord, but ever goes its way,
 The same, if thou give way to grief or no.
 What boots it? Nothing! Yet our sorrow brings
 The tear, as fitly as the tree her fruit!

TYRANNY OF CUSTOM

OH, trebly blessed, trebly happy are
 The beasts, who have no thought of things like these!
 For never one of them is criticized,
 Nor have they any artificial woes.
 Unlivable the life we men must live:
 The slaves of custom, subject unto law,
 Bound to posterity and ancestry —
 So have we no escape from misery.

DIVERSITY OF CHARACTER

WHY, pray, did he who made us, as 'tis told,
 And all the beasts besides — Prometheus — give
 To other animals one nature each?
 For full of courage are the lions all,
 And every hare, again, is timorous.
 One fox is not of crafty spirit, one
 Straightforward; but if you shall bring together
 Three times ten thousand foxes, you will find
 One character is common to them all.
 But we — so many as our bodies are,
 No less diverse our natures you will find.

MENANDER

In his interesting chapter on the lost comedies, Symonds expressly renounces the attempt to translate from Menander, to whom he gives a lofty place as the "Sophocles of comedy." This is perhaps an allusion to Matthew Arnold's famous characterization of the tragic poet,

Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole.

Menander, as was inevitable in his age, saw life as a swift-passing show, hardly worth any violent expression of delight or grief. It was an age of outlived enthusiasm and lost ideals. Even in this fading twilight, Athens was still the fairest of cities, a true university of books, statues, and temples, but her heroic men were only a memory.

All Terence's comedies, save the 'Phormio,' are based on lost plays of Menander. Of Roman allusion they contain hardly anything. The one plot is, to be sure, in several cases, skilfully framed from two Greek dramas; but the adapter's own contribution need have been little more than a graceful Latin style.

In his comparatively brief life Menander surpassed his chief rival in fruitfulness, leaving a hundred comedies. His popularity must have come quickly after his death. Though he gained only eight prizes, the fragments from his plays are by far the most copious of all, amounting to two thousand four hundred verses. These fully justify the exclamation of a famous Alexandrian scholar: "O Menander, and Life, which of you has imitated the other?" Goethe, also, counted the tolerant, philosophic Greek poet among his chief teachers. (For the more recently discovered plays of Menander, see the close of this article.)

TRANSMIGRATION

IF some divinity should say to me —
 "Crato, when you have died, you shall again
 Be born; and shall be what you please — dog, sheep,
 Or goat, man, horse — but live again you must:
 That is your destiny. Choose what you will: "
 "Anything rather," I methinks would say,
 "Make me, but man! Unjustly happiness
 And sorrow fall to him, and him alone.
 The horse that's excellent has better care
 Than does another; if a dog prove good,
 He is more prized than is the baser hound.
 The valiant cock hath better sustenance,
 The ignoble is in terror of the brave.
 But man, if he be good, yea, excellent
 And noble — that avails not, nowadays.
 The flatterer fares the best of all, and next
 The sycophant; while third the rogue is found.
 Rather an ass I'd spend my life, than see
 Men worse than I in higher honor set! "

MONOTONY

THAT man I count most happy, Parmeno,
 Who, after he has view'd the splendors here,
 Departeth quickly, whither he hath come.
 This common sun, I mean, stars, waters, clouds,
 And fire — these shall he see if he abide
 A century, or if his years be few;
 Nor aught more glorious shall he see than they.

THE CLAIMS OF LONG DESCENT

OUR family! 'Twill be the death of me!
 Pray, if you love me, mother, harp no more
 Upon our family! 'Tis they to whom
 Nature accords no other excellence
 Who trust to monuments, or high descent,
 And count how many ancestors were theirs!
 Nor have they more than all men:

Who doth live

That had not grandsires? Else how came he here?
 And if he cannot name them, 'tis some change
 Of home, or lack of friends, accounts for this;
 And wherein is he worse than those who boast?
 He who is fitted for heroic deeds,
 Mother, although he be an African,
 Or savage Scythian — he is noble born.
 Was Anacharsis not a Scythian?

THE POOR RELATION GOES A-VISITING

I HAD supposed that rich men, Phantias,
 Who pay no interest, did not thus lament
 The whole night through, nor tossing to and fro
 Cry "Woe is me"; but sweetly took their rest,
 While only beggars had such miseries.
 But now I see you, who are called of men
 The fortunate, behaving like ourselves.
 Is worry, then, to life so close akin?
 She clings to luxury; the illustrious man
 She leaves not; — with the poor she waxes old!

The total mass of these comic fragments (chiefly from the Middle and New Comedy) is extremely large, and most of them have not been translated

into English — and as a whole perhaps hardly deserve to be; but a most vivid picture of the Attic fourth century could be reconstructed from them, and numberless exquisite bits of pure poetry still glimmer in the dust.

Altogether, there is hardly another *terra incognita* so rich as this, lying so close to the beaten track of classical scholarship. F. A. Paley, toward the end of his life, made a rather flippant little volume of rhymed versions from the 'Fragmenta Comicorum.' Symonds, in the chapter mentioned above, has some good versions. Of Menander many of the finest passages were rendered by Francis Fawkes, in the free Johnsonian fashion of the eighteenth century. But the field lies fallow.

The term "comedy" is, as we have tried to illustrate in the citations, rather too narrow. Plautus' 'Rudens,' a romantic tale of shipwreck, may well remind us of Shakespeare's 'Tempest' or 'Winter's Tale'; his 'Captives' is a story of heroic sacrifice for friendship's sake, like the 'Merchant of Venice.' The Greek originals of such plays may have formed a transitional class of romantic dramas, not precisely tragic, and by no means essentially comic. This was especially true of the "Middle" period, when Athens had not forgotten her heroic past, nor renounced her freedom forever. Agathon's 'Flower,' again, may have been rather a melodramatic opera than a drama. In general, our traditional types are too few and too rigid to include the numberless masterpieces of the Attic imagination.

During the first two decades of the present century, Egypt doubled for us the actual number of Menandrian verses which can be read more or less exactly. In particular, a single manuscript found at Aphroditopolis in 1905 contains very large though still fragmentary and tattered portions from four of the master's plays. Not one, unhappily, has a tinge of the heroic quality to be felt in the Plautine 'Captivi.' Every one of the four turns largely on the fate of an infant who is the fruit of shame if not also of violence. The social conditions are utterly ignoble; of patriotism or any large public duty there is hardly a trace.

The most an enthusiastic editor can praise is "Menander's inimitable dialogue and monologue." The grace of the phrasing, while undeniable, evaporates in any translation. The wit, the quickness in repartee, may be fairly illustrated in a single scene, the one which gives its name to the 'Epitrepontes' or 'Arbitrants,' which is cited below.

These "four plays" (all still fragments) are edited with much devotion and learning by Professor Edward Capps of Princeton (Ginn & Co., 1909). A clever but rather wilful and "restored" English version has been published, with the Greek text, by "Unus Multorum" (Oxford, 1909). Among the volumes in the Loeb Library is one by Professor F. G. Allinson of Brown University, already known for spirited translations from classical poets. This volume contains both an accurate text and a faithful translation of every significant fragment from any Menandrian play.

WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

THE ARBITRANTS

SCENE: *A deme of Attica, probably Acharnæ. The highway stretches off, nearly south, to the Acharnian Gate of Athens. In the background, to the north, lies Mt. Parnes.*

SCENE: *Syriscus, Davus. [Later Smicrines comes out of the house.] Enter from the direction of Mt. Parnes Syriscus, a charcoal burner, and his wife who carries a baby in her arms. Davus meets them. Davus had previously found an infant exposed in the undergrowth below Mt. Parnes, together with certain birth-tokens. At the request of Syriscus, whose wife had recently lost a child, he gave them the infant to adopt. The birth-tokens, however, he retained and concealed. Syriscus was later informed of this by another shepherd and in this scene he has just demanded them of Davus as belonging of right with the child. We find them in the midst of their altercation when the papyrus, as preserved, begins.*

SYRISCUS. You'd shun what's fair.

Davus.

And you, unchancy, blackmail me.

Syriscus. You have no right to what's not yours. Let's leave the case
To some third person.

Davus. I agree. Let's arbitrate.

Syriscus. Who shall it be?

Davus.

For my part any one will do.

[*Aside.*]

It serves me right, for why did I go shares with you?

[*Enter Smicrines from the house of Charisius.*]

SCENE: *Syriscus, Davus, Smicrines.*

Syriscus. Will you take *him* as judge?

Davus.

Luck help me, yes!

Syriscus [*to Smicrines*].

Good sir,

Now, by the gods, could you give us a moment's time?

Smicrines. Give you? And wherefore?

Syriscus.

We've a question in dispute.

Smicrines. What's that to me, pray?

Syriscus.

Some impartial judge for this

We're seeking now, and so, if nothing hinders you,

Adjust our quarrel.

Smicrines. Rascals marked for misery!
 In goatskins dressed, do you debate and prate of law?
Syriscus. But none the less the matter's short and easily
 Decided. Grant the favor, father. By the gods,
 Do not despise us, for at all times it behooves
 That justice gain the upper hand, yes, everywhere,
 And everyone that comes along should look to this
 And make it his concern. It is the common lot
 We all must share.

Davus [*aside*]. I've grappled no mean orator,
 Why did I give him part in this?

Smicrines. Will you abide
 By my decision? Say.

Syriscus and Davus [*together*]. Of course.

Smicrines. I'll hear. For what's
 To hinder? [*To Davus.*]

You! you close-mouthed fellow there! Speak first.

Davus. I'll start a little further back, not simply tell
 His part, that I may make the matter plain to you.
 Within this bushy thicket here, hard by this place
 My flock I was a-herding, now, perhaps, good sir,
 Some thirty days gone by, and I was all alone,
 When I came on a little infant child exposed
 With necklace and with some such other ornaments.

Syriscus [*interrupting*]. About just these our quarrel!

Davus. He won't let me speak!

Smicrines [*to Syriscus*]. If you put in your chatter, with this stick of mine
 I'll fetch you one.

Davus. And serve him right.

Smicrines [*to Davus*]. Speak on.

Davus. I will.

I took him up and with him went off to my house,
 I had in mind to rear him — 'twas my notion then —
 But overnight came counsel, as it does to all,
 And with myself I reasoned: "What have I to do
 With rearing children and the trouble? Where shall I
 Find so much money? Why take on anxieties?
 Thus minded was I. Back unto my flock again
 At daybreak. Came this fellow — he's a charcoal man —
 Unto this selfsame place to saw out tree-stumps there.
 Now he had had acquaintance with me heretofore,
 And so we fell to talking. Noticing my gloom
 Says he: "Why's Davus anxious?" "Now why not?" says I,

"For I'm a meddler." And I tell him of the facts:
 How I had found, how owned the child. And straightway then
 Ere I could tell him everything, he begged and begged:
 "So, Davus, blessed be your lot!" at every word
 Exclaiming. Then: "Give me the baby! So, good luck
 Be yours! So, be you free. For I've a wife," says he,
 "And she gave birth unto a baby and it died" —
 (Meaning this woman here that holds the baby now) —

Smicrines [to *Syriscus*]. You begged?

Davus [to *Syriscus*, who at first fails to answer]. *Syriscus*!

Syriscus.

Yes, I did.

Davus.

The live-long day

He pestered me, and when he urged, entreated me,
 I promised him; I gave the child and off he went
 Calling down countless blessings, seized my hands and kissed
 And kissed them.

Smicrines [to *Syriscus*]. You did this?

Syriscus.

I did.

Davus.

Well, off he went.

Just now he meets me with his wife, and suddenly
 Lays claim to all the things then with the child exposed —
 (Now these were small and worthless, merely nothing) — claims
 That he should have them; says he's treated scurvily
 Because I will not give them, claim them for myself.
 But I declare he'd better feel some gratitude
 For what he did get by his begging. If I fail
 To give him all, no need to bring me to account.
 Even if walking with me he had found these things,
 And 'twere a "Share-all Windfall," he had taken this,
 I that. But when I made the find alone, do you,

[To *Syriscus*.]

Although you were not by, do you, I say, expect
 To have it all yourself, and not one thing for me?
 In fine, I gave you of my own, with all good will:
 If this still pleases you, then keep it even now,
 But if it doesn't suit and if you've changed your mind
 Why, then return it. Don't commit nor suffer wrong.
 But 'twere not fair that you get all, by my consent
 In part, and, partly, forcing me. I've said my say.

Syriscus. He's said his say?

Smicrines.

You're deaf?

Syriscus.

He's said his say. All right!

Then I come after. All alone this fellow found
 The baby. Yes and all of this he's telling now
 He tells correctly, father, and it happened so.
 I do not contradict. I did entreat and beg
 And I received it from him. Yes, he tells the truth.
 A certain shepherd, fellow laborer of his
 With whom he had been talking, then brought word to me
 That with the baby he had found some ornaments.
 To claim these things, see, father, he is here himself!
 Give me the baby, wife. [*Takes the child from his wife's arms.*]

Now, Davus, here from you
 He's asking back the necklace and the souvenirs,
 For he declares that these were placed upon himself
 For his adorning, not for eking out your keep.
 I too join in, and ask for them, as guardian —
 On giving him you made me that. And now, good sir,

[*To Smicrines.*]

Methinks 'tis yours to settle whether it be right
 These golden trinkets and whatever else there be
 As given by his mother, whosoe'er she was,
 Be put by for the baby till he comes of age
 Or this footpad who stripped him is to have these things,
 That others own, provided that he found them first!
 "Why didn't I," you'll say, "when first I took the child,
 Demand them then of you?" It was not then as yet
 Within my power to speak thus in the child's behalf;
 And even now I'm here demanding no one thing
 That's mine, mine only. "Windfall! Share-all!" None of that!
 No "finding" when 'tis question of a person wronged.
 That is not "finding," nay, but outright filching that!
 And look at this too, father. Maybe this boy here
 Was born above our station. Reared 'mongst working-folk
 He will despise our doings, his own level seek
 And venture on some action suiting noble birth:
 Will go a-lion-hunting; carry arms; or run
 A race at games. You've seen the actors act, I know,
 And all of this you understand. Those heroes once,
 Pelias, Neleus, by an aged man were found,
 A goatherd in his goatskin dressed as I am now,
 And, when he noticed they were better born than he,
 He tells the matter, how he found, how took them up.
 He gave them back their wallet, with birth-tokens filled.

And thus they found out clearly all their history,
 And they, the one-time goatherds, afterwards were kings.
 But had a Davus found those things and sold them off,
 That he might profit by twelve drachmas for himself,
 Through all the coming ages they had been unknown
 Who were such great ones and of such a pedigree.
 And so it is not fitting, father, that I here
 Should rear his body and that Davus seize meanwhile
 His life's hope for the future, make it disappear.
 A youth about to wed his sister once was stopped
 By just such tokens. One a mother found and saved.
 And one a brother. Since, O father, all men's lives
 Are liable to dangers, we must watch, look out,
 With forethought far ahead for what is possible.
 "Well, if you are not suited, give him back," says he.
 This is his stronghold in the matter, as he thinks.
 But that's not just. If you must give up what is his,
 Then in addition do you claim to have the child
 That more securely you may play the rogue again
 If some of his belongings Fortune has preserved?
 I've said my say.

[*To Smicrines.*]

Give verdict as you hold is just.

Smicrines. Well, this decision's easy: "All that was exposed
 Together with the child goes with him," I decide.

Davus. All right. But now, the child?

Smicrines. By Zeus, I won't decide
 He's yours who'd wrong him, but he's his who came to aid,
 This man's who stood against you, you who'd injure him.

Syriscus. Now yours be many blessings!

Davus. Nay, a verdict rank!
 By Zeus the saviour! I, the sole discoverer,
 Am stripped of all and he who did not find receives!
 Am I to hand these over?

Smicrines. Yes.

Davus. A verdict rank
 Else may no blessing ever light on me!

Syriscus. Here, quick!

Davus. Good Heracles, how I am treated!

Syriscus. Loose your sack
 And show us, for it's there you carry them.

[*To Smicrines, about to leave.*]

Nay, stop.

I beg, a little, till he gives them up.

Davus [*aside*].

Why did

I let him judge our case?

Smicrines.

Come, give, you quarry-slave!

Davus [*handing over the tokens*]. What shameful treatment!

Smicrines [*to Syrus*].

Have you all?

Syriscus.

I think so, yes.

Smicrines. You have, unless he swallowed something down while I

Gave verdict of conviction.

Syriscus.

Hardly that, I think.

[*To Smicrines who turns to leave.*]

Nay, then, good sir, may Luck attend you. Such as you
I'd sooner have the judges all.

[*Exit Smicrines to city.*]

Davus.

But how unjust,

O Heracles! This verdict, was it not too rank?

Syriscus. You were a rascal, rascal you!

Davus.

Look out yourself,

Yes, you now, that you keep these trinkets safe for him.

Aye, mark you well, I'll ever have an eye on you.

[*Exit Davus towards Mt. Parnes.*]

Syriscus [*calling after him*]. Go hang! Go gang your gait! But you, my
wife, take these

And carry them in here to our young master's house.

For meanwhile here we will await Chærestratus

And in the morning we'll start off to work again

When we have made our payment. Stop! Let's count them first,

Count over, one by one. Have you a basket ¹ there?

Well, loose your dress, and drop them in.

[*While Syrus examines the tokens and his wife holds out the fold of her
dress Onesimus comes out of the house of Chærestratus.*]

SCENE: Syrus, Onesimus.

Onesimus [*to himself*].

A slower cook

Nobody ever saw. Why, this time yesterday

Long since they had their wine.

Syriscus [*talks to his wife of the trinkets without noticing Onesimus*].

¹ Or, *casket, chest*.

Now this one seems to be
 A sort of rooster and a tough one too! Here take.
 And here is something set with stones. This one's an ax.
Onesimus [*becoming aware of Syrisus' presence and his occupation*].
 What's this?
Syrisus [*still failing to notice Onesimus*]. This one's a ring of plated gold.
 Inside
 It's iron. On the seal is carved — a bull? — or goat?
 I can't tell which, and one Cleostratus is he
 Who made it — so the letters say.
Onesimus [*interrupting*]. I say, show me!
Syrisus [*startled into handing him the ring*]. Well, there! But who are
 you?
Onesimus. The very one!
Syrisus. Who is?
Onesimus. The ring.
Syrisus. What ring d'ye mean? I don't know what you mean.
Onesimus. Charisius's ring, my master's ring!
Syrisus. You're cracked!
Onesimus. The one he lost.
Syrisus. Put down that ring, you wretched man!
Onesimus. Our ring? "Put down" for you? Where did you get it from?
Syrisus. Apollo and ye gods! What awful nuisance this,
 To bring off safe an orphan baby's property!
 The first to come forthwith has plunder in his eyes,
 Put down that ring, I say.
Onesimus. You'd jest with me, you would?
 It's master's ring. By your Apollo and the gods!
Syrisus. I'd have my throat cut sooner than give in at all
 To him, I vow. That's settled. I will have the law
 On each and all by turns. The boy's they are, not mine.

[*Returns to enumerating the tokens.*]

This one's a collar. Take it, you. [*To his wife.*]
 A chiton's fold
 Of purple, this. Go, take them in.

[*His wife with the child and tokens, except the ring, goes in.*]

[*To Onesimus.*]

Now tell me, you.
 What's this you're saying to me?

Onesimus. I? This ring is his,
Charisius'. Once when drunk, or so he said,
He lost it.

Syriscus. I'm Chærestratus' tenant slave.
So either save it carefully or give to me
That I may keep and safe deliver.

Onesimus. I prefer
Myself as guard.

Syriscus. To me that matters not one whit,
For both of us are stopping, as it seems, in here,
In the same lodging place.

Onesimus. Just now it's no good time,
Perhaps, when guests are coming in, to tell him this
Our story, but tomorrow —

Syriscus. I will wait till then.
Tomorrow, in a word, I'm ready to submit
This case to any one you like.

[Exit Onesimus into the house of Chærestratus.]

Now this time, too,
I've come off not so badly, but it seems as though
A man must give up all besides and practice law.
By this means, nowadays, is everything kept straight.

[Exit Syriscus into the house.]

[Enter a group of revelers, probably from the city.]

Chorus.

[END OF ACT.]

Translated by Francis Greenleaf Allinson

AESCHINES

AESCHINES was born in 389 B.C., six years before his lifelong rival Demosthenes. If we may trust that rival's details of his early life, his father taught a primary school and his mother was overseer of certain initiatory rites, in both of which occupations Æschines gave his youthful assistance. He became in time a third-rate actor, and the duties of clerk or scribe presently made him familiar with the executive and legislative affairs of Athens. Both vocations served as an apprenticeship to the public speaking toward which his ambition was turning. We hear of his serving as a heavy-armed soldier in various Athenian expeditions, and of his being privileged to carry to Athens, in 349 B.C., the first news of the victory of Tamynæ, in Eubœa, in reward for the bravery he had shown in the battle.

Two years afterward he was sent as an envoy into the Peloponnesus, with the object of forming a union of the Greeks against Philip for the defense of their liberties. But his mission was unsuccessful. Toward the end of the same year he served as one of the ten ambassadors sent to Philip to discuss terms of peace. The harangues of the Athenians at this meeting were followed in turn by a speech of Philip, whose openness of manner, pertinent arguments, and pretended desire for a settlement led to a second embassy, empowered to receive from him the oath of allegiance and peace. It was during this second embassy that Demosthenes says he discovered the "philippizing" spirit of Æschines. Upon their return to Athens, Æschines rose before the assembly to assure the people that Philip had come to Thermopylæ as the friend and ally of Athens. "We, your envoys, have satisfied him," said Æschines. "You will hear of benefits still more direct which we have determined Philip to confer upon you, but which it would not be prudent as yet to specify."

But the alarm of the Athenians at the presence of Philip within the Gates was not allayed. The king, however, anxious to temporize with them until he could receive his army supplies by sea, suborned Æschines, who assured his countrymen of Philip's peaceful intentions. On another occasion, by an inflammatory speech at Delphi, he so played upon the susceptibilities of the rude Amphictyones that they rushed forth, uprooted their neighbors' harvest fields, and began a devastating war of Greek against Greek. Internal dissensions promised the shrewd Macedonian the conquest he sought. At length, in August, 338, came Philip's victory at Chæronea, and the complete prostration of Greek power. Æschines, who had hitherto disclaimed all connection with Philip, now boasted of his intimacy with the king. As Philip's friend he offered himself as ambassador to entreat leniency from the victor toward the unhappy citizens.

The memorable defense of Demosthenes against the attack of Æschines was delivered in 330 B.C. Seven years before, Ctesiphon had proposed to the Senate that the patriotic devotion of Demosthenes should be rewarded by the gift of a golden crown — a recognition willingly accorded. But as this decision, to be legal, must be confirmed by the Assembly, Æschines gave notice that he would proceed against Ctesiphon for proposing an unconstitutional measure. He managed to postpone action for six years. At last he seized a moment when the victories of Philip's son and successor, Alexander, were swaying popular feeling, to deliver a bitter harangue against the whole policy of his opponent. Demosthenes answered in that magnificent oration called by the Latin writers 'De Corona.' Æschines was defeated. He retired to Asia, and, it is said, opened a school of rhetoric at Rhodes. There is a legend that after he had one day delivered in his school the masterpiece of his enemy, his students broke into applause. "What," he exclaimed, "if you had heard the wild beast thunder it out himself!"

Æschines was what we call nowadays a self-made man. The great faults of his life, his philippizing policy and his confessed corruption, arose, doubtless, from the results of youthful poverty. As an orator he was second only to Demosthenes; and while he may at times be compared to his rival in intellectual force and persuasiveness, his moral defects — which it must be remembered he himself acknowledged — make a comparison of character impossible.

His chief works remaining to us are the speeches 'Against Timarchus,' 'On the Embassy,' 'Against Ctesiphon,' and letters. In his 'History of Greece,' Grote discusses at length — of course adversely — the influence of Æschines; especially controverting Mitford's denunciation of Demosthenes and the patriotic party. The trend of recent writing is toward Mitford's estimate of Philip's policy, though without Mitford's virulence toward its opponents. Mahaffy ('Greek Life and Thought') holds the whole contest over the crown to be mere academic threshing of old straw, the fundamental issues being rendered obsolete by the rise of a new world under Alexander.

A DEFENSE AND AN ATTACK

From the 'Oration against Ctesiphon'

IN regard to the calumnies with which I am attacked, I wish to say a word or two before Demosthenes speaks. He will allege, I am told, that the State has received distinguished services from him, while from me it has suffered injury on many occasions; and that the deeds of Philip and Alexander, and the crimes to which they gave rise, are to be imputed to me. Demosthenes is so clever in the art of speaking that he does not bring accusation

against me, against any point in my conduct of affairs or any counsels I may have brought to our public meetings; but he rather casts reflections upon my private life, and charges me with a criminal silence.

Moreover, in order that no circumstance may escape his calumny, he attacks my habits of life when I was in school with my young companions; and even in the introduction of his speech he will say that I have begun this prosecution, not for the benefit of the State, but because I want to make a show of myself to Alexander and gratify Alexander's resentment against him. He purposes, as I learn, to ask why I blame his administration as a whole, and yet never hindered or indicted any one separate act; why, after a considerable interval of attention to public affairs, I now return to prosecute this action. . . .

But what I am now about to mention — a matter which I hear Demosthenes will speak of — about this, by the Olympian deities, I cannot but feel a righteous indignation. He will liken my speech to the Sirens', it seems, and the legend anent their art is that those who listen to them are not charmed, but destroyed; wherefore the music of the Sirens is not in good repute. Even so he will aver that knowledge of my words and myself is a source of injury to those who listen to me. I, for my part, think it becomes no one to urge such allegations against me; for it is a shame if one who makes charges cannot point to facts as full evidence. And if such charges must be made, the making surely does not become Demosthenes, but rather some military man — some man of action — who has done good work for the State, and who, in his inability to speak, vies with the skill of antagonists because he is conscious that he can tell of none of his deeds, and because he sees his accusers able to show his audience that he had done what in fact he never had done. But when a man made up entirely of words — of sharp words and overwrought sentences — when he takes refuge in simplicity and facts, who then can endure it? — whose tongue is like a flute, inasmuch as if you take it away the rest is nothing. . . .

This man thinks himself worthy of a crown — that his honor should be proclaimed. But should you not rather send into exile this common pest of the Greeks? Or will you not seize upon him as a thief, and avenge yourself upon him whose mouthings have enabled him to bear full sail through our commonwealth? Remember the season in which you cast your vote. In a few days the Pythian Games will come round, and the convention of the Hellenic states will hold its sessions. Our State has been involved on account of the measures of Demosthenes regarding present crises. You will appear, if you crown him, accessory to those who broke the general peace. But if, on the other hand, you refuse the crown, you will free the State from blame. Do not take counsel as if it were for an alien land, but as if it concerned, as it does, the private interest of your city; and do not dispense your honors carelessly, but with judgment; and let your public gifts be the distinctive possession of men most worthy. Not only hear, but also look around you and consider who are the men who support Demosthenes. Are they his fellow-hunters, or his associ-

ates in old athletic sports? No, by Olympian Zeus, he was never engaged in hunting the wild boar, nor in care for the well-being of his body; but he was toiling at the art of those who keep up possessions.

Take into consideration also his art of juggling, when he says that by his embassy he wrested Byzantium from the hands of Philip, and that his eloquence led the Acarnanians to revolt, and struck dumb the Thebans. He thinks, forsooth, that you have fallen to such a degree of weakness that he can persuade you that you have been entertaining Persuasion herself in your city, and not a vile slanderer. And when at the conclusion of his argument he calls upon his partners in bribe-taking, then fancy that you see upon these steps, from which I now address you, the benefactors of your State arrayed against the insolence of those men. Solon, who adorned our commonwealth with most noble laws, a man who loved wisdom, a worthy legislator, asking you in dignified and sober manner, as became his character, not to follow the pleading of Demosthenes rather than your oaths and laws; Aristides, who assigned to the Greeks their tributes, to whose daughters after he had died the people gave portions. Imagine Aristides complaining bitterly at the insult to public justice, and asking if you are not ashamed that when your fathers banished Arthmius the Zelian, who brought gold from the Medes (although while he was sojourning in the city and a guest of the people of Athens they were scarce restrained from killing him, and by proclamation forbade him the city and any dominion the Athenians had power over), nevertheless that you are going to crown Demosthenes, who did not indeed bring gold from the Medes, but who received bribes and has them still in his possession. And Themistocles and those who died at Marathon and at Plataea, and the very graves of your ancestors — will they not cry out if you venture to grant a crown to one who confesses that he united with the barbarians against the Greeks?

And now, O earth and sun! virtue and intelligence! and thou, O genius of the humanities, who teachest us to judge between the noble and the ignoble, I have come to your succor and I have done. If I have made my pleading with dignity and worthily, as I looked to the flagrant wrong which called it forth, I have spoken as I wished. If I have done ill, it was as I was able. Do you weigh well my words and all that is left unsaid, and vote in accordance with justice and the interests of the city.

DEMOSTHENES

THE lot of Demosthenes, the great Athenian orator, was cast in evil times. The glorious days of his country's brilliant political pre-eminence among Grecian states were well-nigh over. In arms she had been crushed by the brute force of Sparta. But this was not her deepest humiliation; she had indeed risen again to great power, under the leadership of generals and statesmen in whom something of the old-time Athenian spirit still persisted; but the duration of that power had been brief. The deepest humiliation of a state is not in the loss of military prestige or of material resources, but in the degeneracy of its citizens, in the overthrow and scorn of high ideals; and so it was in Athens at the time of Demosthenes' political activity.

The Athenians had become a pampered, ease-loving people. They still cherished a cheap admiration for the great achievements of their fathers. Stirring appeals to the glories of Marathon and Salamis would arouse them to — pass patriotic resolutions. Any suggestion of self-sacrifice, of service on the fleet or in the field, was dangerous. A law made it a capital offense to propose to use, even in meeting any great emergency, the fund set aside to supply the folk with amusements. They preferred to hire mercenaries to fight their battles; but they were not willing to pay their hirelings. The commander had to find pay for his soldiers in the booty taken from their enemies; or failing that, by plundering their friends. The patriots at home, however, were always ready to try, to convict, and to punish the commanders upon any charge of misdemeanor in office.

There were not wanting men of integrity and true patriotism, and of great ability, as Isocrates and Phocion, who accepted as inevitable the decline of the power of Athens, and advocated a policy of passive non-interference in foreign affairs, unless it were to take part in a united effort against Persia. But the mass of the people, instead of offering their own means and their bodies to the service of their country, deemed it rather the part of the state to supply their needs and their amusements. They considered that they had performed their duty as citizens when they had taken part in the noisy debates of the Assembly, or had sat as paid jurymen in the never-ending succession of court procedures of this most litigious of peoples. Among men even in their better days not callous to the allurements of bribes judiciously administered, it was a logical sequence that corruption should now pervade all classes and conditions.

Literature and art, too, shared the general decadence, since they always respond to the dominant ideals of a time and a people. To this general statement

the exception must be noted that philosophy, as represented by Plato and Aristotle, and oratory, as represented by a long succession of Attic orators, had developed into higher and better forms. The history of human experience has shown that philosophy often becomes more subtle and more profound in times when men fall away from their ancient high standards, and become shaken in their old beliefs. So oratory attains its perfect flower in periods of the greatest stress and danger. Both these forms of utterance of the human intellect show, in their highest attainment, the realization of imminent emergency and the effort to point out a way of betterment and safety.

Not only was the condition of affairs at home full of portent of coming disaster. The course of events in other parts of Greece and in the barbarian kingdom of Macedon seemed all to be converging to one inevitable result — the extinction of Hellenic freedom. When a nation or a race becomes unfit to possess longer the most precious of heritages, a free and honorable place among nations, then the time and the occasion and the man will not be long wanting to co-operate with the internal subversive force in consummating the final catastrophe. "If Philip should die," said Demosthenes, "the Athenians would quickly make themselves another Philip."

Throughout Greece, jealousy and hatred among the states, each too weak to cope with a strong foreign foe, prevented such united action as might have made the country secure from any barbarian power; and that at a time when it was threatened by an enemy far more formidable than had been Xerxes with all his millions.

The Greeks at first entirely underrated the danger from Philip and the Macedonians. They had, up to this time, despised these barbarians. Demosthenes, in the third Philippic, reproaches his countrymen with enduring insult and outrage from a vile barbarian out of Macedon, whence not even a respectable slave could be obtained. It is doubtful whether the world has ever seen a man, placed in a position of great power, more capable than Philip of Macedon of using every agency, fair or foul, for accomplishing his ambitious purposes. The Greeks were most unfortunate in their enemy.

Philip understood the Greek people thoroughly. He had received his early training among them while a hostage at Thebes. He found in their petty feuds, in their indolence and corruptibility, his opportunity to carry into effect his matured plans of conquest. His energy never slept. When he was far away, extending his boundaries among the barbarians, his money was still active in Athens and elsewhere. His agents, often among the ablest men in a community, were busy using every means at the command of Greek ingenuity to conceal the danger or to reconcile the fickle people to a change that promised fine rewards for the sale of their liberty. Then he began to trim off one by one the outlying dependencies of the Greek states. His next step was to be the obtaining of a foothold in Greece proper.

The chief obstacle to Philip's progress was Athens, and his chief opponent

in Athens was Demosthenes. This Philip understood very well; but he treated both the city and the great statesman always with a remarkable leniency. More than once Athens, inflamed by Demosthenes, flashed into her old-time energy and activity, and stayed the Macedonian's course; as when, in his first bold march towards the heart of Greece, he found himself confronted at Thermopylæ by Athenian troops; and again when prompt succor from Athens saved Byzantium for the time. But the emergency once past, the ardor of the Athenians died down as quickly as it had flamed up.

The Social War (357-355 B.C.) left Athens stripped almost bare of allies, and was practically a victory for Philip. The Sacred War (357-346 B.C.) between Thebes and Phocis, turning upon an affront offered to the Delphian god, gave Philip the eagerly sought-for opportunity of interfering in the internal affairs of Greece. He became the successful champion of the god, and received as his reward a place in the great Amphictyonic Council. He thus secured recognition of his claims to being a Greek, since none but Greeks might sit in this council. He had, moreover, in crushing the Phocians, destroyed a formidable power of resistance to his plans.

Such were the conditions under which Demosthenes entered upon his strenuous public life. He was born most probably in 384 B.C., though some authorities give preference to 382 B.C. as the year of his birth. He was the son of Demosthenes and Cleobule. His father was a respectable and wealthy Athenian citizen, a manufacturer of cutlery and upholstering. His mother was the daughter of Gylon, an Athenian citizen resident in the region of the Crimea.

Misfortune fell early upon him. At the age of seven he was left fatherless. His large patrimony fell into the hands of unprincipled guardians. Nature seems almost maliciously to have concentrated in him a number of blemishes, any one of which might have checked effectually the ambition of any ordinary man to excel in the profession Demosthenes chose for himself. He was not strong of body, his features were sinister, and his manner was ungraceful — a grievous drawback among a people with whom physical beauty might cover a multitude of sins, and physical imperfections were a reproach.

He seems to have enjoyed the best facilities in his youth for training his mind, though he complains that his teachers were not paid by his guardians; and he is reported to have developed a fondness for oratory at an early age. In his maturing years, he was taught by the great lawyer Isæus; and must often have listened to the orator and rhetorician Isocrates, if he was not indeed actually instructed by him. When once he had determined to make himself an orator, he set himself to work with immense energy to overcome the natural disadvantages that stood in the way of his success. By hard training he strengthened his weak voice and lungs; it is related that he cured himself of a painful habit of stammering; and he subjected himself to the most vigorous course of study preparatory to his profession, cutting himself off from all social enjoyments.

His success as an orator, however, was not immediate. He tasted all the bitterness of failure on more than one occasion; but after temporary discouragement he redoubled his efforts to correct the faults that were made so distressingly plain to him by the unsparing criticism of his audience. Without doubt, these rebuffs of his earlier years contributed to form a man capable of spending his whole life in unflagging devotion to a high purpose in the face of the greatest difficulties and dangers. The dominant purpose of his life was the preservation of the freedom of the Greek states from the control of any foreign power, and the maintenance of the pre-eminent position of Athens among these states. In this combination of a splendid intellect, an indomitable will, and a great purpose, we find the true basis of Demosthenes' greatness.

When at the age of eighteen he came into the wreck of his patrimony, he at once began suit against Aphobos, one of his unfaithful guardians. He conducted his case himself. So well did he plead his cause that he received a verdict for a large amount. He seems, however, never actually to have recovered the money. He became now a professional writer of speeches for clients in private suits of every kind, sometimes appearing in court himself as advocate.

In 355-354 B.C. he entered upon his career as public orator and statesman. He had now found his field of action, and till the end of his eventful life he was a most prominent figure in the great issues that concerned the welfare of Athens and of Greece. He was long unquestionably the leading man among the Athenians. By splendid ability as orator and statesman he was repeatedly able to thwart the plans of the traitors in the pay of Philip, even though they were led by the adept and eloquent Æschines. His influence was powerful in the Peloponnesus, and he even succeeded, in 338 B.C., in uniting the bitter hereditary enemies Thebes and Athens for one final, desperate, but unsuccessful struggle against the Macedonian power.

Demosthenes soon awoke to the danger threatening his country from the barbarian kingdom in the north, though not even he understood at first how grave was the danger. The series of great speeches relating to Philip — the First Philippic; the three Olynthiacs, 'On the Peace,' 'On the Embassy,' 'On the Chersonesus'; the Second and Third Philipppics — show an increasing intensity and fire as the danger became more and more imminent. These orations were delivered in the period 351-341 B.C.

When the cause of Greek freedom had been overwhelmed at Chæronea in the defeat of the allied Thebans and Athenians, Demosthenes, who had organized the unsuccessful resistance to Philip, still retained the favor of his countrymen, fickle as they were. With the exception of a short period of disfavor, he practically regulated the policy of Athens till his death in 322 B.C.

In 336 B.C., on motion of Ctesiphon, a golden crown was voted to Demosthenes by the Senate, in recognition of certain eminent services and generous contributions from his own means to the needs of the state. The decree was not confirmed by the Assembly, owing to the opposition of Æschines, who

gave notice that he would bring suit against Ctesiphon for proposing an illegal measure. The case did not come up for trial, however, till 330 B.C., six years later. (The reason for this delay has never been clearly revealed.)

When Ctesiphon was summoned to appear, it was well understood that it was not he but Demosthenes who was in reality to be tried, and that the public and private record of the latter would be subjected to the most rigorous scrutiny. On that memorable occasion, people gathered from all over Greece to witness the oratorical duel of the two champions — for Demosthenes was to reply to Æschines. The speech of Æschines was a brilliant and bitter arraignment of Demosthenes; but so triumphant was the reply of the latter, that his opponent, in mortification, went into voluntary exile. The speech of Demosthenes 'On the Crown' has been generally accepted by ancients and moderns as the supreme attainment in the oratory of antiquity.

It is evident that a man who was the never-swerving champion of a cause which demanded the greatest sacrifice from a people devoted to self-indulgence, the never-sleeping opponent of the hirelings of a foreign enemy, and a persistent obstacle to men of honest conviction who advocated a policy different from that which seemed best to him, would of necessity bring upon himself bitter hostility and accusations of the most serious character. And such was the case. Demosthenes has been accused of many crimes and immoralities, some of them so different in character as to be almost mutually exclusive. The most serious charge is that of receiving a bribe from Harpalus, the absconding treasurer of Alexander. He was tried upon this charge, convicted, fined fifty talents, and thrown into prison. Thence he escaped to go into a miserable exile.

How far and how seriously the character of Demosthenes is compromised by this and other attacks, it is not possible to decide to the satisfaction of all. The results of the contest in regard to the crown and the trial in the Harpalus matter were very different; but the verdict of neither trial, even if they were not conflicting, could be accepted as decisive. To me, the evidence justifies the conclusion that in the Harpalus affair he was the victim of the Macedonian faction and of the misled patriotic party, co-operating for the time being.

When the tidings of the death of Alexander startled the world, Demosthenes at once, though in exile, became intensely active in arousing the patriots to strike one more blow for liberty. He was recalled to Athens; restored to his high place, and became again the chief influence in preparing for the last desperate resistance to the Macedonians. When the cause of Greek freedom was finally lost, Demosthenes went into exile; a price was set upon his head; and when the Macedonian soldiers, led by a Greek traitor, were about to lay hands upon him in the temple of Poseidon at Calauria, he sucked the poison which he always carried ready in his pen, and died rather than yield himself to the hated enemies of his country.

It remains only to say that the general consensus of ancient and modern opinion is, that Demosthenes was the supreme figure in the brilliant line of

orators of antiquity. The chief general characteristics in all Demosthenes' public oratory are a sustained intensity and a merciless directness. Swift as waves before a gale, every word bears straight towards the final goal of his purpose. We are hardly conscious even of the artistic taste which fits each phrase, and sentence, and episode, to the larger occasion as well as to each other. Indeed, we lose the rhetorician altogether in the devoted pleader, the patriot, the self-forgetful chief of a noble but losing cause. His careful study of the great orators who had preceded him undoubtedly taught him much; yet it was his own original and creative power, lodged in a far-sighted, generous, and fearless nature, that enabled him to leave to mankind a series of forensic masterpieces hardly rivaled in any age or country.

ROBERT SHARP

THE THIRD PHILIPPIC

THE ARGUMENT

[This speech was delivered about three months after the second Philippic, while Philip was advancing into Thrace, and threatening both the Chersonesus and the Propontine coast. No new event had happened which called for any special consultation; but Demosthenes, alarmed by the formidable character of Philip's enterprises and vast military preparations, felt the necessity of rousing the Athenians to exertion.]

MANY speeches, men of Athens, are made in almost every Assembly about the hostilities of Philip; hostilities which ever since the treaty of peace he has been committing as well against you as against the rest of the Greeks; and all, I am sure, are ready to avow, though they forbear to do so, that our counsels and our measures should be directed to his humiliation and chastisement: nevertheless, so low have our affairs been brought by inattention and negligence, I fear it is harsh truth to say, that if all the orators had sought to suggest and you to pass resolutions for the utter ruining of the commonwealth, we could not, methinks, be worse off than we are. A variety of circumstances may have brought us to this state; our affairs have not declined from one or two causes only, but if you rightly examine, you will find it chiefly owing to the orators, who study to please you rather than advise for the best. Some of whom, Athenians, seeking to maintain the basis of their own power and repute, have no forethought for the future, and therefore think you also ought to have none; others, accusing and calumniating practical statesmen, labor only to make Athens punish Athens, and in such occupation to engage her that Philip may have liberty to say and do what he pleases. Politics of this kind are common here, but are the causes of your failures and

embarrassment. I beg, Athenians, that you will not resent my plain speaking of the truth. Only consider. You hold liberty of speech in other matters to be the general right of all residents in Athens, insomuch that you allow a measure of it even to foreigners and slaves, and many servants may be seen among you speaking their thoughts more freely than citizens in some other states; and yet you have altogether banished it from your councils. The result has been, that in the Assembly you give yourselves airs and are flattered at hearing nothing but compliments; in your measures and proceedings you are brought to the utmost peril. If such be your disposition now, I must be silent: if you will listen to good advice without flattery, I am ready to speak. For though our affairs are in a deplorable condition, though many sacrifices have been made, still if you will choose to perform your duty it is possible to repair it all. A paradox, and yet a truth, am I about to state. That which is the most lamentable in the past is best for the future. How is this? Because you performed no part of your duty, great or small, and therefore you fared ill: had you done all that became you, and your situation were the same, there would be no hope of amendment. Philip has indeed prevailed over your sloth and negligence, but not over the country; you have not been worsted, you have not even bestirred yourselves.

If now we were all agreed that Philip is at war with Athens and infringing the peace, nothing would a speaker need to urge or advise but the safest and easiest way of resisting him. But since, at the very time when Philip is capturing cities and retaining divers of our dominions and assailing all people, there are men so unreasonable as to listen to repeated declarations in the Assembly that some of us are kindling war, one must be cautious and set this matter right: for whoever moves or advises a measure of defense is in danger of being accused afterwards as author of the war.

I will first then examine and determine this point, whether it be in our power to deliberate on peace or war. If the country may be at peace, if it depends on us (to begin with this), I say we ought to maintain peace; and I call upon the affirmant to move a resolution, to take some measure, and not to palter with us. But if another, having arms in his hand and a large force around him, amuses you with the name of peace while he carries on the operations of war, what is left but to defend yourselves? You may profess to be at peace if you like, as he does; I quarrel not with that. But if any man supposes this to be a peace, which will enable Philip to master all else and attack you last, he is a madman, or he talks of a peace observed towards him by you, not towards you by him. This it is that Philip purchases by all his expenditure — the privilege of assailing you without being assailed in turn.

If we really wait until he avows that he is at war with us, we are the simplest of mortals: for he would not declare that, though he marched even against Attica and Piræus; at least if we may judge from his conduct to others. For example, to the Olynthians he declared when he was forty furlongs from their

city, that there was no alternative, but either they must quit Olynthus or he Macedonia; though before that time, whenever he was accused of such an intent, he took it ill and sent ambassadors to justify himself. Again, he marched towards the Phocians as if they were allies, and there were Phocian envoys who accompanied his march, and many among you contended that his advance would not benefit the Thebans. And he came into Thessaly of late as a friend and ally, yet he has taken possession of Pheræ; and lastly he told these wretched people of Oreus that he had sent his soldiers out of good-will to visit them, as he heard they were in trouble and dissension, and it was the part of allies and true friends to lend assistance on such occasions. People who would never have harmed him, though they might have adopted measures of defense, he chose to deceive rather than warn them of his attack; and think ye he would declare war against you before he began it, and that while you are willing to be deceived? Impossible. He would be the silliest of mankind, if whilst you the injured parties make no complaint against him, but are accusing your own countrymen, he should terminate your intestine strife and jealousies, warn you to turn against him, and remove the pretexts of his hirelings for asserting, to amuse you, that he makes no war upon Athens. O heavens! would any rational being judge by words rather than by actions, who is at peace with him and who at war? Surely none. Well then, tell me now: when he sends mercenaries into Chersonesus, which the king and all the Greeks have acknowledged to be yours, when he avows himself an auxiliary and writes us word so, what are such proceedings? He says he is not at war; I cannot however admit such conduct to be an observance of the peace; far otherwise: I say, by his attempt on Megara, by his setting up despotism in Eubœa, by his present advance into Thrace, by his intrigues in Peloponnesus, by the whole course of operations with his army, he has been breaking the peace and making war upon you; unless indeed you will say that those who establish batteries are not at war until they apply them to the walls. But that you will not say: for whoever contrives and prepares the means for my conquest, is at war with me before he darts or draws the bow. What, if anything should happen, is the risk you run? The alienation of the Hellespont, the subjection of Megara and Eubœa to your enemy, the siding of the Peloponnesians with him. Then can I allow that one who sets such an engine at work against Athens is at peace with her? Quite the contrary. From the day that he destroyed the Phocians I date his commencement of hostilities. Defend yourselves instantly, and I say you will be wise: delay it, and you may wish in vain to do so hereafter. So much do I dissent from your other counselors, men of Athens, that I deem any discussion about Chersonesus or Byzantium out of place. Succor them — I advise that — watch that no harm befalls them, send all necessary supplies to your troops in that quarter; but let your deliberations be for the safety of all Greece, as being in the utmost peril. I must tell you why I am so alarmed at the state of our affairs, that, if my reasonings are correct, you may share them,

and make some provision at least for yourselves, however disinclined to do so for others; but if in your judgment I talk nonsense and absurdity, you may treat me as crazed, and not listen to me either now or in future.

That Philip from a mean and humble origin has grown mighty, that the Greeks are jealous and quarreling among themselves, that it was far more wonderful for him to rise from that insignificance than it would now be, after so many acquisitions, to conquer what is left: these, and similar matters which I might dwell upon, I pass over. But I observe that all people, beginning with you, have conceded to him a right which in former times has been the subject of contest in every Grecian war. And what is this? The right of doing what he pleases, openly fleeing and pillaging the Greeks, one after another, attacking and enslaving their cities. You were at the head of the Greeks for seventy-three years, the Lacedæmonians for twenty-nine; and the Thebans had some power in these latter times after the battle of Leuctra. Yet neither you, my countrymen, nor Thebans, nor Lacedæmonians, were ever licensed by the Greeks to act as you pleased; far otherwise. When you, or rather the Athenians of that time, appeared to be dealing harshly with certain people, all the rest, even such as had no complaint against Athens, thought proper to side with the injured parties in a war against her. So, when the Lacedæmonians became masters and succeeded to your empire, on their attempting to encroach and make oppressive innovations a general war was declared against them, even by such as had no cause of complaint. But wherefore mention other people? We ourselves and the Lacedæmonians, although at the outset we could not allege any mutual injuries, thought proper to make war for the injustice that we saw done to our neighbors. Yet all the faults committed by the Spartans in those thirty years, and by our ancestors in the seventy, are less, men of Athens, than the wrongs which in the thirteen incomplete years that Philip has been uppermost he has inflicted on the Greeks: nay, they are scarcely a fraction of these, as may easily be shown in a few words. Olynthus and Methone and Apollonia, and thirty-two cities on the borders of Thrace, I pass over; all which he has so cruelly destroyed that a visitor could hardly tell if they were ever inhabited; and of the Phocians, so considerable a people exterminated, I say nothing. But what is the condition of Thessaly? Has he not taken away her constitutions and her cities, and established tetrarchies, to parcel her out, not only by cities, but also by provinces, for subjection? Are not the Eubæan states governed now by despots, and that in an island near to Thebes and Athens? Does he not expressly write in his epistles, "I am at peace with those who are willing to obey me?" Nor does he write so and not act accordingly. He is gone to the Hellespont; he marched formerly against Ambracia; Elis, such an important city in Peloponnesus, he possesses; he plotted lately to get Megara: neither Hellenic nor barbaric land contains the man's ambition.

And we the Greek community, seeing and hearing this, instead of sending

embassies to one another about it and expressing indignation, are in such a miserable state, so intrenched in our separate towns, that to this day we can attempt nothing that interest or necessity requires; we cannot combine, or form any association for succor and alliance; we look unconcernedly on the man's growing power, each resolving, methinks, to enjoy the interval that another is destroyed in, not caring or striving for the salvation of Greece: for none can be ignorant that Philip, like some course or attack of fever or other disease, is coming even on those that yet seem very far removed. And you must be sensible that whatever wrong the Greeks sustained from Lacedæmonians or from us was at least inflicted by genuine people of Greece; and it might be felt in the same manner as if a lawful son, born to a large fortune, committed some fault or error in the management of it; on that ground one would consider him open to censure and reproach, yet it could not be said that he was an alien, and not heir to the property which he so dealt with. But if a slave or a spurious child wasted and spoiled what he had no interest in — Heavens! how much more heinous and hateful would all have pronounced it! And yet in regard to Philip and his conduct they feel not this, although he is not only no Greek and no way akin to Greeks, but not even a barbarian of a place honorable to mention; in fact, a vile fellow of Macedon, from which a respectable slave could not be purchased formerly.

What is wanting to make his insolence complete? Besides his destruction of Grecian cities, does he not hold the Pythian games, the common festival of Greece, and if he comes not himself, send his vassals to preside? Is he not master of Thermopylæ and the passes into Greece, and holds he not those places by garrisons and mercenaries? Has he not thrust aside Thessalians, ourselves, Dorians, the whole Amphictyonic body, and got preaudience of the oracle, to which even the Greeks do not all pretend? Yet the Greeks endure to see all this; methinks they view it as they would a hailstorm, each praying that it may not fall on himself, none trying to prevent it. And not only are the outrages which he does to Greece submitted to, but even the private wrongs of every people: nothing can go beyond this! Still under these indignities we are all slack and disheartened, and look towards our neighbors, distrusting one another instead of the common enemy. And how think ye a man who behaves so insolently to all, how will he act when he gets each separately under his control?

But what has caused the mischief? There must be some cause, some good reason why the Greeks were so eager for liberty then, and now are eager for servitude. There was something, men of Athens, something in the hearts of the multitude then which there is not now, which overcame the wealth of Persia and maintained the freedom of Greece, and quailed not under any battle by land or sea; the loss whereof has ruined all, and thrown the affairs of Greece into confusion. What was this? Nothing subtle or clever: simply that whoever took money from the aspirants for power or the corrupters of Greece were uni-

versally detested; it was dreadful to be convicted of bribery; the severest punishment was inflicted on the guilty, and there was no intercession or pardon. The favorable moments for enterprise which fortune frequently offers to the careless against the vigilant, to them that will do nothing against those that discharge all their duty, could not be bought from orators or generals; no more could mutual concord, nor distrust of tyrants and barbarians, nor anything of the kind. But now all such principles have been sold as in open market, and those imported in exchange, by which Greece is ruined and diseased. What are they? Envy where a man gets a bribe; laughter if he confesses it; mercy to the convicted; hatred of those that denounce the crime; all the usual attendants upon corruption. For as to ships and men and revenues and abundance of other materials, all that may be reckoned as constituting national strength — assuredly the Greeks of our day are more fully and perfectly supplied with such advantages than Greeks of the olden time. But they are all rendered useless, unavailable, unprofitable, by the agency of these traffickers.

That such is the present state of things, you must see without requiring my testimony; that it was different in former times I will demonstrate, not by speaking my own words, but by showing an inscription of your ancestors, which they graved on a brazen column and deposited in the citadel, not for their own benefit (they were right-minded enough without such records), but for a memorial and example to instruct you how seriously such conduct should be taken up. What says the inscription then? It says: — "Let Arthmius, son of Pythonax the Zelite, be declared an outlaw and an enemy of the Athenian people and their allies, him and his family." Then the cause is written why this was done: because he brought the Median gold into Peloponnesus. That is the inscription. By the gods! only consider and reflect among yourselves what must have been the spirit, what the dignity of those Athenians who acted so. One Arthmius a Zelite, subject of the king (for Zelea is in Asia), because in his master's service he brought gold into Peloponnesus — not to Athens — they proclaimed an enemy of the Athenians and their allies, him and his family, and outlawed. That is not by the outlawry commonly spoken of; for what would a Zelite care, to be excluded from Athenian franchises? It means not that; but in the statutes of homicide it is written, in cases where a prosecution for murder is not allowed, but killing is sanctioned, "and let him die an outlaw," says the legislator; by which he means that whoever kills such a person shall be unpolluted. Therefore they considered that the preservation of all Greece was their own concern (but for such opinion, they would not have cared whether people in Peloponnesus were bought and corrupted); and whomsoever they discovered taking bribes, they chastised and punished so severely as to record their names in brass. The natural result was, that Greece was formidable to the barbarian, not the barbarian to Greece. 'Tis not so now: since neither in this nor in other respects are your sentiments the same. But

what are they? You know yourselves; why am I to upbraid you with everything? The Greeks in general are alike, and no better than you. Therefore I say, our present affairs demand earnest attention and wholesome counsel.

There is a foolish saying of persons who wish to make us easy, that Philip is not yet as powerful as the Lacedæmonians were formerly, who ruled everywhere by land and sea, and had the king for their ally, and nothing withstood them; yet Athens resisted even that nation, and was not destroyed. I myself believe that while everything has received great improvement, and the present bears no resemblance to the past, nothing has been so changed and improved as the practice of war. For anciently, as I am informed, the Lacedæmonians and all Grecian people would for four or five months, during the season only, invade and ravage the land of their enemies with heavy-armed and national troops, and return home again; and their ideas were so old-fashioned, or rather national, that they never purchased an advantage from any; theirs was a legitimate and open warfare. But now you doubtless perceive that the majority of disasters have been effected by treason; nothing is done in fair field or combat. You hear of Philip marching where he pleases, not because he commands troops of the line, but because he has attached to him a host of skirmishers, cavalry, archers, mercenaries, and the like. When with these he falls upon a people in civil dissension, and none (through mistrust) will march out to defend the country, he applies engines and besieges them. I need not mention that he makes no difference between winter and summer, that he has no stated season of repose. You, knowing these things, reflecting on them, must not let the war approach your territories, nor get your necks broken, relying on the simplicity of the old war with the Lacedæmonians; but take the longest time beforehand for defensive measures and preparations, see that he stirs not from home, avoid any decisive engagement. If we choose, men of Athens, to pursue a right course, we have many natural advantages for a war; such as the position of his kingdom, which we may extensively plunder and ravage, and a thousand more; but for a battle he is better trained than we are.

Nor is it enough to adopt these resolutions and oppose him by warlike measures: you must on calculation and on principle abhor his advocates here, remembering that it is impossible to overcome your enemies abroad until you have chastised those who are his ministers within the city. Which, by Jupiter and all the gods, you cannot and will not do! You have arrived at such a pitch of folly or madness or — I know not what to call it: I am tempted often to think that some evil genius is driving you to ruin — that for the sake of scandal or envy or jest or any other cause, you command hirelings to speak (some of whom would not deny themselves to be hirelings), and laugh when they abuse people. And this, bad as it is, is not the worst; you have allowed these persons more liberty for their political conduct than your faithful counselors; and see what evils are caused by listening to such men with indulgence. I will mention facts that you will all remember.

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In Olynthus some of the statesmen were in Philip's interest, doing everything for him; some were on the honest side, aiming to preserve their fellow-citizens from slavery. Which party, now, destroyed their country? or which betrayed the cavalry, by whose betrayal Olynthus fell? The creatures of Philip; they that, while the city stood, slandered and calumniated the honest counselors so effectually that the Olynthian people were induced to banish Apollonides.

Nor is it there only, and nowhere else, that such practice has been ruinous.

What can be the reason — perhaps you wonder — why the Olynthians were more indulgent to Philip's advocates than to their own? The same which operates with you. They who advise for the best cannot always gratify their audience, though they would; for the safety of the state must be attended to; their opponents by the very counsel which is agreeable advance Philip's interest. One party required contribution, the other said there was no necessity; one were for war and mistrust, the other for peace, until they were ensnared. And so on for everything else (not to dwell on particulars); the one made speeches to please for the moment, and gave no annoyance; the other offered salutary counsel that was offensive. Many rights did the people surrender at last, not from any such motive of indulgence or ignorance, but submitting in the belief that all was lost. Which, by Jupiter and Apollo, I fear will be your case, when on calculation you see that nothing can be done. I pray, men of Athens, it may never come to this! Better die a thousand deaths than render homage to Philip, or sacrifice any of your faithful counselors. A fine recompense have the people of Oreus got, for trusting themselves to Philip's friends and spurning Euphræus! Finely are the Eretrian commons rewarded, for having driven away your ambassadors and yielded to Clitarchus! Yes; they are slaves, exposed to the lash and the torture. Finely he spared the Olynthians! It is folly and cowardice to cherish such hopes, and while you take evil counsel and shirk every duty, and even listen to those who plead for your enemies, to think you inhabit a city of such magnitude that you cannot suffer any serious misfortune. Yea, and it is disgraceful to exclaim on any occurrence, when it is too late, "Who would have expected it? However — this or that should have been done, the other left undone." Many things could the Olynthians mention now, which if foreseen at the time would have prevented their destruction. Many could the Orites mention, many the Phocians, and each of the ruined states. But what would it avail them? As long as the vessel is safe, whether it be great or small, the mariner, the pilot, every man in turn should exert himself, and prevent its being overturned either by accident or design: but when the sea hath rolled over it, their efforts are vain. And we likewise, O Athenians, whilst we are safe, with a magnificent city, plentiful resources, lofty reputation — what must we do? Many of you, I dare say, have been longing to ask. Well then, I will tell you; I will move a resolution; pass it, if you please.

First, let us prepare for our own defense; provide ourselves, I mean, with

ships, money, and troops — for surely, though all other people consented to be slaves, we at least ought to struggle for freedom. When we have completed our own preparations and made them apparent to the Greeks, then let us invite the rest, and send our ambassadors everywhere with the intelligence, to Peloponnesus, to Rhodes, to Chios, to the king, I say (for it concerns his interests not to let Philip make universal conquest); that, if you prevail, you may have partners of your dangers and expenses in case of necessity, or at all events that you may delay the operations. For since the war is against an individual, not against the collected power of a state, even this may be useful; as were the embassies last year to Peloponnesus, and the remonstrances with which I and the other envoys went round and arrested Philip's progress, so that he neither attacked Ambracia nor started for Peloponnesus. I say not, however, that you should invite the rest without adopting measures to protect yourselves; it would be folly, while you sacrifice your own interest, to profess a regard for that of strangers, or to alarm others about the future, whilst for the present you are unconcerned. I advise not this; I bid you send supplies to the troops in Chersonesus, and do what else they require; prepare yourselves and make every effort first, then summon, gather, instruct the rest of the Greeks. That is the duty of a state possessing a dignity such as yours. If you imagine that Chalcidians or Megarians will save Greece, while you run away from the contest, you imagine wrong. Well for any of those people if they are safe themselves! This work belongs to you; this privilege your ancestors bequeathed to you, the prize of many perilous exertions. But if every one will sit seeking his pleasure, and studying to be idle himself, never will he find others to do his work; and more than this, I fear we shall be under the necessity of doing all that we like not at one time. Were proxies to be had, our inactivity would have found them long ago; but they are not.

Such are the measures which I advise, which I propose; adopt them, and even yet, I believe, our prosperity may be re-established. If any man has better advice to offer, let him communicate it openly. Whatever you determine, I pray to all the gods for a happy result.

Translated by Charles R. Kennedy

INVECTIVE AGAINST LICENSE OF SPEECH

THIS, you must be convinced, is a struggle for existence. You cannot overcome your enemies abroad till you have punished your enemies, his ministers, at home. They will be the stumbling-blocks which prevent your reaching the others. Why, do you suppose, Philip now insults you? To other people he at least renders services though he deceives them, while he

is already threatening you. Look for instance at the Thessalians. It was by many benefits conferred on them that he seduced them into their present bondage. And then the Olynthians, again — how he cheated them, first giving them Potidæa and several other places, is really beyond description. Now he is enticing the Thebans by giving up to them Bœotia, and delivering them from a toilsome and vexatious war. Each of these people did get a certain advantage; but some of them have suffered what all the world knows; others will suffer whatever may hereafter befall them. As for you, I recount not all that has been taken from you, but how shamefully have you been treated and despoiled! Why is it that Philip deals so differently with you and with others? Because yours is the only state in Greece in which the privilege is allowed of speaking for the enemy, and a citizen taking a bribe may safely address the Assembly, though you have been robbed of your dominions. It was not safe at Olynthus to be Philip's advocate, unless the Olynthian commonalty had shared the advantage by possession of Potidæa. It was not safe in Thessaly to be Philip's advocate, unless the people of Thessaly had secured the advantage by Philip's expelling their tyrants and restoring the Synod at Pylæ. It was not safe in Thebes, until he gave up Bœotia to them and destroyed the Phocians. Yet at Athens, though Philip has deprived you of Amphipolis and the territory round Cardia — nay, is making Eubœa a fortress as a check upon us, and is advancing to attack Byzantium — it is safe to speak in Philip's behalf.

JUSTIFICATION OF HIS PATRIOTIC POLICY

I AFFIRM that if the future had been apparent to us all — if you, Æschines, had foretold it and proclaimed it at the top of your voice instead of preserving total silence — nevertheless the State ought not to have deviated from her course, if she had regard to her own honor, the traditions of the past, or the judgment of posterity. As it is, she is looked upon as having failed in her policy — the common lot of all mankind when such is the will of heaven; but if, claiming to be the foremost state of Greece, she had deserted her post, she would have incurred the reproach of betraying Greece to Philip. If we had abandoned without a struggle all which our forefathers braved every danger to win, who would not have spurned you, Æschines? How could we have looked in the face the strangers who flock to our city, if things had reached their present pass — Philip the chosen leader and lord of all — while others without our assistance had borne the struggle to avert this consummation? We! who have never in times past preferred inglorious safety to peril in the path of honor. Is there a Greek or a barbarian who does not know that Thebes at the height of her power, and Sparta before her — ay, and even the King

of Persia himself — would have been only too glad to compromise with us, and that we might have had what we chose, and possessed our own in peace, had we been willing to obey orders and to suffer another to put himself at the head of Greece? But it was not possible — it was not a thing which the Athenians of those days could do. It was against their nature, their genius, and their traditions; and no human persuasion could induce them to side with a wrong-doer because he was powerful, and to embrace subjection because it was safe. No; to the last our country has fought and jeopardized herself for honor and glory and pre-eminence. A noble choice, in harmony with your national character, as you testify by your respect for the memories of your ancestors who have so acted. And you are in the right; for who can withhold admiration from the heroism of the men who shrank not from leaving their city and their fatherland, and embarking in their war-ships, rather than submit to foreign dictation? Why, Themistocles, who counseled this step, was elected general; and the man who counseled submission was stoned to death — and not he only, for his wife was stoned by your wives, as he was by you. The Athenians of those days went not in quest of an orator or a general who could help them to prosperous slavery; but they scorned life itself, if it were not the life of freedom. Each of them regarded himself as the child not only of his father and of his mother, but of his country; and what is the difference? He who looks on himself as merely the child of his parents, awaits death in the ordinary course of nature; while he who looks on himself as the child also of his country, will be ready to lay down his life rather than see her enslaved. . . .

Do I take credit to myself for having inspired you with sentiments worthy of your ancestors? Such presumption would expose me to the just rebuke of every man who hears me. What I maintain is, that these very sentiments are your own; that the spirit of Athens was the same before my time — though I do claim to have had a share in the application of these principles to each successive crisis. Æschines, therefore, when he impeaches our whole policy, and seeks to exasperate you against me as the author of all your alarms and perils, in his anxiety to deprive me of present credit is really laboring to rob you of your everlasting renown. If by your vote against Ctesiphon you condemn my policy, you will pronounce yourselves to have been in the wrong instead of having suffered what has befallen you through the cruel injustice of fortune. But it cannot be; you have not been in the wrong, men of Athens, in doing battle for the freedom and salvation of all: I swear it by your forefathers, who bore the battle's brunt at Marathon; by those who stood in arms at Plataea; by those who fought the sea fight at Salamis; by the heroes of Artemisium, and many more whose resting-place in our national monuments attests that, as our country buried, so she honored, all alike — victors and vanquished. She was right; for what brave men could do, all did, though a higher power was master of their fate.

CLEANTHES

CLEANTHES, the immediate successor of Zeno, the founder of Stoicism, was born at Assos, in the Troad, in 331 B.C. Of his early life we know nothing, except that he was for a time a prize-fighter. About the age of thirty he came to Athens with almost no money, and entered the school of Zeno, where he remained for some nineteen years. At one time the Court of Areopagus, not seeing how he could make an honest livelihood, summoned him to appear before it and give an account of himself. He did so, bringing with him his employers, who proved that he spent much of the night in carrying water for gardens, or in kneading dough. The court, filled with admiration, offered him a pension, which he refused by the advice of his master, who thought self-dependence and endurance an essential part of education. Cleanthes' mind was slow of comprehension but extremely retentive; like a hard tablet, Zeno said, which retains clearest and longest what is written on it. He was not an original thinker, but the loftiness of his character and his strong religious feeling gave him an authority which no other member of the school could claim. For many years head of the Stoa, he reached the ripe age of ninety-nine, when, falling sick, he refused to take food, and died of voluntary starvation in 232 B.C. Long afterwards, the Roman Senate caused a statue to be erected to his memory in his native town. Almost the only writing of his that has come down to us is his noble hymn to the Supreme Being.

HYMN TO ZEUS

MOST glorious of all the Undying, many-named, girt round with
awe!
Jove, author of Nature, applying to all things the rudder of
law —

Hail! Hail! for it justly rejoices the races whose life is a span
To lift unto thee their voices — the Author and Framers of man.
For we are thy sons; thou didst give us the symbols of speech at our birth,
Alone of the things that live, and mortal move upon earth.
Wherefore thou shalt find me extolling and ever singing thy praise;
Since thee the great Universe, rolling on its path round the world, obeys: —
Obeys thee, wherever thou guidest, and gladly is bound in thy bands,
To thy mighty ministering servant, the bolt of the thunder, that flies,

Two-edged, like a sword, and fervent, that is living and never dies.
All nature, in fear and dismay, doth quake in the path of its stroke,
What time thou preparest the way for the one Word thy lips have spoke,
Which blends with lights smaller and greater, which pervadeth and thrilleth
all things,

So great is thy power and thy nature — in the Universe Highest of Kings!
On earth, of all deeds that are done, O God! there is none without thee;
In the holy ether not one, nor one on the face of the sea,
Save the deeds that evil men, driven by their own blind folly, have planned;
But things that have grown uneven are made even again by thy hand;
And things unseemly grow seemly, the unfriendly are friendly to thee;
For so good and evil supremely thou hast blended in one by decree.
For all thy decree is one ever — a Word that endureth for aye,
Which mortals, rebellious, endeavor to flee from and shun to obey —
Ill-fated, that, worn with proneness for the lordship of goodly things,
Neither hear nor behold, in its oneness, the law that divinity brings;
Which men with reason obeying, might attain unto glorious life,
No longer aimlessly straying in the paths of ignoble strife.
There are men with a zeal unblest, that are wearied with following of fame,
And men with a baser quest, that are turned to lucre and shame.
There are men too that pamper and pleasure the flesh with delicate stings:
All these desire beyond measure to be other than all these things.
Great Jove, all-giver, dark-clouded, great Lord of the thunderbolt's breath!
Deliver the men that are shrouded in ignorance dismal as death.
O Father! dispel from their souls the darkness, and grant them the light
Of reason, thy stay, when the whole wide world thou rulest with might,
That we, being honored, may honor thy name with the music of hymns,
Extolling the deeds of the Donor, unceasing, as rightly beseems
Mankind; for no worthier trust is awarded to God or to man
Than forever to glory with justice in the law that endures and is One.

CALLIMACHUS

CALLIMACHUS, the most learned of poets, was the son of Battus and Mesatme of Cyrene, and a disciple of Hermocrates the grammarian. It is in this calling that we first hear of Callimachus, when he was a teacher at Alexandria. Here he counted among his pupils Apollonius Rhodius, author of the 'Argonautica,' and Eratosthenes, who knew geography and geometry so well that he measured the circumference of the earth. Callimachus was in fact one of those erudite poets and men of letters whom the gay Alexandrians who thronged the court of Ptolemy Philadelphus called "The Pleiades." Apollonius Rhodius, Aratus, Theocritus, Lycophron, Nicander, and Homer son of Macro were the other six. The king made him chief custodian over the stores of precious books at Alexandria. These libraries Julius Cæsar partially burned by accident a century later, and Bishop Theophilus and his mob of Christian zealots totally destroyed some three centuries later. The world has not ceased mourning for this irreparable loss of the choicest fruits of the human spirit.

Of all these manuscripts Callimachus was made curator about the year 260 B.C. Aulus Gellius computes the time in this wise: — "Four hundred ninety years after the founding of Rome, the first Punic war was begun, and not long after, Callimachus, the poet of Cyrene in Alexandria, flourished at the court of King Ptolemy."

The number of Callimachus' works, which are reported to have reached eight hundred, testifies to his popularity in the Alexandrian period. It contradicts also the maxim ascribed to him, that "a great book is a great evil." Among the prose works which would have enriched our knowledge of literature and history was his history of Greek literature in one hundred and twenty books. Among his works was a book on the Museum and the schools connected with it, with records of illustrious educators and of the books they had written.

It is his poetry that has in the main survived, and yet as Ovid says — calling him Battiades, either from his father's name or from the illustrious founder of his native Cyrene —

Even throughout all lands Battiades' name will be famous;
Though not in genius supreme, yet by his art he excels.

Quintilian, however, says he was the prince of Greek elegiac poets. Of his elegies we have a few fragments, and also the Latin translation by Catullus of the 'Lock of Berenice.' Berenice, the sister and wife of Ptolemy Euergetes,

who succeeded his father Philadelphus in 245 B.C., had sacrificed her hair on the altar of a temple, from which it was subsequently stolen. Callimachus as the court poet sang how the gods had taken the tresses and placed them among the stars. The delicate and humorous 'Rape of the Lock' of Alexander Pope is a repetition of the same fancy.

We have also from Callimachus' hand six hymns to the gods and many epigrams, the latter of which are models of their kind. His lyric hymns are, in reality, epics in little. They are full of information, overloaded with learning; elegant, nervous, and elaborate, rather than easy-flowing, simple, and warm. Many of his epigrams grace the 'Greek Anthology.'

HYMN TO JUPITER

AT Jove's high festival, what song of praise
 Shall we his suppliant adorers sing?
 To whom may we our pæans rather raise
 Than to himself, the great Eternal King,
 Who by his nod subdues each earth-born thing,
 Whose mighty laws the gods themselves obey?
 But whether Crete first saw the Father spring,
 Or on Lycæus' mount he burst on day,
 My soul is much in doubt, for both that praise essay.

Some say that thou, O Jove, first saw the morn
 On Cretan Ida's sacred mountain-side;
 Others that thou in Arcady wert born:
 Declare, Almighty Father — which have lied?
 Cretans were liars ever: in their pride
 Have they built up a sepulcher for thee;
 As if the King of gods and men had died,
 And borne the lot of frail mortality.
 No! thou hast ever been, and art, and aye shalt be.

Thy mother bore thee on Arcadian ground.
 Old Goddess Rhea, on a mountain's height;
 With bristling bramble-thickets all around
 The hallowed spot was curiously dight;
 And now no creature under heaven's light,
 From lovely woman down to things that creep,
 In need of Ilithyia's holy rite,
 May dare approach that consecrated steep,
 Whose name of Rhea's birth-bed still Arcadians keep.

Fair was the promise of thy childhood's prime.
 Almighty Jove! and fairly wert thou reared:
 Swift was thy march to manhood: ere thy time
 Thy chin was covered by the manly beard;
 Though young in age, yet wert thou so revered
 For deeds of prowess prematurely done,
 That of thy peers or elders none appeared
 To claim his birthright; — heaven was all thine own,
 Nor dared fell Envy point her arrows at thy throne.

Poets of old do sometimes lack of truth;
 For Saturn's ancient kingdom, as they tell,
 Into three parts was split, as if forsooth
 There were a doubtful choice 'twixt Heaven and Hell
 To one not fairly mad; — we know right well
 That lots are cast for more equality;
 But these against proportion so rebel
 That naught can equal her discrepancy;
 If one must lie at all — a lie like truth for me!

No chance gave thee the sovranty of heaven;
 But to the deeds thy good right hand had done,
 And thine own strength and courage, was it given;
 These placed thee first, still keep thee on thy throne.
 Thou took'st the goodly eagle for thine own,
 Through whom to men thy wonders are declared;
 To me and mine propitious be they shown!
 Through thee by youth's best flower is heaven shared —
 Seamen and warriors heed'st thou not, nor e'en the bard:

These be the lesser gods' divided care —
 But kings, great Jove, are thine especial dower;
 They rule the land and sea; they guide the war —
 What is too mighty for a monarch's power?
 By Vulcan's aid the stalwart armorers shower
 Their sturdy blows — warriors to Mars belong —
 And gentle Dian ever loves to pour
 New blessings on her favored hunter throng —
 While Phœbus aye directs the true-born poet's song.

But monarchs spring from Jove — nor is there aught
 So near approaching Jove's celestial height,
 As deeds by heav'n-elected monarchs wrought.
 Therefore, O Father, kings are thine of right,

And thou hast set them on a noble height
 Above their subject cities; and thine eye
 Is ever on them, whether they delight
 To rule their people in iniquity,
 Or by sound government to raise their name on high.

Thou hast bestowed on all kings wealth and power,
 But not in equal measure — this we know,
 From knowledge of our own great Governor,
 Who stands supreme of kings on earth below.
 His morning thoughts his nights in action show,
 His less achievements when designed are done
 While others squander years in counsels slow;
 Not rarely when the mighty seeds are sown,
 Are all their air-built hopes by thee, great Jove, o'erthrown.

All hail, Almighty Jove! who givest to men
 All good, and wardest off each evil thing.
 Oh, who can hymn thy praise? he hath not been
 Nor shall he be, that poet who may sing
 In fitting strain thy praises — father, King,
 All hail! thrice hail! we pray to thee, dispense
 Virtue and wealth to us, wealth varying —
 For virtue's naught, mere virtue's no defense;
 Then send us virtue hand in hand with competence.

Translated by Fitz-James T. Price

EPIGRAM

[Admired and Paraphrased by Horace]

THE hunter in the mountains every roe
 And every hare pursues through frost and snow,
 Tracking their footsteps. But if some one say,
 "See, here's a beast struck down," he turns away.
 Such is *my* love: I chase the flying game,
 And pass with coldness the self-offering dame.

EPITAPH ON HERACLITUS

THEY told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead;
 They brought me bitter news to hear, and bitter tears I shed.
 I wept, as I remembered how often you and I
 Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
 A handful of gray ashes, long, long ago at rest,
 Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
 For Death he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

Translated by William Johnson

EPITAPH

WOULD that swift ships had never been; for so
 We ne'er had wept for Sopolis: but he
 Dead on the waves now drifts; whilst we must go
 Past a void tomb, a mere name's mockery.

Translated by John Addington Symonds

THE MISANTHROPE

SAY, honest Timon, now escaped from light,
 Which do you most abhor, or that or night?
 "Man, I most hate the gloomy shades below,
 And that because in them are more of you."

EPITAPH UPON HIMSELF

CALLIMACHUS takes up this part of earth,
 A man much famed for poesy and mirth.

Translated by William Dodd

THEOCRITUS

THE great age of Greek poetry had come to an end long before the extinction of Greek freedom by the Macedonian conquest. The epic, the lyric, and the drama had been successively brought to perfection before the close of the age of Pericles. A century followed in which intellectual interest was absorbed in the conquest of the fascinating art of prose. But an age of great prose has to pay the price of being prosaic. In the hundred years between Pericles and Alexander, poetry dried up at its fountains, and became an academic art based on older models. Fifty years later, when prose itself had been struck with the same academic languor, Greek poetry put forth its last lovely and delicate blossom in the pastorals of Theocritus.

The time was one of great learning and luxury. Greek culture, following the conquests of Alexander, had spread in a broad shallow tide over the whole of the countries fringing the eastern Mediterranean. The wealth of the East flowed into Europe through Egypt and Syria. At the other end of the Greek world, the states of Magna Græcia were in fierce competition with Carthage for the control of the immense commerce of Sicily. The guidance of public affairs had, in the new epoch of trained professional armies, passed into the hands of a small hierarchy of military administrators. Politics, for so long the absorbing passion of the Greek cities, were ceasing to exist. Relieved from the long strain of political excitement, men's minds fell back on Nature and Art as the two great springs of life. They had hardly realized till then what treasures each had to offer; nor is it easy for us to realize how entirely the life of ancient Greece is colored, to our eyes, by a sentiment which only arose when that life was becoming absorbed in other forms. To see the beauty of nature afresh through a medium of enriched artistic tradition was the last task achieved by the Alexandrian poets; when, with a pathetic insincerity, they turned back to the simple life they had left behind, and lavished all their ornament on the portraiture of the plowmen, shepherds, or fishermen, who were already becoming the serf-population of the Roman Empire.

As to the life of Theocritus, the most eminent of the Greek pastoral poets, nothing is known beyond what may be gathered from his poems. He was a Syracusan by birth. The idyls show intimate knowledge not only of eastern Sicily, but of the Greek states on the coast of southern Italy. But his education was acquired, and much of his life spent, at the court of Alexandria, which then, under the enlightened despotism of Ptolemy II, was the intellectual center of the Greek world. In later life he probably returned to Syracuse; and the sixteenth idyl, addressed to King Hiero soon after his

accession to the throne in 270 B.C., gives the only approximately certain date among his poems. Before Hiero's long reign ended, the axis of the world had shifted, and Ennius and Plautus were writing at Rome.

The poems—which have come down to us in substantial integrity from a collection of the pastoral poets formed some fifty years after the death of Theocritus—while they vary much in subject and manner, have a common quality which was well understood by the critics who gave them the name of *Idyllia*. The name, which seems to have been coined for this specific purpose, is formed from a word which, originally signifying *visible form or shape*, took in later Greek (like its Latin equivalent *species*) the senses of physical beauty, of particular form, and (by curious reversion from the abstract to the concrete) of any rare and costly kind of merchandise—the sense preserved to the present day in the English word *spices*. The book of idyls might be thought of, then, as a collection of select masterpieces of workmanship on a small scale; a casket of finely wrought jewels, one might say (like the 'Émaux' et Camées' of Théophile Gautier), or of spices remarkable for their rarity and richness. They were distinguished on the one hand, by their small scale, from the larger traditional forms of poetry headed by the epic; on the other, by their lavish ornament, from the class of minor poetry known as the epigram, the essence of which was a studied and grave simplicity. The pastoral is only one form out of several which the idyl may take; and in fact the Theocritean idyls include, besides the pastorals, specimens of at least four other manners: the epic idyl, in which a single incident from one of the heroic subjects is told separately and with great elaboration; the dramatic idyl, in which the same method of treatment is applied to a scene from a comedy; the lyric idyl, where (as in Shakespeare's sonnets) the poet speaks in his own person, but in the enriched idyllic manner; and the occasional idyl, of which one charming specimen survives in the poem Theocritus wrote to go with the present of an ivory spindle to his friend Theugenis, the wife of a celebrated physician of the time, and the happy mistress of one of those lovely Greek homes which gathered up in themselves all that was best in the ancient world.

It is, however, on the pure pastoral that the main fame of Theocritus rests: and his shepherds, fishermen, and country girls, studied directly from nature and yet moving in an atmosphere of highly idealized art, have remained ever since the model for pastoral poets: for his own successors in Greek poetry, for Vergil and the Latins, and through Vergil for the literature of modern Europe. To trace the history of the pastoral since Theocritus would be out of place here; but it is important to remember that Theocritus not only invented but perfected it, and that later variations involved no substantial change—with the exception of that unhappy craze for allegory from which Vergil is not wholly free, and which is scarcely ever absent from the pastoral of later centuries.

From this allegorical tendency the Greek temper—and Theocritus, though

a Sicilian writing in Egypt, is still a Greek — was instinctively averse. The Greek purity of line is as dominant in him as in Homer or Sophocles; and it is this quality which gives the idyls poetical value even when their subject is coarse or trifling. For the full appreciation of what is meant by the Greek pastoral, the first idyl, the 'Thyrsis,' may be taken as a canon. It includes in itself the whole range of the idyllic feeling, in language whose movement and grace are without a fault. Though it is the first known instance of a pastoral poem, the "bucolic Muse" is spoken of as already a familiar thing; and indeed long preparation must have been required before the note struck in the first line — nay, in the first word — could be struck with such clear certainty. "Sweet and low" (so we may render the effect of that untranslatable opening cadence), the new Muse, with flushed serious face and bright blown hair, comes from the abandoned haunts of an older world in Thessaly or Arcadia; and on the slopes of Ætna, among pine and oak, where the Dorian water gushes through rocky lawns, finds a new and lovelier home. The morning freshness of the mountain mingles with the clear sad vision that she brings with her from older Greece. "Tomorrow I will sing to you still sweeter," are the last words of Thyrsis: so Greek poetry might have said when yet in its youth; but the goatherd bids him sing, with the melancholy encouragement, "since thou wilt not keep a song where the Dark Realm brings forgetfulness."

This graver note, however, only comes as an undertone; while the delicate beauty of the world to still unclouded senses fills the idyls throughout. "Light and sweet," says Theocritus once of poetry in his own person, "light and sweet it is, but not easy to find." More especially is this so when the idyls touch on the deeper emotions. In two instances Theocritus, keeping all the while this light sweet touch, has given to love in two of its most intense phases an expression all but unequaled in the ancient world. The story of the fiery growth of love, told by the deserted girl of the second idyl all alone in the flooding moonlight, still comes as fresh to us as a tale of today; and even more remarkable is the strange half-mystical passion of the twelfth idyl (called 'Aïtes,' or 'The Passionate Pilgrim' as we might render the word into Elizabethan English), with its extraordinary likeness in thought and expression to the Shakespearean sonnets, and the sense throughout it, as in the sonnets, of the immortality that verse alone gives.

These two poems are the type of one side of the Theocritean idyl; the other, and one equally permanent in its truth and beauty, is represented by the descriptive poems of country life, with their frank realism and keen delight in simple country pleasures. In the stifling streets of Alexandria, Theocritus must have turned back with a sort of passion to the fresh hill-pastures he had known as a boy, with the blue sea gleaming far down through the chestnut woods. There lay his true home; and in one idyl, by a beautiful intricacy of imagination, he heightens the remembrance of a summer day spent in that beautiful country-side by a dream of two wanderers — one among polar

snows, one far among the rocks of the burning Sudan, where the Nile lies sunk beyond the northern horizon. The songs of the reapers in the eleventh idyl are genuine folk-poetry, such as was already sung in Greek harvest-fields in the heroic age, and continues to this day in the less sophisticated parts of modern Greece. The rustic banter of the fourth, where the scene is in southern Italy, has in it the germs not only of the artificial Latin eclogue, but of the provincial comedy native to all parts of Italy. The fourteenth — even more remarkable in its truth to nature — is, with all its poetical charm, almost a literal transcript of a piece of that dull life of the Greek peasant-proprietary which kept driving its young men to drink or into the army; while the speech and manners of the same social class in the great towns are drawn with as light and sure a touch in the fifteenth idyl, the celebrated ‘Adonia-zusæ’ — the brilliant sketch of the “bank holiday” spent by two Syracusan women settled in Alexandria.

Such was the external world in which Theocritus moved. The inner world of his poetry, by which his final value has to be estimated, can only reveal itself through the poems themselves; but a few notes of his style may be pointed out to indicate his relation on the one hand to the earlier Greek classics, on the other to a more modern and romantic art. Amid all the richness of his ornament, it retains the inimitable Greek simplicity, that quality which so often makes translations from the Greek seem bare and cold. But the romantic sense of beauty, in which he is the precursor of Vergil and the Latins, is something which on the whole is new: and new too is a certain keenness of perception towards delicate or evanescent phases of nature, shown sometimes in single phrases like the “sea-green dawn,” in which he anticipates Shelley; sometimes in a wonderfully expanded Tennysonian simile; and habitually in the remarkable faculty of composition and selection which give a perennial freshness and charm to his landscapes. And together with this natural romanticism, as we may call it, is the literary romanticism which he shares with the other Alexandrian poets. The idyls addressed to Hiero and Ptolemy give a vivid picture of the position which literature held at this period, in the enormously enlarged world where “the rain from heaven makes the wheat-fields grow on ten thousand continents.” Satiety had followed over-production: “Homer is enough,” became the cry of critics; and to many it seemed better (in the phrase Tennyson borrowed from Theocritus) “to be born to labor and the mattock-hardened hand” than to woo further the Muses, who sat now “with heads sunk on chill nerveless knees.” To bring a new flush into these worn faces; to renew, if but for a little, the brightness of poetry and the joy of song; to kindle a light at which Vergil should fire the torch for the world to follow — this was the achievement of Theocritus: nor is it without fitness that the bucolic hexameter, the lovely and fragile meter of the idyls, should be a modification of the same verse in which Homer had embodied the morning glory of the Greek spirit. “With a backward look

even of five hundred courses of the sun," the idyls close, in lingering cadences, the golden age of poetry which opened with the Iliad.

The selections which follow are chosen with the view of giving the spirit of the idyls in its most heightened form; and a few of the most characteristic of the Theocritean epigrams are added to show his mastery of a peculiarly Greek form of poetry which is distinct from the idyllic.

J. W. MACKAIL

THE SONG OF THYRSIS

BEGIN, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

Thyrsis of Ætna am I, and this is the voice of Thyrsis.

Where, ah! where were ye when Daphnis was languishing; ye Nymphs, where were ye? By Peneus' beautiful dells, or by dells of Pindus? for surely ye dwelt not by the great stream of the river Anapus, nor on the watch-tower of Ætna, nor by the sacred water of Acis.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

For him the jackals, for him the wolves did cry; for him did even the lion out of the forest lament. Kine and bulls by his feet right many, and heifers plenty, with the young calves, bewailed him.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

Came Hermes first from the hill, and said, "Daphnis, who is it that torments thee; child, whom dost thou love with so great desire?" The neatherds came, and the shepherds; the goatherds came: all they asked what ailed him. Came also Priapus—

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

And said: "Unhappy Daphnis, wherefore dost thou languish, while for thee the maiden by all the fountains, through all the glades, is fleeting in search of thee? Ah! thou art too laggard a lover, and thou nothing availest! A neatherd wert thou named, and now thou art like the goatherd:

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

"For the goatherd, when he marks the young goats at their pastime, looks on with yearning eyes, and fain would be even as they; and thou, when thou beholdest the laughter of maidens, dost gaze with yearning eyes, for that thou dost not join their dances."

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

Yet these the herdsman answered not again, but he bare his bitter love to the end; yea, to the fated end he bare it.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

Ay, but she too came, the sweetly smiling Cypris; craftily smiling she came, yet keeping her heavy anger; and she spake, saying: "Daphnis, methinks thou didst boast that wouldst throw Love a fall: nay, is it not thyself that hast been thrown by grievous Love?"

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

But to her Daphnis answered again: "Implacable Cypris, Cypris terrible, Cypris of mortals detested, already dost thou deem that my latest sun has set; nay, Daphnis even in Hades shall prove great sorrow to Love.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

"Where it is told how the herdsman with Cypris — Get thee to Ida, get thee to Anchises! There are oak-trees — here only galingale blows; here sweetly hum the bees about the hives!

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

"Thine Adonis, too, is in his bloom; for he herds the sheep and slays the hares, and he chases all the wild beasts. Nay, go and confront Diomedes again, and say, 'The herdsman Daphnis I conquered: do thou join battle with me.'

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

"Ye wolves, ye jackals, and ye bears in the mountain caves, farewell! The herdsman Daphnis ye never shall see again, no more in the dells, no more in the groves, no more in the woodlands. Farewell, Arethusa; ye rivers, good-night, that pour down Thymbris your beautiful waters.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

"That Daphnis am I who here do herd the kine, Daphnis who water here the bulls and calves.

"O Pan, Pan! whether thou art on the high hills of Lycæus, or rangest mighty Mænalus, haste hither to the Sicilian isle! Leave the tomb of Helice, leave that high cairn of the son of Lycaon, which seems wondrous fair, even in the eyes of the blessed.

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

"Come hither, my prince, and take this fair pipe, honey-breathed with wax-stopped joints; and well it fits thy lip: for verily I, even I, by Love am now haled to Hades.

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

"Now violets bear, ye brambles; ye thorns, bear violets; and let fair narcissus bloom on the boughs of juniper! Let all things with all be confounded; — from pines let men gather pears, for Daphnis is dying! Let the stag drag down the hounds, let owls from the hills contend in song with the nightingales."

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

So Daphnis spake, and ended; but fain would Aphrodite have given him back to life. Nay, spun was all the thread that the Fates assigned; and Daphnis went down into the stream. The whirling wave closed over the man the Muses loved, the man not hated of the nymphs.

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

THE LOVE OF SIMÆTHA .

From the Second Idyl

DELPHIS troubled me, and I against Delphis am burning this laurel; and even as it crackles loudly when it has caught the flame, and suddenly is burned up, and we see not even the dust thereof — lo, even thus may the flesh of Delphis waste in the burning!

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Even as I melt this wax, with the god to aid, so speedily may he by love be molten, the Myndian Delphis! And as whirls this brazen wheel, so restless, under Aphrodite's spell, may he turn and turn about my doors.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love! . . .

Three times do I pour libation, and thrice, my Lady Moon, I speak this spell: — Be it with a friend that he lingers, be it with a leman he lies, may he as clean forget them as Theseus, of old, in Dia — so legends tell — did utterly forget the fair-tressed Ariadne.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Coltsfoot is an Arcadian weed that maddens, on the hills, the young stallions and fleet-footed mares. Ah! even as these may I see Delphis; and to this house of mine may he speed like a madman, leaving the bright palæstra.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

This fringe from his cloak Delphis lost; that now I shred and cast into the cruel flame. Ah, ah, thou torturing Love, why clingest thou to me like a leech of the fen, and drainest all the black blood from my body?

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Lo, I will crush an eft, and a venomous draught tomorrow I will bring thee!

But now, Thestylis, take these magic herbs and secretly smear the juice on the jambs of his gate (whereat, even now, my heart is captive, though nothing he recks of me), and spit and whisper, "'Tis the bones of Delphis that I smear" . . .

The Thracian servant of Theucharidas — my nurse that is but lately dead, and who then dwelt at our doors — besought me and implored me to come and see the show. And I went with her, wretched woman that I am, clad about in a fair and sweeping linen stole, over which I had thrown the holiday dress of Clearista.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

Lo! I was now come to the mid-point of the highway, near the dwelling of Lycon, and there I saw Delphis and Eudamippus walking together. Their beards were more golden than the golden flowers of the ivy; their breasts (they coming fresh from the glorious wrestler's toil) were brighter of sheen than thyself, Selene!

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

Even as I looked I loved, loved madly, and all my heart was wounded, woe is me! and my beauty began to wane. No more heed took I of that show, and how I came home I know not; but some parching fever utterly overthrew me, and I lay abed ten days and ten nights.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

THE HARVEST FEAST

The Seventh Idyl

[The poet, making his way through the noonday heat with two friends to a harvest feast, meets the goatherd Lycidas. To humor the poet, Lycidas sings a love song of his own; and the other replies with verses about the passion of Aratus, the famous writer of didactic verse. After a courteous parting from Lycidas, the poet and his two friends repair to the orchard, where Demeter is being gratified with the first-fruits of harvest and vintaging.

In this idyl, Theocritus, speaking of himself by the name of Simichidas, alludes to his teachers in poetry, and perhaps to some of the literary quarrels of the time. The scene is in the isle of Cos.]

IT fell upon a time when Eucritus and I were walking from the city to the Hales water, and Amyntas was the third in our company. The harvest feast of Deo was then being held by Phrasidemus and Antigeneſ, two ſons of Lycopeus (if aught there be of noble and old deſcent), whoſe lineage dates from Clytia, and Chalcon himſelf — Chalcon, beneath whoſe foot the fountain ſprang, the well of Buriné. He ſet his knee ſtoutly againſt the rock, and ſtraightway by the ſpring poplars and elm-trees ſhewed a ſhadowy glade; arched overhead they grew, and pleached with leaves of green. We had not yet reached the mid-point of the way, nor was the tomb of Brasiſas yet riſen upon our ſight, when — thanks be to the Muſes — we met a certain wayfarer, the beſt of men, a Cydonian. Lycidas was his name, a goat-herd was he, nor could any that ſaw him have taken him for other than he was, for all about him beſpoke the goatherd. Stripped from the rougheſt of he-goats was the tawny ſkin he wore on his ſhoulders, the ſmell of rennet clinging to it ſtill; and about his breaſt an old cloak was buckled with a plaited belt, and in his right hand he carried a crooked ſtaff of wild olive: and quietly he accoſted me, with a ſmile, a twinkling eye, and a laugh ſtill on his lips: —

“Simichidas, whither, pray, through the noon doſt thou trail thy feet, when even the very lizard on the rough ſtone wall is ſleeping, and the creſted larks no longer fare afield? Art thou haſtening to a feaſt, a bidden gueſt, or art thou for treading a townsman’s wine-pret? For ſuch is thy ſpeed that every ſtone upon the way ſpins ſinging from thy boots!”

“Dear Lycidas,” I answered him, “they all ſay that thou among herdſmen — yea, and reapers — art far the chiefeſt flute-player. In ſooth this greatly rejoices our hearts; and yet, to my conceit, meſeems I can vie with thee. But as to this journey, we are going to the harveſt feaſt: for look you, ſome friends of ours are paying a feſtival to fair-robed Demeter, out of the firſt-fruits of their increaſe; for verily in rich meaſure has the goდეſs filled their thręſhing-floor with barley grain. But come, for the way and the day are thine alike and mine; come, let us vie in paſtoral ſong: perchance each will make the other delight. For I too am a clear-voiced mouth of the Muſes, and they all call me the beſt of minſtrels: but I am not ſo credulous; no, by Earth! for to my mind I cannot as yet conquer in ſong that great Sicelidas, the Samian — nay, nor yet Philetas. ’Tis a match of frog againſt cicala!”

So I ſpoke, to win my end; and the goatherd with his ſweet laugh ſaid: “I give thee this ſtaff, becauſe thou art a ſapling of Zeus, and in thee is no guile. For as I hate your builders that try to raiſe a houſe as high as the mountain ſummit of Oromedon, ſo I hate all birds of the Muſes that vainly toil with their cackling notes againſt the Minſtrel of Chios! But come, Simichidas, without more ado let us begin the paſtoral ſong. And I — nay:

see, friend, if it please thee at all, this ditty that I lately fashioned on the mountain-side! ”

THE SONG OF LYCIDAS

Fair voyaging befall Ageanax to Mitylene, both when the Kids are westering, and the south wind the wet waves chases, and when Orion holds his feet above the Ocean! Fair voyaging betide him, if he saves Lycidas from the fire of Aphrodite; for hot is the love that consumes me.

The halcyons will lull the waves, and lull the deep, and the south wind, and the east, that stirs the seaweeds on the farthest shores — the halcyons that are dearest to the green-haired mermaids, of all the birds that take their prey from the salt sea. Let all things smile on Ageanax to Mitylene sailing, and may he come to a friendly haven. And I, on that day, will go crowned with anise, or with a rosy wreath, or a garland of white violets; and the fine wine of Ptelea I will dip from the bowl as I lie by the fire, while one shall roast beans for me in the embers. And elbow-deep shall the flowery bed be thickly strown, with fragrant leaves and with asphodel, and with curled parsley; and softly will I drink, toasting Ageanax with lips clinging fast to the cup, and draining it even to the lees.

Two shepherds shall be my flute-players — one from Acharnæ, one from Lycope; and hard by, Tityrus shall sing how the herdsman Daphnis once loved a strange maiden, and how on the hill he wandered, and how the oak-trees sang his dirge — the oaks that grow by the banks of the river Himeras — while he was wasting like any snow under high Hæmus, or Athos, or Rhodope, or Caucasus at the world's end.

And he shall sing how, once upon a time, the great chest prisoned the living goatherd, by his lord's infatuate and evil will; and how the blunt-faced bees, as they came up from the meadow to the fragrant cedar chest, fed him with food of tender flowers, because the Muse still dropped sweet nectar on his lips.

O blessed Comatas, surely these joyful things befell thee, and thou wast inclosed within the chest, and feeding on the honey-comb through the spring-time didst thou serve out thy bondage. Ah, would that in my days thou hadst been numbered with the living! how gladly on the hills would I have herded thy pretty she-goats, and listened to thy voice, whilst thou, under oaks or pine-trees lying, didst sweetly sing, divine Comatas!

THE SONG OF SIMICHIDAS

For Simichidas the Loves have sneezed; for truly the wretch loves Myrto as dearly as goats love the spring. But Aratus, far the dearest of my friends, deep, deep in his heart he keeps Desire — and Aratus' love is young! Aristis knows it, an honorable man — nay, of men the best, whom even Phæbus would permit to stand and sing, lyre in hand, by his tripods. Aristis knows

how deeply love is burning Aratus to the bone. Ah, Pan, thou lord of the beautiful plain of Homole — bring, I pray thee, the darling of Aratus unbidden to his arms, whoso'er it be that he loves. If this thou dost, dear Pan, then never may the boys of Arcady flog thy sides and shoulders with stinging herbs, when scanty meats are left them on thine altar. But if thou shouldst otherwise decree, then may all thy skin be frayed and torn with thy nails — yes, and in nettles mayst thou couch! In the hills of the Edonians mayst thou dwell in midwinter-time, by the river Hebrus, close neighbor to the Polar star! But in summer mayst thou range with the uttermost Æthiopians beneath the rock of the Blemyes, whence Nile no more is seen.

And you, leave ye the sweet fountain of Hyetis and Byblis; and ye that dwell in the steep home of golden Dione, ye Loves as rosy as red apples, strike me with your arrows, the desired, the beloved; strike, for that ill-starred one pities not my friend, my host! And yet assuredly the pear is overripe, and the maidens cry, "Alas, alas, thy fair bloom fades away!"

Come, no more let us mount guard by these gates, Aratus, nor wear our feet away with knocking there. Nay, let the crowing of the morning cock give over to the bitter cold of dawn. Let Molon alone, my friend, bear the torment at that school of passion! For us, let us secure a quiet life, and some old crone to spit on us for luck, and so keep all unlovely things away.

Thus I sang, and sweetly smiling as before, he gave me the staff, a pledge of brotherhood in the Muses. Then he bent his way to the left, and took the road to Pyxa, while I and Eucritus, with beautiful Amyntas, turned to the farm of Phrasidemus. There we reclined on deep beds of fragrant lentisk, lowly strown, and rejoicing we lay in new-stript leaves of the vine. And high above our heads waved many a poplar, many an elm-tree, while close at hand the sacred water from the nymphs' own cave welled forth with murmurs musical. On shadowy boughs the burnt cicalas kept their chattering toil, far off the little owl cried in the thick thorn brake, the larks and finches were singing, the ringdove moaned, the yellow bees were flitting about the springs. All breathed the scent of the opulent summer, of the season of fruits; pears at our feet and apples by our sides were rolling plentiful, the tender branches with wild plums laden were earthward bowed, and the four-year-old pitch seal was loosened from the mouth of the wine-jars.

Ye nymphs of Castaly that hold the steep of Parnassus — say, was it ever a bowl like this that old Chiron set before Heracles in the rocky cave of Pholus? Was it nectar like this that beguiled the shepherd to dance and foot it about his folds — the shepherd that dwelt by Anapus on a time, the strong Polyphemus who hurled at ships with mountains? Had these ever such a draught as ye nymphs bade flow for us by the altar of Demeter of the threshing-floor?

Ah, once again may I plant the great fan on her corn-heap, while she stands smiling by, with sheaves and poppies in her hands.

THE FESTIVAL OF ADONIS

[This famous idyl should rather, perhaps, be called a *mimus*. It describes the visit paid by two Syracusan women residing in Alexandria to the festival of the resurrection of Adonis. The festival is given by Arsinoë, wife and sister of Ptolemy Philadelphus; and the poem cannot have been written earlier than his marriage, in 266 (?) B.C. Nothing can be more gay and natural than the chatter of the women, which has changed no more in two thousand years than the song of birds.]

G ORGO. Is Praxinoë at home?

Praxinoë. Dear Gorgo, how long is it since you have been here? She is at home. The wonder is that you have got here at last. Eunoë, see that she has a chair. Throw a cushion on it too.

Gorgo. It does most charmingly as it is.

Praxinoë. Do sit down.

Gorgo. Oh, what a thing spirit is! I have scarcely got to you alive, Praxinoë! What a huge crowd, what hosts of four-in-hands! Everywhere cavalry boots, everywhere men in uniform! And the road is endless: yes, you really live *too* far away!

Praxinoë. It is all the fault of that madman of mine. Here he came to the ends of the earth and took — a hole, not a house, and all that we might not be neighbors. The jealous wretch! always the same, ever for spite!

Gorgo. Don't talk of your husband Dinon like that, my dear girl, before the little boy: look how he is staring at you! Never mind, Zopyrion, sweet child — she is not speaking about papa.

Praxinoë. Our Lady! the child takes notice.

Gorgo. Nice papa!

Praxinoë. That papa of his the other day — we call every day "the other day" — went to get soap and rouge at the shop, and back he came to me with salt — the great big endless fellow!

Gorgo. Mine has the same trick too: a perfect spendthrift, Diocleides! Yesterday he got what he meant for five fleeces, and paid seven shillings apiece for — what do you suppose? dogskins, shreds of old leather wallets, mere trash — trouble on trouble. But come, take your cloak and shawl. Let us be off to the palace of rich Ptolemy the King, to see the Adonis: I hear the Queen has provided something splendid!

Praxinoë. Fine folks do everything finely.

Gorgo. What a tale you will have to tell about the things you have seen, to any one who has not seen them! It seems nearly time to go.

Praxinoë. Idlers have always holiday. Eunoë, bring the water and put it down in the middle of the room, lazy creature that you are. Cats like always to sleep soft! Come, bustle, bring the water; quicker. I want water first; give it me all the same; don't pour out so much, you extravagant thing. Stupid girl! why are you wetting my dress? There, stop, I have washed my hands, as heaven would have it. Where is the key of the big chest? Bring it here.

Gorgo. *Praxinoë*, that full body becomes you wonderfully. Tell me, how much did the stuff cost you just off the loom?

Praxinoë. Don't speak of it, *Gorgo*! More than eight pounds in good silver money — and the work on it! I nearly slaved my soul out over it!

Gorgo. Well, it is *most* successful; all you could wish.

Praxinoë. Thanks for the pretty speech! Bring my shawl, and set my hat on my head the fashionable way. No, child, I don't mean to take you. Boo! Bogies! There's a horse that bites! Cry as much as you please, but I cannot have you lamed. Let us be moving. Phrygia, take the child, and keep him amused; call in the dog, and shut the street door.

[*They go into the street.*]

Ye gods, what a crowd! How on earth are we ever to get through this coil? They are like ants that no one can measure or number. Many a good deed have you done, Ptolemy; since your father joined the immortals, there's never a malefactor to spoil the passer-by, creeping on him in Egyptian fashion — Oh! the tricks those perfect rascals used to play. Birds of a feather, ill jesters, scoundrels all! Dear *Gorgo*, what will become of us? Here come the King's war-horses! My dear man, don't trample on me. Look, the bay's rearing; see, what temper! Eunoë, you foolhardy girl, will you never keep out of the way? The beast will kill the man that's leading him. What a good thing it is for me that my brat stays safe at home!

Gorgo. Courage, *Praxinoë*. We are safe behind them now, and they have gone to their station.

Praxinoë. There! I begin to be myself again. Ever since I was a child I have feared nothing so much as horses and the chilly snake. Come along: the huge mob is overflowing us.

Gorgo [*to an old woman*]. Are you from the court, mother?

Old Woman. I am, my child.

Praxinoë. Is it easy to get there?

Old Woman. The Achæans got into Troy by trying, my prettiest of ladies. Trying will do everything in the long run.

Gorgo. The old wife has spoken her oracles, and off she goes.

Praxinoë. Women know everything, yes; and how Zeus married Hera!

Gorgo. See, *Praxinoë*, what a crowd there is about the doors.

Praxinoë. Monstrous, Gorgo! Give me your hand: and you, Eunoë, catch hold of Eutychis; never lose hold of her, for fear lest you get lost. Let us all go in together; Eunoë, clutch tight to me. Oh, how tiresome, Gorgo: my muslin veil is torn in two already! For heaven's sake, sir, if you ever wish to be fortunate, take care of my shawl!

Stranger. I can hardly help myself, but for all that I will be as careful as I can.

Praxinoë. How close-packed the mob is! they hustle like a herd of swine.

Stranger. Courage, lady: all is well with us now.

Praxinoë. Both this year and forever may all be well with you, my dear sir, for your care of us. A good kind man! We're letting Eunoë get squeezed: come, wretched girl, push your way through. That is the way. We are all on the right side of the door, quoth the bridegroom, when he had shut himself in with his bride.

Gorgo. Do come here, *Praxinoë*. Look first at these embroideries. How light and how lovely! You will call them the garments of the gods.

Praxinoë. Lady Athene! what spinning-women wrought them, what painters designed these drawings, so true they are? How naturally they stand and move, like living creatures, not patterns woven. What a clever thing is man! Ah, and himself — Adonis — how beautiful to behold he lies on his silver couch, with the first down on his cheeks, the thrice-beloved Adonis — Adonis beloved even among the dead.

A Stranger. You weariful women, do cease your endless cooing talk! — They bore one to death with their eternal broad vowels!

Gorgo. Indeed! And where may this person come from? What is it to you if we *are* chatterboxes? Give orders to your own servants, sir. Do you pretend to command ladies of Syracuse? If you must know, we are Corinthians by descent, like Bellerophon himself, and we speak Peloponnesian. Dorian women may lawfully speak Doric, I presume?

Praxinoë. Lady Persephone! never may we have more than one master. I am not afraid of *your* putting me on short commons.

Gorgo. Hush, hush, *Praxinoë*: the Argive woman's daughter, the great singer, is beginning the 'Adonis'; she that won the prize last year for dirge-singing. I am sure she will give us something lovely; see, she is preluding with her airs and graces.

THE PSALM OF ADONIS

O Queen that lovest Golgi, and Idalium, and the steep of Eryx! O Aphrodite that playest with gold! lo, from the stream eternal of Acheron they have brought back to thee Adonis — even in the twelfth month they have brought him, the dainty-footed Hours. Tardiest of the Immortals are the beloved Hours; but dear and desired they come, for always to all mortals they bring

some gift with them. O Cypris, daughter of Dione, from mortal to immortal, so men tell, thou hast changed Berenice, dropping softly in the woman's breast the stuff of immortality.

Therefore, for thy delight, O thou of many names and many temples, doth the daughter of Berenice, even Arsinoë, lovely as Helen, cherish Adonis with all things beautiful.

Before him lie all ripe fruits that the tall trees' branches bear: and the delicate gardens, arrayed in baskets of silver, and the golden vessels, are full of incense of Syria. And all the dainty cakes that women fashion in the kneading-tray, mingling blossoms manifold with the white wheaten flour, all that is wrought of honey sweet, and in soft olive oil, all cakes fashioned in the semblance of things that fly and of things that creep — lo, here they are set before him.

Here are built for him shadowy bowers of green, laden with tender anise; and children flit overhead — the little Loves — as the young nightingales perched upon the trees fly forth and try their wings from bough to bough.

Oh, the ebony; oh, the gold; oh, the twin eagles of white ivory that carry to Zeus the son of Cronos his darling, his cup-bearer! Oh, the purple coverlet strown above, more soft than sleep! So Miletus will say, and whoso feeds sheep in Samos.

Another bed is strown for beautiful Adonis, one bed Cypris keeps, and one the rosy-armed Adonis. A bridegroom of eighteen or nineteen years is he; his kisses are not rough, the golden down being yet upon his lips! And now, good-night to Cypris in the arms of her lover! But lo, in the morning we will all of us gather with the dew, and carry him forth among the waves that break upon the beach; and with locks unloosed, and ungirt raiment falling to the ankles, and bosoms bare, we will begin our shrill sweet song.

Thou only, dear Adonis, so men tell — thou only of the demigods dost visit both this world and the stream of Acheron. For Agamemnon had no such lot; nor Ajax, that mighty lord of the terrible anger; nor Hector, the eldest born of the twenty sons of Hecabe; nor Patroclus; nor Pyrrhus, that returned out of Troyland; nor the heroes of yet more ancient days, the Lapithæ and Deucalion's sons; nor the sons of Pelops, and the chiefs of Pelasgian Argos. Be gracious now, dear Adonis, and propitious even in the coming year. Dear to us has thine advent been, Adonis, and dear shall it be when thou comest again.

Gorgo. Praxinoë, the woman is cleverer than we fancied! Happy woman to know so much; thrice happy to have so sweet a voice. Well, all the same, it is time to be making for home. Diocleides has not had his dinner, and the man is all vinegar — don't venture near him when he is kept waiting for dinner. Farewell, beloved Adonis: may you find us glad at your next coming!

Translations by Andrew Lang

BION

OF Bion, the second of the Sicilian idyllists, of whom Theocritus was the first and Moschus the third and last, but few remains exist. He was born near Smyrna, says Suidas; and from the elegy on his death, attributed to his pupil Moschus, we infer that he lived in Sicily and died there of poison. As Theocritus is also mentioned in the idyl, Bion is supposed to have been his contemporary, and to have flourished about 275 B.C.

Compared with Theocritus, his poetry is inferior in simplicity and naïveté, and declines from the type which Theocritus had established for the outdoor idyl. With Bion, bucolics first took on the air of the study. Although at first this art and affectation were rarely discernible, they finally led to the mold of brass in which for centuries Italian and English pastorals were cast, and later to the complete devitalizing which marks English pastoral poetry in the eighteenth century. Theocritus had sung with genuine feeling of trees and wandering winds, of flowers and the swift mountain stream. His poetry is vital with sunlight, color, and the beauty which is cool and calm and true. Although Bion's poems possess elegance and sweetness, and abound in pleasing imagery, they lack the naturalness of the idyls of Theocritus. Reflection has crept into them; they are in fact love-songs, with here and there a tinge of philosophy.

The most famous as well as the most original of Bion's poems remaining to us is the threnody upon Adonis. The poem is colored by the Eastern nature of its subject, and its rapidity, vehemence, warmth, and unrestraint are greater than the strict canon of Greek art allows. It is noteworthy, aside from its varied beauties, because of its fine abandonment to grief and its appeal for recognition of the merits of the dead youth it celebrates. Bion's threnody has undoubtedly become a criterion and given the form to some of the more famous "songs of tears." The laudatory elegy of Moschus for his master follows it faithfully. Milton in his great ode of 'Lycidas' does not depart from the Greek lines; and Shelley, lamenting Keats in his 'Adonais,' reverts still more closely to the first master, adding perhaps an element of artificiality one does not find in other threnodies. The broken and extended form of Tennyson's celebration of Arthur Hallam takes it out of a comparison with the Greek; but the monody of 'Thyrsis,' Matthew Arnold's commemoration of Clough, approaches nearer the Greek. Yet no other lament has the energy and rapidity of Bion's; the refrain, the insistent repetition of the words "I wail for Adonis" — "Alas for Cypris!" full of pathos and irrepressible woe, is used only by his pupil Moschus, though hinted at by Milton.

THRENODY

I WEEP for Adonaïs — he is dead!
 Dead Adonaïs lies, and mourning all,
 The Loves wail round his fair, low-lying head.
 O Cypris, sleep no more! Let from thee fall
 Thy purple vestments — hear'st thou not the call?
 Let fall thy purple vestments! Lay them by!
 Ah, smite thy bosom, and in sable pall
 Send shivering through the air thy bitter cry
 For Adonaïs dead, while all the Loves reply.

I weep for Adonaïs — weep the Loves.
 Low on the mountains beauteous lies he there,
 And languid through his lips the faint breath moves,
 And black the blood creeps o'er his smooth thigh, where
 The boar's white tooth the whiter flesh must tear.
 Glazed grow his eyes beneath the eyelids wide;
 Fades from his lips the rose, and dies — 'Despair!
 The clinging kiss of Cypris at his side —
 Alas, he knew not that she kissed him as he died!

I wail — responsive wail the Loves with me.
 Ah, cruel, cruel is that wound of thine,
 But Cypris' heart-wound aches more bitterly.
 The Oreads weep; thy faithful hounds low whine;
 But Cytherea's unbound tresses fine
 Float on the wind; where thorns her white feet wound,
 Along the oaken glades drops blood divine.
 She calls her lover; he, all crimsoned round
 His fair white breast with blood, hears not the piteous sound.

Alas! for Cytherea wail the Loves,
 With the beloved dies her beauty too.
 O fair was she, the goddess borne of doves,
 While Adonaïs lived; but now, so true
 Her love, no time her beauty can renew.
 Deep-voiced the mountains mourn; the oaks reply;
 And springs and rivers murmur sorrow through
 The passes where she goes, the cities high;
 And blossoms flush with grief as she goes desolate by.

Alas for Cytherea! he hath died —
 The beauteous Adonaïs, he is dead!
 And Echo sadly back "*is dead*" replied.
 Alas for Cypris! Stooping low her head,
 And opening wide her arms, she piteous said,
 "O stay a little, Adonaïs mine!
 Of all the kisses ours since we were wed,
 But one last kiss, oh, give me now, and twine
 Thine arms close, till I drink the latest breath of thine!

"So will I keep the kiss thou givest me
 E'en as it were thyself, thou only best!
 Since thou, O Adonaïs, far dost flee —
 Oh, stay a little — leave a little rest! —
 And thou wilt leave me, and wilt be the guest
 Of proud Persephone, more strong than I?
 All beautiful obeys her dread behest —
 And I a goddess am, and *cannot* die!
 O thrice-beloved, listen! — mak'st thou no reply?

"Then dies to idle air my longing wild,
 As dies a dream along the paths of night;
 And Cytherea widowed is, exiled
 From love itself; and now — an idle sight —
 The Loves sit in my halls, and all delight
 My charmed girdle moves, is all undone!
 Why wouldst thou, rash one, seek the maddening fight?
 Why, beauteous, wouldst thou not the combat shun?" —
 Thus Cytherea — and the Loves weep, all as one.

Alas for Cytherea! — he is dead.
 Her hopeless sorrow breaks in tears, that rain
 Down over all the fair, beloved head —
 Like summer showers, o'er wind-down-beaten grain;
 They flow as fast as flows the crimson stain
 From out the wound, deep in the stiffening thigh;
 And lo! in roses red the blood blooms fair,
 And where the tears divine have fallen close by,
 Spring up anemones, and stir all tremblingly.

I weep for Adonaïs — he is dead!
 No more, O Cypris, weep thy wooer here!
 Behold a bed of leaves! Lay down his head
 As if he slept — as still, as fair, as dear —

In softest garments let his limbs appear,
 As when on golden couch his sweetest sleep
 He slept the livelong night, thy heart anear;
 Oh, beautiful in death though sad he keep,
 No more to wake when Morning o'er the hills doth creep.

And over him the freshest flowers fling —
 Ah me! all flowers are withered quite away
 And drop their petals wan! yet, perfumes bring
 And sprinkle round, and sweetest balsams lay; —
 Nay, perish perfumes since thine shall not stay!
 In purple mantle lies he, and around,
 The weeping Loves his weapons disarray,
 His sandals loose, with water bathe his wound,
 And fan him with soft wings that move without a sound.

The Loves for Cytherea raise the wail.
 Hymen from quenched torch no light can shake.
 His shredded wreath lies withered all and pale;
 His joyous song, alas, harsh discords break!
 And saddest wail of all, the Graces wake:
 "The beauteous Adonaïs! He is dead!"
 And sigh the Muses, "Stay but for our sake!"
 Yet would he come, Persephone is dead; —
 Cease, Cypris! Sad the days repeat their faithful tread!

Paraphrased by Anna C. Brackett, in *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*

HESPER

HESPER, thou golden light of happy love,
 Hesper, thou holy pride of purple eve,
 Moon among stars, but star beside the moon,
 Hail, friend! and since the young moon sets tonight
 Too soon below the mountains, lend thy lamp
 And guide me to the shepherd whom I love.
 No theft I purpose; no wayfaring man
 Belated would I watch and make my prey:
 Love is my goal; and Love how fair it is,
 When friend meets friend sole in the silent night,
 Thou knowest, Hesper!

MOSCHUS

OF Moschus it is commonly said that he was the disciple of the Alexandrian grammarian, Aristarchus. In this fact we may find the keynote of his poetic manner. For his poems are completely wrought-out and marked by a rare felicity of expression. They are what would naturally be produced by the educated man of poetic feeling, whose eye and ear had been trained by the literary conventions of the greatest critic of his time.

The writer of the 'Elegy on Bion' asserts that he was Bion's pupil; and that while the master left his goods to others, his song he left to him. This relationship would make Moschus — to whom the elegy is commonly assigned — a younger contemporary of both Theocritus and Bion, who flourished about 275 B.C. Although a native of Syracuse, he is said to have lived much at Alexandria.

To him is also commonly ascribed the authorship of 'Love the Runaway,' a poem of exquisite grace after the manner of Anacreon, in which Cypris describes her runaway boy, and offers a reward to the one who will bring him back. Three other idyls and a few slight pieces are also supposed to be his.

But the fame of Moschus rests upon the lament for Bion. It is a poem of only one hundred and thirty-three lines, but withal most elaborate, delicate, and luxuriant in its imagery. All nature laments Bion's death; and this very exuberance and poetic excess have led critics to think the poem forced and affected, as Dr. Johnson pronounced 'Lycidas' to be. But considering that this very element of appeal to nature is in the heart of us all at times of great grief, when the imagination is awakened and the judgment often passive — with this consideration, such elegies are more natural, and direct. Sorrow, which acts physiologically as a stimulus to nerve action, brings out the inconsistency of human nature, and shows that inconsistency to be real consistency. We must abandon ourselves to the writer's attitude of mind in order to apprehend it. It is in the ebb of grief that the poetic impulse comes, not in its full tide. "To publish a sorrow," says Lowell, "is in some sort to advertise its unreality; for I have observed in my intercourse with the afflicted that the deepest grief instinctively hides its face with its hands and is silent. Depend upon it, . . . Petrarch [loved] his sonnets better than Laura, who was indeed but his poetical stalking-horse. After you shall have once heard that muffled rattle of the clods on the coffin-lid of an irreparable loss, you will grow acquainted with a pathos that will make all elegies hateful" — if not hateful, certainly inadequate for expression of the deeper grief of life.

The undoubted model for this idyl of Moschus was Bion's lament for Adonis, which is quoted under the article on Bion. Like that exquisite poem, Moschus' threnody is an outburst over the eternal mystery of death. Death means to us the loss of the departed one from our affectionate association. And above all, with true Greek feeling there is felt the loss to him of all that sweet life held — the piping by the waters, the care of his flock, the soft airs of bucolic Sicily. The song is a touching lamentation upon the giving up of joyous life, and going down to "the senseless earth" and the shades of Orcus.

THE LAMENTATION FOR BION

MOAN with me, moan, ye woods and Dorian waters,
 And weep, ye rivers, the delightful Bion;
 Ye plants, now stand in tears; murmur, ye graves;
 Ye flowers, sigh forth your odors with sad buds;
 Flush deep, ye roses and anemones;
 And more than ever now, O hyacinth, show
 Your written sorrows: the sweet singer's dead.
 Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
 Ye nightingales, that mourn in the thick leaves,
 Tell the Sicilian streams of Arethuse,
 Bion the shepherd's dead; and that with him
 Melody's dead, and gone the Dorian song.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
 Weep on the waters, ye Strymonian swans,
 And utter forth a melancholy song,
 Tender as his whose voice was like your own;
 And say to the Ægrian girls, and say
 To all the nymphs haunting in Bistany,
 The Doric Orpheus is departed from us.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
 No longer pipes he to the charmed herds,
 No longer sits under the lonely oaks
 And sings; but to the ears of Pluto now
 Tunes his Lethean verse: and so the hills
 Are voiceless; and the cows that follow still
 Beside the bulls, low and will not be fed.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
 Apollo, Bion, wept thy sudden fate;
 The Satyrs too, and the Priapuses
 Dark-veiled, and for that song of thine the Pans
 Groaned; and the fountain-nymphs within the woods
 Mourned for thee, melting into tearful waters;
 Echo too mourned among the rocks that she

Must hush, and imitate thy lips no longer;
 Trees and the flowers put off their loveliness;
 Milk flows not as 'twas used; and in the hive
 The honey molders — for there is no need,
 Now that thy honey's gone, to look for more.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
 Not so the dolphins mourned by the salt sea,
 Not so the nightingale among the rocks,
 Not so the swallow over the far downs,
 Not so Ceyx called for his Halcyone,
 Not so in the eastern valleys Memnon's bird
 Screamed o'er his sepulcher for the Morning's son,
 As all have mourned for the departed Bion.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
 Ye nightingales and swallows, every one
 Whom he once charmed and taught to sing at will,
 Plain to each other midst the green tree boughs,
 With other birds o'erhead. Mourn too, ye doves.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
 Who now shall play thy pipe, O most desired one!
 Who lay his lip against thy reeds? who dare it?
 For still they breathe of thee and of thy mouth,
 And Echo comes to seek her voices there.
 Pan's be they, and even he shall fear perhaps
 To sound them, lest he be not first hereafter.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
 And Galatea weeps, who loved to hear thee,
 Sitting beside thee on the calm sea-shore:
 For thou didst play far better than the Cyclops,

And him the fair one shunned: but thee, but thee,
She used to look at sweetly from the water;
But now, forgetful of the deep, she sits
On the lone sands, and feeds thy herd for thee.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
The Muses' gifts all died with thee, O shepherd;
Men's admiration, and sweet woman's kisses.
The Loves about thy sepulcher weep sadly;
For Venus loved thee, much more than the kiss
With which of late she kissed Adonis, dying.
Thou too, O Meles, sweetest voiced of rivers,
Thou too hast undergone a second grief;
For Homer first, that sweet mouth of Calliope,
Was taken from thee; and they say thou mourned'st
For thy great son with many-sobbing streams,
Filling the far-seen ocean with a voice.
And now again thou weepest for a son,
Melting away in misery. Both of them
Were favorites of the fountain-nymphs: one drank
The Pegasean fount, and one his cup
Filled out of Arethuse; the former sang
The bright Tyndarid lass, and the great son
Of Thetis, and Atrides Menelaus;
But he, the other, not of wars or tears
Told us, but intermixed the pipe he played
With songs of herds, and as he sung he fed them;
And he made pipes, and milked the gentle heifer,
And taught us how to kiss, and cherished love
Within his bosom, and was worthy of Venus.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Every renownèd city and every town
Mourns for thee, Bion: Ascra weeps thee more
Than her own Hesiod; the Bœotian woods
Ask not for Pindar so, nor patriot Lesbos
For her Alcæus; nor the Ægean isle
Her poet; nor does Paros so wish back
Archilochus; and Mitylene now,
Instead of Sappho's verses, rings with thine.
All the sweet pastoral poets weep for thee: —
Sicelidas the Samian; Lycidas,
Who used to look so happy; and at Cos,

Philetas; and at Syracuse, Theocritus,
 All in their several dialects; and I,
 I too, no stranger to the pastoral song,
 Sing thee a dirge Ausonian, such as thou
 Taughtest thy scholars, honoring us as all
 Heirs of the Dorian Muse. Thou didst bequeath
 Thy store to others, but to me thy song.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
 Alas! when mallows in the garden die,
 Green parsley, or the crisp luxuriant dill,
 They live again, and flower another year;
 But we, how great soe'er, or strong, or wise,
 When once we die, sleep in the senseless earth
 A long, an endless, unawakable sleep.
 Thou too in earth must be laid silently;
 But the nymphs please to let the frog sing on;
 Nor envy I, for what he sings is worthless.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
 There came, O Bion, poison to thy mouth;
 Thou didst feel poison; how could it approach
 Those lips of thine, and not be turned to sweet!
 Who could be so delightless as to mix it,
 Or bid be mixed, and turn him from thy song!

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
 But justice reaches all; and thus, meanwhile,
 I weep thy fate. And would I could descend
 Like Orpheus to the shades, or like Ulysses,
 Or Hercules before him: I would go
 To Pluto's house, and see if you sang there,
 And hark to what you sang. Play to Proserpina
 Something Sicilian, some delightful pastoral;
 For she once played on the Sicilian shores,
 The shores of Ætna, and sang Dorian songs —
 And so thou wouldst be honored; and as Orpheus
 For his sweet harping had his love again,
 She would restore thee to our mountains, Bion.
 Oh, had I but the power, I, I would do it!

Translated by Leigh Hunt

POLYBIUS

POLYBIUS of Megalopolis in Arcadia ranks as the third Greek historian, Herodotus and Thucydides being first and second. He was also an eminent soldier, statesman, and diplomat. He took the most active part in the conduct of the great Achæan League from 181 B.C. to 168 B.C., as his father Lycortas had done before him, and as Philopœmen had done before Lycortas. By inheritance and by actual experience, Polybius was better qualified than any one else to tell of the great era of Greek federation, and he is our chief authority for this period. When Greek federation yielded to the irresistible advance of the Roman power, Polybius had such an altogether exceptional experience that he was justified in his own eyes, and in the eyes of the best of his countrymen, in allying himself with the Roman power. This exceptional experience was an enforced residence at Rome for seventeen years. During these seventeen years he enjoyed intimate, even affectionate intercourse with some of the most influential Romans of the age, such as Æmilius Paulus, and Scipio Africanus the Younger. He lived in the house of the former, as the instructor of his sons Fabius and Scipio. He stood by the latter's side at the final destruction of Carthage in 147-6 B.C. One year later he returned to his native country, which in his absence and against his advice had rashly revolted from Rome. His influence with prominent Romans mitigated the horrors of the sack of Corinth by Mummius. His last political task was one intrusted to him by the Roman conquerors. It was that of reconciling his defeated countrymen to the Roman rule. He accomplished this delicate task in such a way as to retain the confidence of the Romans without forfeiting the gratitude of the Greeks. This closed his active career. It had especially qualified him to write of four great subjects with a knowledge absolutely unsurpassed. These four great subjects were: The Achæan League, or Hellenic Federations; The Roman Power of the Second Century B.C.; The Roman Conquest of Carthage; The Roman Conquest of Greece. He devoted the rest of his life to the composition of the history which finally included these four themes, and died at the good old age of eighty-two.

The history of Polybius was in forty books. Of these only the first five have come down to us intact. Of the rest we have generous fragments. But the plan of the whole is clear. The main part, Books iii-xxx, covers the events of those wonderful years, 220-168 B.C., during which the Romans subdued the world. "Can any one," he asks, "be so indifferent as not to care to know by what means, and under what polity, almost the whole inhabited world was conquered and brought under the dominion of the single city of Rome, and

that too within a period of not quite fifty-three years?" This was an event, as Polybius thought, for which the past afforded no precedent, and to which the future could show no parallel. The first and second books are introductory to this main body of the work, giving a sketch of the earlier history of Rome, and of contemporary events in Greece and Asia. The last ten books gave a history of the manner in which Rome exercised her vast power, until Carthage was annihilated and the Achæan league finally shattered — the history of the years 168–146.

Polybius had a high conception of the calling of the historian. The true historian, he says, will be a man of action, versed in political and military affairs. He will not confine himself to the study of documents and monuments, although he will not neglect these. He will study carefully and in person the topography of the actions he describes. He will ask questions of as many people as possible who were connected with the events or places which he is describing, and he will believe those most worthy of credit, and show critical sagacity in judging all their reports. He will be a man of dignity and good sense. When he resolves to retaliate upon a personal enemy, he will think first, not what that enemy deserves, but what his self-respect will allow him to say of that enemy.

Two aims distinguish his history from that of all his predecessors: first its comprehensiveness, second its philosophical nature. He aims to give a general view of the events of the civilized world within the limits of the period chosen for treatment, and he aims to trace events to their causes, and show why things happened, as well as what happened. And what catastrophic events fall within the limits which he sets for himself! The devastations of Hannibal, the annihilation of Carthage, the sack of Corinth! Surely in matter his work can never fail to interest. His spirit also is eminently truthful and sincere. He labors to be impartial, and succeeds far better than most of his predecessors. Only in method and form is he disappointing. As he had no romance or fervor, so he had no grace. His literary style is tedious. He carries to the extreme that revolt against grace of form and style which had been instituted, not without some justification, by Thucydides as against Herodotus. But he has not the severe control of Thucydides in his very severity. His sense of proportion is false, or wanting entirely. He is inclined to be unjust towards his predecessors. He devotes a whole book, for instance, to a laborious attack upon Timæus, the historian of Sicily. Besides this, he is forever preaching and moralizing. To sum up, he treats a grand period capably but in a tiresome manner.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus, the great critic of the Augustan age, said that Polybius so neglected the graces of style that no one was patient enough to read his works through. And one of the best modern estimates of the historian — that of Strachan-Davidson in Abbott's 'Hellenica' — begins thus: "No ancient writer of equal interest and importance finds fewer readers than Polybius." No better example of painstaking, conscientious, but wearisome

fidelity, as compared with brilliant, graceful, artistic invention, can be found than the accounts of the Hannibalic wars as given by Polybius and Livy. For the ultimate facts we go of course to Polybius. But for the indescribable charm which brings tears to the eyes of the poor Latin tutor in the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' we go to Livy.

SCOPE OF POLYBIUS' HISTORY

From the 'Histories' of Polybius

WE shall best show how vast and marvelous our subject is, by comparing the most famous empires which preceded, and which have been the favorite themes of historians, and measuring them with the superior greatness of Rome. There are but three that deserve even to be so compared and measured, and they are the following. The Persians for a certain length of time were possessed of a great empire and dominion. But every time they ventured beyond the limits of Asia, they found not only their empire but their own existence in danger. The Lacedæmonians, after contending many generations for supremacy in Greece, held it without dispute for barely twelve years when they did get it. The Macedonians obtained dominion in Europe from the lands bordering on the Adriatic to the Danube — which after all is but a small fraction of this continent — and by the destruction of the Persian empire they afterwards added to that the dominion of Asia. And yet, though they had the credit of having made themselves masters of a larger number of countries and states than any people had ever done, they still left the greater half of the inhabited world in the hands of others. They never so much as thought of attempting Sicily, Sardinia, or Libya; and as to Europe, to speak the plain truth, they never even knew of the most warlike tribes of the West. The Roman conquest, on the other hand, was not partial. Nearly the whole inhabited world was reduced by them to obedience; and they left behind them an empire not to be paralleled in the past or rivaled in the future. Students will gain from my narrative a clearer view of the whole story, and of the numerous and important advantages offered by such exact record of events.

There is this analogy between the plan of my history and the marvelous spirit of the age with which I have to deal. Just as Fortune made almost all the affairs of the world incline in one direction, and forced them to converge upon one and the same point, so it is my task as a historian to put before my readers a compendious view of the part played by Fortune in bringing about the general catastrophe. It was this peculiarity which originally challenged my attention, and determined me on undertaking this work. And combined with

this was the fact that no other writer of our time has undertaken a general history. Had any one done so, my ambition in this direction would have been much diminished. But in point of fact, I notice that by far the greater number of historians concern themselves with isolated wars and the incidents that accompany them; while as to a general and comprehensive scheme of events, their date, origin, and catastrophe, no one as far as I know has undertaken to examine it.

I thought it therefore distinctly my duty neither to pass by myself, nor allow any one else to pass by, without full study, a characteristic specimen of the dealings of Fortune, at once brilliant and instructive in the highest degree. For fruitful as Fortune is in change, and constantly as she is producing dramas in the life of men, yet never assuredly before this did she work such a marvel, or act such a drama, as that which we have witnessed. And of this we cannot obtain a comprehensive view from writers of mere episodes. It would be as absurd to expect to do so, as for a man to imagine that he has learnt the shape of the whole world, its entire arrangement and order, because he has visited one after the other the most famous cities in it; or perhaps merely examined them in separate pictures. That would be indeed absurd; and it has always seemed to me that men who are persuaded that they get a competent view of universal from episodic history, are very like persons who should see the limbs of some body, which had once been living and beautiful, scattered and remote; and should imagine that to be quite as good as actually beholding the activity and beauty of the living creature itself. But if some one could there and then reconstruct the animal once more, in the perfection of its beauty and the charm of its vitality, and could display it to the same people, they would beyond doubt confess that they had been far from conceiving the truth, and had been little better than dreamers. For indeed some idea of a whole may be got from a part, but an accurate knowledge and clear comprehension cannot. Wherefore we must conclude that episodic history contributes exceedingly little to the familiar knowledge and secure grasp of universal history: while it is only by the combination and comparison of the separate parts of the whole, by observing their likeness and their difference, that a man can attain his object; can obtain a view at once clear and complete, and thus secure both the profit and the delight of history.

POLYBIUS AND THE SCIPIOS

From the 'Histories'

I WISH to carry out fully, for the sake of students, what was as a mere promise in my previous book. I promised then that I would relate the origin and manner of the rise and unusually early glory of Scipio's reputation in Rome; and also how it came about that Polybius became so attached to and intimate with him, that the fame of their friendship and constant companionship was not confined to Italy and Greece, but became known to more remote nations also. We have already shown that the acquaintance began in a loan of some books and the conversation about them. But as the intimacy went on, and the Achæan *détenus* were being distributed among the various cities, Fabius and Scipio, the sons of Lucius Æmilius Paulus, exerted all their influence with the prætor that Polybius might be allowed to remain in Rome. This was granted; and the intimacy was becoming more and more close, when the following incident occurred: —

One day, when they were all three coming out of the house of Fabius, it happened that Fabius left them to go to the Forum, and that Polybius went in another direction with Scipio. As they were walking along, Scipio said, in a quiet and subdued voice, and with the blood mounting to his cheeks: "Why is it, Polybius, that though I and my brother eat at the same table, you address all your conversation and all your questions and explanations to him, and pass me over altogether? Of course you too have the same opinion of me as I hear the rest of the city has. For I am considered by everybody, I hear, to be a mild effete person, and far removed from the true Roman character and ways, because I don't care for pleading in the law courts. And they say that the family I come of requires a different kind of representative, and not the sort that I am. That is what annoys me most."

Polybius was taken aback by the opening words of the young man's speech (for he was only just eighteen), and said, "In heaven's name, Scipio, don't say such things, or take into your head such an idea. It is not from any want of appreciation of you, or any intention of slighting you, that I have acted as I have done: far from it! It is merely that, your brother being the elder, I begin and end my remarks with him, and address my explanations and counsels to him, in the belief that you share the same opinions. However, I am delighted to hear you say now that you appear to yourself to be somewhat less spirited than is becoming to members of your family; for you show by this that you have a really high spirit, and I should gladly devote myself to helping you to speak or act in any way worthy of your ancestors. As for learning, to which I see you and your brother devoting yourselves at present with so much earnestness and zeal, you will find plenty of people to help you both; for I

see that a large number of such learned men from Greece are finding their way into Rome at the present time. But as to the points which you say are just now vexing you, I think you will not find any one more fitted to support and assist you than myself."

While Polybius was still speaking, the young man seized his right hand with both of his own, and pressing it warmly, said, "Oh that I might see the day on which you would devote your first attention to me, and join your life with mine. From that moment I shall think myself worthy both of my family and my ancestors." Polybius was partly delighted at the sight of the young man's enthusiasm and affection, and partly embarrassed by the thought of the high position of his family and the wealth of its members. However, from the hour of this mutual confidence the youth never left the side of Polybius, but regarded his society as his first and dearest object.

From that time forward they continually gave each other practical proof of an affection which recalled the relationship of father and son, or of kinsmen of the same blood.

THE FALL OF CORINTH

From the 'Histories'

THE incidents of the capture of Corinth were melancholy. The soldiers cared nothing for the works of art and the consecrated statues. I saw with my own eyes pictures thrown on the ground and soldiers playing dice on them. . . .

There were many statues of Philopœmen, and many erections in his honor, voted by the several cities; and a Roman, at the time of the disaster which befell Greece at Corinth, wished to abolish them all, and to formally indict him, laying an information against him, as though he were still alive, as an enemy and ill-wisher to Rome. But after a discussion, in which Polybius spoke against this sycophant, neither Mummius nor the commissioners would consent to abolish the honors of an illustrious man. . . .

Polybius, in an elaborate speech, conceived in the spirit of what has just been said, maintained the cause of Philopœmen. His arguments were that "this man had indeed been frequently at variance with the Romans on the matter of their injunctions, but he only maintained his opposition so far as to inform and persuade them on points in dispute; and even that he did not do without serious cause. He gave a genuine proof of his loyal policy and gratitude by a test as it were of fire, in the periods of the wars with Philip and Antiochus. For, possessing at those times the greatest influence of any one in Greece, from his personal power as well as that of the Achæans, he preserved his friendship for Rome with the most absolute fidelity; having joined in the vote of the

Achæans in virtue of which, four months before the Romans crossed from Italy, they levied a war from their own territory upon Antiochus and the Ætolians, when nearly all the other Greeks had become estranged from the Roman friendship." Having listened to this speech, and approved of the speaker's view, the ten commissioners granted that the complimentary erections to Philopœmen in the several cities should be allowed to remain. Acting on this pretext, Polybius begged of the consul the statues of Achæus, Aratus, and Philopœmen, though they had already been transported to Acarnania from the Peloponnesus: in gratitude for which action, people set up a marble statue of Polybius himself. . . .

After the settlement made by the ten commissioners in Achaia, they directed the quæstor, who was to superintend the selling of Diæus' property to allow Polybius to select anything he chose from the goods and present it to him as a free gift, and to sell the rest to the highest bidders. But so far from accepting any such present, Polybius urged his friends not to covet anything whatever of the goods sold by the quæstor anywhere; — for he was going a round of the cities, and selling the property of all those who had been partisans of Diæus, as well as of those who had been condemned, except such as left children or parents. Some of these friends did not take his advice; but those who did follow it earned a most excellent reputation among their fellow-citizens.

THE NEW TESTAMENT

THE New Testament is unique among the world's books. Judged by its general influence upon history — upon the literature, the art, the philosophical mind, and the moral life of all subsequent ages — its pre-eminence is unquestioned. Despite its historical antiquity, the literary problems it presents, and the actual difficulty involved in effecting a synthesis of the entire body of its diversified religious teachings, it continues, even in the present generation, to be the most popular and widely-read individual book. This popularity is well deserved. Great books, like all masterpieces, are living things. They make their appeal to the human reason, to the imagination, to deep feeling, to the moral sense, to the universal love of beauty. Above all, as the writings of Moses and Isaiah, Confucius and Zoroaster, Plato and Vergil, Saint Paul and Saint Augustine, Shakespeare and Milton, Emerson and Browning, for example, reveal, great books are the expressions of great personalities. This truth applies in a peculiar sense to the New Testament. Though not in a direct manner the work of his authorship, this book centers about the life and person of Jesus. With the paramount place of Jesus in history fully assured, the future of the New Testament as the best known and best loved religious classic is secure.

THE NEW TESTAMENT AS LITERATURE

The study of the Bible as literature is an undertaking of comparatively recent date. To a majority of the people of a century ago the idea would have been not a little repellent. Neither Christians nor critics at the beginning welcomed it. To those who regarded the New Testament as a written revelation of supernatural origin, the thought of investing it with literary value was simply sacrilege. Classical scholars, on the other hand, spoke either apologetically or disparagingly of what they regarded as its rhetorical shortcomings or faults. The severest criticisms were often launched against it for having been written in a language that was pronounced pure jargon, the so-called vernacular known as Hellenistic Greek. Dean Farrar, for example, writing toward the close of the last century, gave expression to the friendly apologetical attitude toward the New Testament in the following words: "Hellenistic Greek is a somewhat decadent form of the old classic language. It is not unmixed with Hebraisms; a certain disintegration is perceivable in its grammatical forms; it has lost much of its old synthetic terseness; it has not the exquisite nicety and perfection of the best Attic. Nevertheless one dialect may be less ideally perfect than another, and yet may be available for purposes of the loftiest eloquence.

The Latin, for instance, of Tertullian and Saint Augustine is inferior as a language to that of Cicero: yet the treatises of Tertullian glow with a hidden fire of eloquent passion, which has caused them to be compared to the dark luster of ebony; and the exquisite antitheses and images of Saint Augustine linger in the memory more powerfully than the most impassioned appeals of Tully. Since they had to express new conceptions and ideas, the Apostles gained rather than lost by their possession of a type of speech, which, though showing signs of deterioration, had been rendered plastic for fresh impressions. The seething ferment of the new wine could no longer be contained in old bottles! ”

Words like these have now gone the way of all apologetics. Time and an increased understanding have resulted in a new attitude. The change has come as a direct consequence of modern Biblical criticism. Professor Scott, in his recent treatise ‘The New Testament Today,’ written in 1921, states the new view as follows: “The conviction that early Christianity had deeper roots in the life of the time than had hitherto been suspected was first brought home to scholars by linguistic study. The Greek of the New Testament differs widely from classical Greek in structure, grammar, vocabulary, and the inference has always been drawn that it must be regarded as a sort of jargon, employed by Jews who had to express themselves in an alien tongue while they thought in their own. But modern exploration, especially in Egypt, has brought to light a host of documents belonging to the common life of the people — private and business letters, school exercises, casual memoranda — which are evidently written in the ordinary colloquial language, and are marked by just the same turns of expression as we find in the New Testament. The fact has been placed beyond all doubt that it is the literary writers of the time who used a jargon, in their desire to hark back to the models of the classical age, while in the New Testament we have the living idiom. In its outward form, at least, it is not an exotic work, thrust by a foreign race on a world to which it can only have been half intelligible. Paul wrote to the Corinthians and Galatians in just the same language as his readers themselves made use of in their every-day life.” The controversy on the question is accordingly now all but ended. The net result is a decided gain for the New Testament scriptures in the estimate alike of scholars and of men of letters. It is now apparent that, like Dante, Luther, and Wycliffe, for example, the writers of the New Testament created not only a new body of literature but a language, in the sense that through them the spoken tongue of a people became a perfected and powerful literary vehicle.

Quite apart, however, from its intrinsic value as a classic, the New Testament, like its predecessor the Old Testament, has been an extraordinarily rich and productive source-book for subsequent times and writers. The reasons for this fact lie first in the revolutionary influence which Christianity has had upon our western civilization; secondly, they are inherent in the New Testa-

ment material itself. The Bible is characterized by an Oriental picturesqueness, combined with a near-to-life simplicity, a winsome and yet subtle naïveté, that are in rather marked contrast to the weighty burden of words and philosophic thoughts familiar to all Occidentals. This influence of the East upon the West is noticeable in all Biblical translations of modern times; especially, however, in the distinguished Authorized or King James Version which made its appearance in Great Britain in 1611, and which was largely affected by its distinguished but now less known predecessors. There was, for example, something peculiarly charming to English Elizabethans in the New Testament parable; the element of the close contact of the soul with the soil was always in it — the pungent and invigorating breath and touch of nature which was the characteristic trait of the Anglo-Saxon.

The influence of the Bible upon English literature is too obvious to need comment. The works of all the great English writers — those of Shakespeare and Milton, Ruskin and Carlyle, Tennyson and Browning, to mention only several of the most representative of them — are made illustrious by the light of truth and beauty which they borrow from sacred Scripture. It follows, accordingly, that the New Testament is not only in itself great literature; it has, in addition, been the cause of the creation of volume after volume of the world's great classics. Its own claim to classic rank is therefore justified on the basis (1) of the universality of its human appeal, (2) of the perpetuity of its influence, (3) of its reproductive vitality.

THE BACKGROUND OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

Three distinct historical influences contributed to the making of the New Testament. The first of these was Oriental. The East has since time immemorial been the mother of great religions. Of these, until the dawn of Christianity, the noblest and most advanced was Judaism. This faith had itself inherited richly from the racial and religious life of the ancient Hebrews. Its pure monotheism and advanced ethical ideals had given it a place of pre-eminence among the people to whom it had been brought. At the dawn of the New Testament era it had come to be distinguished by three representative features: (1) by a solemn reverence for and punctilious observance of the Ezra-Mosaic law; (2) by an increasingly elaborate sacrificial system magnifying the office of the priesthood and tending to intensify, both in the race and in the individual, an already acute consciousness of guilt and sin; (3) by an ardent hope which, as time passed, took more and more the form of an apocalyptic supernaturalism — the sign of a pessimistic outlook upon humanity, but of the eager expectance of an immediate divine intervention of God Himself in behalf of an oppressed and pious race. The law, the sacrifice, and the hope — these three elements literally prepared the seed-bed for the subsequent growth both of the New Testament and of Christianity.

An additional Oriental influence which, to some extent, lay at the background of the New Testament is to be found in the so-called Mystery Cults. The degree to which these mystery religions — the most outstanding of which were the worship of Demeter or Mother Earth, the cults of Dionysus and Isis and Osiris, Mithraism, and the Orphic Brotherhoods — actually had an effect upon the religious ideas and teachings of Apostolic Christianity is not known. Perhaps their importance is just at present in danger of being overestimated. There remains, however, the fact that these cults were in active existence in the Roman world to which Paul addressed his Gospel message, and that to some extent they prepared the way among his Gentile readers for the evangelistic tidings of Christianity. The Mysteries, despite the charge brought against them by the Stoics on moral grounds, served to stimulate the more deeply spiritual aspirations which philosophy even at its best overlooked. Their emphasis upon mystical communion, upon the sense of sin and its forgiveness, and upon the natural longing for personal immortality, gave them a warrant to recognition which later times, regarding Christianity as pure supernaturalism rather than as a distinctly historical movement, were not fully prepared to appreciate.

The second of the general historical influences which lay behind the New Testament was Græco-Roman. There was, on the one hand, the Greek language to which we have already referred; there was Greek philosophy; and, in a broad sense, all that has now come to be designated as the survival of Greek culture. On the other hand, and intimately associated with the Greek spirit, there were the institutions and the life of the Roman empire: Roman law, Roman roads, the peace and cosmopolitanism of the citizenry; Rome's genius for colonization, its broad religious tolerance, its ability to put to utilitarian service the entire wealth of its inherited culture; its material magnificence, and, most hopeful of all, its profound spiritual dissatisfaction and hunger for a larger experience and fuller realization of life.

The Græco-Roman world of the time is best characterized by two easily definable words: complexity and achievement. It was indeed a complex age. Ours of the twentieth century alone is comparable to it. It was an age created by the free intermingling of Eastern and Western life. The result was the emergence of a mood of thought peculiarly its own. To quote once more from Professor Scott: "It was a mood in which speculation was shot through with mystical sentiment, in which the chief goal of life was sought in a redemption from the sin and misery inherent in earthly conditions." It is to the honor of Rome that it brought to fruition all that was potential or germinal in the age. In the historical cycle the age of which we speak was one of summer, a time of harvest.

Into such a time came the third of the influences which furnished the background of the New Testament. It was the Christian movement itself. From what has been noted it is apparent that Christianity found itself in a congenial

atmosphere. The way had been prepared. Judaism, Greek philosophy, the mystery religions, and the axioms of the Roman law, had made their several distinctive contributions. But these did not produce Christianity. The force which created it came from within. Primarily it was the life and person of Jesus. The Jesus of history is ample justification for the literary appearance of the New Testament; the Christ of religious experience is an equally justifiable reason for its extraordinary popularity.

THE LITERARY GROWTH OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

The period of Gospel formation began with the personal utterances of Jesus whose superlative genius is recognized in the report that "never man spake like this man." Thereafter followed a brief period of oral transmission which was marked by the gradual rise of a number of distinctly individual Gospel traditions. A little later these traditions, under editorial supervision, were given apostolic sanction and authenticity. The earliest of them to be put in writing were the Gospel of Mark and the document now commonly known as "Q." Of the two "Q" was in all probability the older, having taken shape about 50 A.D. It appears to have originated in Antioch, in the mother church of Gentile Christianity. Mark was written in Rome about 65 A.D. It is probable that about the same time two further independent traditions rose to authoritative positions in the church, the one in Cæsarea, the other in Jerusalem.

A new period in the literary growth of the Gospels began about 75 A.D. It may quite properly be called the period of expansion. The result was the composition of the Gospels of Matthew and Luke, the work of authors who based their more elaborate narrative upon "Q," the Gospel of Mark, the Jerusalem and Cæsarean documents, and other more lately developed traditions, both oral and written, which had grown to popularity at the time.

The final period in Gospel history was reached by 90 A.D. with the appearance of the Fourth Gospel, familiarly known as the Gospel according to John. By this time all treatment of the Gospel material had become interpretative. Interest in the religion of Jesus had to a measurable extent given way to the rise and development of the religion about Jesus. Gospel theology had come to take its place side by side with Gospel biography. The story of the earthly life of Jesus was slowly being transformed into the timeless and universal Gospel of the living and life-giving Christ.

The Gospels, in their present literary form, however, were not the earliest New Testament writings. They are antedated by the letters of Paul, which made their appearance at intervals between 50 and 65 A.D. The Pauline writings fall naturally into three groups: (1) the Missionary group: First and Second Thessalonians, Galatians, First and Second Corinthians, and Romans; (2) the Prison group: Philippians, Philemon, Colossians, and Ephesians; (3) the Pastoral group: First Timothy, Titus, and Second Timothy.

Paul was a master of the art of letter-writing. His letters breathe the spirit of the evangelist and teacher. They are the outgrowth of practical needs, and deal in a thoroughly human yet intensely spiritual way with the problems of Christian conduct and belief. The Thessalonian letters were written from Corinth during Paul's second missionary journey, about 50 A.D. They owe their origin to the current Christian expectation of the second coming of Christ. Very early they became a kind of manual among the Christians concerning the popular doctrine of the "last things." Galatians was probably written from Antioch in 52 A.D., during the brief interim between Paul's second and third missionary journeys. It was Paul's missionary Magna Charta. In it he set forth the claims of his Christian Gospel and furnished his enemies, the adherents of Judaism, with the full credentials of his own apostleship. The Corinthian letters followed three years later, in 55 A.D. They belong to Paul's third missionary journey. They were written from Ephesus and Macedonia. The letter to the Romans stands as a worthy climax to the missionary group of Paul's writings. The Prison letters were written between 56 and 61 A.D. The Pastorals, if they are directly from the hand of Paul, followed between 61 and 64 A.D.

The remaining eight letters of the New Testament belong for the greater part to the closing decades of the first century. Analyzed as to their general background and content they belong to three classes: (1) those revealing either a mild or a marked Alexandrian influence, as, for example, the Epistle to the Hebrews and the Johannine letters; (2) those reflecting the popular apocalyptic faith of the late apostolic church, as set forth in the epistles known as Second Peter and Jude; (3) the famous Epistle of James which points, at this late time, to the presence of a religious party advocating a return from the extreme apocalypticism then current to a renewed ethical emphasis such as characterized Christianity during its close contact with Judaism.

The Book of the Acts is the only New Testament writing of pure history. The purpose of its author is to tell the story of the birth and growth of Christianity from its beginning as a Jewish Palestinian sect to its emergence, a generation later, as the religion of the Roman empire. As a history it covers the period of approximately one generation, the period between 30 and 65 A.D. As a manual of Christian missions it has gone to the ends of the earth. No New Testament writing deserves so well to be called the Magna Charta of Christian evangelism.

The Book of the Revelation may quite properly be classified as prophecy. Like the Old Testament book of Daniel, however, it is not essentially prophetic but apocalyptic. The writer's theme is the goal or final consummation of human history. Written toward the end of the first century it gave dramatic and noble expression to the popular hope of the early and earthly return of Christ and of the final establishment of the Messianic

kingdom, which Jesus had himself interpreted as the permanent and spiritual rule of God.

THE RELIGIOUS IDEAS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

The Synoptic Gospels tell the simple story of Jesus. Mark emphasizes the acts and miracles of Jesus whose character is approached on the side of its heroism and utter humility. Matthew, writing for Jews, stresses the kingliness of Jesus. His attention is constantly upon the sayings or words of Jesus; his narrative is accordingly called the teacher's Gospel. Luke writes as an historian. Himself a Roman citizen and a cosmopolitan, he presents a broadly humanitarian portrait of Jesus as the friend of all men, as the perfect example of the ideal life, and as the lover and saviour of all mankind.

The Fourth Gospel takes a decided step in advance of the Synoptic record. It exalts the place of the living Christ in human life. Its author was a saint and a genius. His conception of Jesus as the representation of the divine light and life and love, that emanate from God and take up their abode in the heart of man, is the sublimest to be found in the New Testament. The Gospel is more than a treatise against Gnosticism; it is the revelation of a profound and transformative spiritual experience which the reader perceives to be the result of a long life of unbroken mystical fellowship with the eternal Christ. It is in every sense the Gospel of God in man, of the Word made flesh.

The letters of Paul are testimonies to the power of Christ to transform human life. The Thessalonians are taught the duties of Christian citizenship in the face of the eagerly anticipated earthly return of Jesus. The Galatians learn from Paul the lesson of Christian liberty that frees the soul and conscience of man without imperiling his moral growth. The Corinthians witness the complete revelation of Paul's heart and mind. They have the opportunity to see Paul as a genuine and great Christian, a man to whom Christ is a fact of overwhelming reality, and to whom life is an uninterrupted labor of love inspired by that fact. To the Christians of Rome Paul sends the ripened fruit of his entire evangelistic career. In his Roman Epistle he gives us the substance of his whole philosophy of the Christian life, which he regards as a life (1) of spiritual regeneration, (2) of divine sonship, (3) of fellowship with Christ, (4) of moral freedom, and (5) of an assurance of a glorious individual and personal immortality.

The Prison letters radiate a spirit of reflective peace and tranquillity which appears in marked contrast to the energetic and militant zeal of the apostle's earlier writings. They mingle retrospect with prospect, earnest pleading with exultant praise, the note of authority with the ministry of love. Philippians records the optimism and triumph of the Christian faith; Philemon is the token of a treasured Christian friendship; Colossians is an exalted tribute to the person of Jesus Christ; Ephesians extols the strength and blessings of the Christian church.

The Epistle of James is a Jewish-Christian manual of ethical and religious teachings; First Peter is the personal testimony of an apostle who has found faith in Christ, "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled," and who, from his own experience, commends this treasured faith to others; the letter to the Hebrews is a call to living and heroic faith in Jesus Christ in a time of religious crisis; First John is a beautiful and mystical treatise on the character of God and the nature of the Christian life; Second and Third John are personal letters redolent of an atmosphere of Christian devotion; Jude and Second Peter, like the Thessalonian letters, deal once more with the "last days," in which the writers of these two latest of the New Testament writings now find themselves, and from which, in apocalyptic tone, they utter prophecies of the coming of a new millennial era. The author of the Book of the Revelation likewise looks into the future. He sees Christ gain the victory over evil and sin, joy overcome sorrow, life vanquish death. Earth becomes Paradise and the dwelling places of redeemed men become the beautiful and everlasting city of God. The Apocalypse is a pure vision of a courageous soul. Except Jesus himself, no man ever dared a nobler or diviner dream.

HENRY MARTIN BATTENHOUSE

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST

Luke ii, 1-19

AND it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.) And all went to be taxed, everyone into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judæa, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David) to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest,

And on earth peace, good-will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

THE MAGI

Matthew ii, 1-12

NOW when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born. And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea; for thus it is written by the prophet, And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshiped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts: gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

THE CHILD JESUS

Luke ii, 40-52

AND the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him. Now his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover. And when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast. And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and his mother knew not of it. But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance. And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him.

And it came to pass that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers. And when they saw him, they were amazed; and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them.

And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them; but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart.

And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.

THE FIRST DISCIPLES

Mark i, 14-22

NOW after that John was put in prison, Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God, And saying, The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye, and believe the gospel.

Now as he walked by the sea of Galilee, he saw Simon and Andrew his brother casting a net into the sea; for they were fishers. And Jesus said unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men. And straightway they forsook their nets, and followed him.

And when he had gone a little farther hence, he saw James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, who also were in the ship mending their

nets. And straightway he called them; and they left their father Zebedee in the ship with the hired servants, and went after him.

And they went into Capernaum; and straightway on the sabbath day he entered into the synagogue, and taught. And they were astonished at his doctrine; for he taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

Matthew v-vii

AND seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him. And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven. Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment. But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment; and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council; but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire. Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift. Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery. But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart. And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement. But I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery; and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.

Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths, But I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay. For whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use

you, and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? Do not even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth, that thine alms may be in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do; for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them; for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him. After this manner therefore pray ye:

Our Father which art in heaven,
 Hallowed be thy name.
 Thy kingdom come.
 Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.
 Give us this day our daily bread.
 And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.
 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:
 For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Moreover when ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance; for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth

corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

The light of the body is the eye; if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!

No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek.) For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give

good things to them that ask him? Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets.

Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat; because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity.

Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell; and great was the fall of it.

"COME UNTO ME"

Matthew xi, 25-30

AT that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight. All things are delivered unto me of my Father; and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN"

Mark x, 13-16

AND they brought young children to him, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Luke x, 25-37

AND, behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? He said unto him, What is written in the law? How readest thou? And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself. And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right; this do, and thou shalt live. But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor?

And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way, and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?

And he said, He that showed mercy on him.

Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

THE PRODIGAL SON

Luke xv, 11-32

AND he said, A certain man had two sons. And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet. And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry; for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field; and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound. And he was angry, and would not go in: therefore came his father out, and entreated him. And he answering said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends, but as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.

And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad; for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS

Luke xvi, 19-31

THERE was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day; and there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table; moreover the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom; the rich man also died, and was buried. And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame.

But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented. And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence.

Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house, for I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment. Abraham saith unto him, They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them. And he said, Nay, father Abraham; but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent. And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.

THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN

Luke xviii, 9-14

AND he spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others: Two men went up into the temple to pray, the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.

I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other; for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

THE WIDOW'S MITE

Mark xii, 41-44

AND Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury; and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury. For all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living.

THE TEN VIRGINS

Matthew xxv, 1-13

THEN shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish. They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them; but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.

While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out. But the wise answered, saying, Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you; but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.

And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage; and the door was shut. Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not.

Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA

John iv, 1-42

WHEN therefore the Lord knew how the Pharisees had heard that Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John (though Jesus himself baptized not, but his disciples), he left Judea, and departed again into Galilee. And he must needs go through Samaria. Then cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph.

Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well; and it was about the sixth hour. There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water; Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink. (For his disciples were gone away unto the city to buy meat.) Then saith the woman of Samaria unto him, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? For the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.

Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.

The woman saith unto him, Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep; from whence then hast thou that living water? Art thou greater than our father Jacob, which gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle?

Jesus answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

The woman saith unto him, Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw. Jesus saith unto her, Go, call thy husband, and come hither. The woman answered and said, I have no husband. Jesus said unto her, Thou hast well said, I have no husband. For thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband; in that saidst thou truly.

The woman saith unto him, Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet. Our fathers worshiped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship.

Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship; for salvation is of the Jews. But the hour cometh, and now is when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him.

God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

The woman saith unto him, I know that Messias cometh, which is called Christ; when he is come, he will tell us all things.

Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am he.

And upon this came his disciples, and marveled that he talked with the woman. Yet no man said, What seekest thou? or, Why talkest thou with her?

The woman then left her water-pot, and went her way into the city, and saith to the men, Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ? Then they went out of the city, and came unto him.

In the meanwhile his disciples prayed him, saying, Master, eat. But he said unto them, I have meat to eat that ye know not of. Therefore said the disciples one to another, Hath any man brought him ought to eat? Jesus saith unto them, My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work. Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together. And herein is that saying true, One soweth, and another reapeth. I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labor: other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors.

And many of the Samaritans of that city believed on him for the saying of the woman, which testified, He told me all that ever I did. So when the Samaritans were come unto him, they besought him that he would tarry with them; and he abode there two days. And many more believed because of his own word, and said unto the woman, Now we believe, not because of thy saying; for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS

John xi, 1-46

NOW a certain man was sick, named Lazarus, of Bethany, the town of Mary and her sister Martha. (It was that Mary which anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus was sick.) Therefore his sisters sent unto him, saying, Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick. When Jesus heard that, he said, This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby. Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus. When he had heard therefore that he was sick, he abode two days still in the same place where he was.

Then after that saith he to his disciples, Let us go into Judea again. His disciples say unto him, Master, the Jews of late sought to stone thee; and goest thou thither again? Jesus answered, Are there not twelve hours in the day? If any man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world. But if a man walk in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him.

These things said he; and after that he saith unto them, Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep. Then said his disciples, Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well. Howbeit Jesus spake of his death; but they thought that he had spoken of taking of rest in sleep. Then said Jesus unto them plainly, Lazarus is dead. And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe; nevertheless let us go unto him. Then said Thomas, which is called Didymus, unto his fellow-disciples, Let us also go, that we may die with him.

Then when Jesus came, he found that he had lain in the grave four days already. Now Bethany was nigh unto Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs off; and many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary, to comfort them concerning their brother. Then Martha, as soon as she heard that Jesus was coming, went and met him; but Mary sat still in the house. Then said Martha unto Jesus, Lord if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee. Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?

She saith unto him, Yea, Lord: I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world. And when she had so said, she went her way, and called Mary her sister secretly, saying, The Master is come, and calleth for thee. As soon as she heard that, she arose quickly, and came unto him.

Now Jesus was not yet come into the town, but was in that place where Martha met him. The Jews then which were with her in the house, and comforted her, when they saw Mary, that she rose up hastily and went out, followed her, saying, She goeth unto the grave to weep there. Then when Mary was come where Jesus was, and saw him, she fell down at his feet, saying unto him, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, he groaned in the spirit, and was troubled, and said, Where have ye laid him? They said unto him, Lord, come and see.

Jesus wept.

Then said the Jews, behold how he loved him! And some of them said,

Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?

Jesus therefore again groaning in himself cometh to the grave. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it. Jesus said, Take ye away the stone. Martha, the sister of him that was dead, saith unto him, Lord, by this time he stinketh; for he hath been dead four days. Jesus saith unto her, Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God? Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid.

And Jesus lifted up his eyes, and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. And I knew that thou hearest me always; but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me. And when he thus had spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes; and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go.

Then many of the Jews which came to Mary, and had seen the things which Jesus did, believed on him. But some of them went their ways to the Pharisees, and told them what things Jesus had done.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE

John xviii, 28–xix, 22

THEN led they Jesus from Caiaphas unto the hall of judgment; and it was early; and they themselves went not into the judgment hall, lest they should be defiled; but that they might eat the passover.

Pilate then went out unto them, and said, What accusation bring ye against this man? They answered and said unto him, If he were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered him up unto thee. Then said Pilate unto them, Take ye him, and judge him according to your law. The Jews therefore said unto him, It is not lawful for us to put any man to death; that the saying of Jesus might be fulfilled, which he spake, signifying what death he should die.

Then Pilate entered into the judgment hall again, and called Jesus, and said unto him, Art thou the King of the Jews? Jesus answered him, Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me? Pilate answered, Am I a Jew? Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee unto me; what hast thou done? Jesus answered, My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now is my kingdom not from hence.

Pilate therefore said unto him, Art thou a king then? Jesus answered, Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I

into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice.

Pilate saith unto him, What is truth? And when he had said this, he went out again unto the Jews, and saith unto them, I find in him no fault at all. But ye have a custom, that I should release unto you one at the passover; will ye therefore that I release unto you the King of the Jews?

Then cried they all again, saying, Not this man, but Barabbas. Now Barabbas was a robber.

Then Pilate therefore took Jesus, and scourged him. And the soldiers platted a crown of thorns, and put it on his head, and they put on him a purple robe, and said, Hail, King of the Jews! And they smote him with their hands.

Pilate therefore went forth again, and saith unto them, Behold, I bring him forth to you, that ye may know that I find no fault in him. Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man! When the chief priests therefore and officers saw him, they cried out, saying, Crucify him, crucify him. Pilate saith unto them, Take ye him, and crucify him; for I find no fault in him. The Jews answered him, We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God.

When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he was the more afraid; and went again into the judgment hall, and saith unto Jesus, Whence art thou? But Jesus gave him no answer. Then saith Pilate unto him, Speakest thou not unto me? Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to release thee? Jesus answered, Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above: therefore he that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin. And from thenceforth Pilate sought to release him; but the Jews cried out, saying, If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend; whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar.

When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he brought Jesus forth, and sat down in the judgment seat in a place that is called the Pavement, but in the Hebrew, Gabbatha. And it was the preparation of the passover, and about the sixth hour; and he saith unto the Jews, Behold your King! But they cried out, Away with him, away with him, crucify him. Pilate saith unto them, Shall I crucify your King? The chief priests answered, We have no king but Cæsar.

Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified. And they took Jesus, and led him away. And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha, where they crucified him, and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.

And Pilate wrote a title, and put it on the cross. And the writing was, JESUS OF NAZARETH THE KING OF THE JEWS. This title then

read many of the Jews; for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city; and it was written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin. Then said the chief priests of the Jews to Pilate, Write not, The King of the Jews; but that he said, I am King of the Jews.

Pilate answered, What I have written I have written.

THE RESURRECTION

John xx

THE first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulcher, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulcher. Then she runneth, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulcher, and we know not where they have laid him. Peter therefore went forth, and that other disciple, and came to the sepulcher. So they ran both together; and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulcher. And he stooping down, and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in. Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulcher, and seeth the linen clothes lie, and the napkin, that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself. Then went in also that other disciple, which came first to the sepulcher, and he saw, and believed. For as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead. Then the disciples went away again unto their own home.

But Mary stood without at the sepulcher weeping; and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulcher, and seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni, which is to say, Master. Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father, and to my God, and your God.

Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.

Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. And when he had so said, he showed unto them his hands and his side. Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord. Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you; as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained.

But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came. The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe.

And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them; then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you. Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing. And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God. Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book; but these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.

THE DAY OF PENTECOST

Acts ii, 1-13

AND when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

And there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven. Now when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded, because that every man heard them speak in his own language. And they were all amazed and marveled, saying one to

another, Behold, are not all these which speak Galileans? And how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born? Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cap-padocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God.

And they were all amazed, and were in doubt, saying one to another, What meaneth this? Others mocking said, These men are full of new wine.

THE FIRST CHURCH ORGANIZATION

Acts vi, 1-8

AND in those days, when the number of the disciples was multiplied, there arose a murmuring of the Grecians against the Hebrews, because their widows were neglected in the daily ministration. Then the twelve called the multitude of the disciples unto them, and said, It is not reason that we should leave the word of God, and serve tables. Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business. But we will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the word.

And the saying pleased the whole multitude; and they chose Stephen, a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and Philip, and Prochorus, and Nicanor, and Timon, and Parmenas, and Nicolas a proselyte of Antioch, whom they set before the apostles; and when they had prayed, they laid their hands on them. And the word of God increased; and the number of the disciples multiplied in Jerusalem greatly; and a great company of the priests were obedient to the faith. And Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people.

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA

Acts xxvi

THEN Agrippa said unto Paul, Thou art permitted to speak for thyself. Then Paul stretched forth the hand, and answered for himself: I think myself happy, king Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews, especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions

which are among the Jews; wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently. My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; which knew me from the beginning, if they would testify, that after the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers; unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For which hope's sake, king Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews. Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?

I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth; which thing I also did in Jerusalem; and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities.

Whereupon as I went to Damascus with authority and commission from the chief priests, at midday, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet; for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee, delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me.

Whereupon, O king Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision, but showed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me. Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come: that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people, and to the Gentiles.

And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad. But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and sober-

ness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely; for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest.

Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian. And Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.

And when he had thus spoken, the king rose up, and the governor, and Bernice, and they that sat with them; and when they were gone aside, they talked between themselves, saying, This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds. Then said Agrippa unto Festus, This man might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Cæsar.

PAUL AT ROME

Acts xxviii, 11-31

AND after three months we departed in a ship of Alexandria, which had wintered in the isle, whose sign was Castor and Pollux. And landing at Syracuse, we tarried there three days. And from thence we fetched a compass, and came to Rhegium; and after one day the south wind blew, and we came the next day to Puteoli, where we found brethren, and were desired to tarry with them seven days; and so we went toward Rome. And from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii forum, and The three taverns; whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage.

And when we came to Rome, the centurion delivered the prisoners to the captain of the guard; but Paul was suffered to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him. And it came to pass, that after three days Paul called the chief of the Jews together; and when they were come together, he said unto them, Men and brethren, though I have committed nothing against the people, or customs of our fathers, yet was I delivered prisoner from Jerusalem into the hands of the Romans; who, when they had examined me, would have let me go, because there was no cause of death in me. But when the Jews spake against it, I was constrained to appeal unto Cæsar; not that I had aught to accuse my nation of. For this cause therefore have I called for you, to see you, and to speak with you; because that for the hope of Israel I am bound with this chain.

And they said unto him, We neither received letters out of Judea concerning thee, neither any of the brethren that came showed or spake any harm of thee. But we desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest; for as concerning this sect, we know that everywhere it is spoken against.

And when they had appointed him a day, there came many to him into his lodging; to whom he expounded and testified the kingdom of God, persuading them concerning Jesus, both out of the law of Moses, and out of the prophets, from morning till evening, and some believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not. And when they agreed not among themselves, they departed, after that Paul had spoken one word, Well spake the Holy Ghost by Esaias the prophet unto our fathers, saying, Go unto this people, and say, Hearing ye shall hear, and shall not understand; and seeing ye shall see, and not perceive; for the heart of this people is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed; lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them. Be it known therefore unto you, that the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and that they will hear it.

And when he had said these words, the Jews departed, and had great reasoning among themselves. And Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him.

CHARITY

I Corinthians xiii

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; charity never faileth. But whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a

glass, darkly; but then face to face. Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

IMMORTALITY IN CHRIST

I Corinthians xv

MOREOVER, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand, by which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain.

For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures; and that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve; after that, he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep. After that, he was seen of James; then of all the apostles. And last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time. For I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God. But by the grace of God I am what I am; and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain; but I labored more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.

Therefore whether it were I or they, so we preach, and so ye believed. Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen; and if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ; whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not. For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised; and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the first-fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming. Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down

all rule and all authority and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith all things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted, which did put all things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all.

Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why are they then baptized for the dead? And why stand we in jeopardy every hour? I protest by your rejoicing which I have in Christ Jesus our Lord, I die daily. If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the dead rise not? Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die.

Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners. Awake to righteousness, and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God. I speak this to your shame. But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? And with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain; but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory.

So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.

And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy, and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I show you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

A NEW HEAVEN AND A NEW EARTH

Revelation xxi, 1-xxii, 5

AND I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.

And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful. And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son. But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death.

And there came unto me one of the seven angels which had the seven vials full of the seven last plagues, and talked with me, saying, Come hither, I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife. And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God; and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal; and had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel: on the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; and on the west three gates. And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the

twelve apostles of the Lamb. And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof. And the city lieth four-square, and the length is as large as the breadth; and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal. And he measured the wall thereof, a hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel.

And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl; and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there. And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it. And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him; and they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever.

EPICETUS

OF the three great authors among the later Stoics, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus offers the most cultivated literary flavor, Seneca the most varied knowledge, and Epictetus the simplest and most practical tonic. As compared with the two other writers, Epictetus shortens his sword; that is, his sentences. They have the merit which Thoreau set above all others: they are "concentrated and witty." Some of them have attained to the rank of proverbs — that is, of being quoted by those who never heard of the author; as when men say, "All things have two handles; beware of the wrong one," which is not the precise phrase used by Epictetus, but comes very near it. What is more essential than any matter of language is that he, like the other later Stoics, and even more than these, had outgrown the earlier tradition of his predecessors and recognized human feeling. Indeed, he went further than many Christian teachers.

The system of Epictetus is very simple and practical. All objects, all events, in short, everything earthly, may be divided into classes: the things which are within our own control and the things over which we have no control. We must live for the one class — the things controllable; and must hold the other as secondary. All possessions that come to us from without, all joys, even those of domestic happiness, are beyond our own control and must be held as loans, not as gifts; the inward life is apart from these and goes on the same, whether they come or go, and this alone we can control. Children are dear, love is real, God is good; but we must acquiesce quietly in the loss of every human joy at the word of command, and never murmur. There is no hardness, as of the elder Stoics; no jaunty refusal of personal ties, as with Epicurus; behind the terse maxims of this slave-philosopher there is an atmosphere of love and faith. It even meets curiously the maxims of some of the mystics. It teaches humility, unselfishness, forgiveness, trust in Providence. "What is the first business of one who studies philosophy? To part with self-conceit." "Who is there, whom bright and agreeable children do not attract to play and creep and prattle with them?" In several places he speaks with contempt of suicide; although he vindicates divine providence by showing that we are not forcibly held down to a life of sorrow, since we always keep the power of exit in our own hands. To make this exit, at any rate, is but the cowardice of a moment, while a life of wailing is prolonged cowardice.

There is absolutely no hair-splitting, no metaphysics. He bears hard on all pretenders to abstract philosophy. Even the man who professes such a practical philosophy as his own must bring it constantly to the proof. "It is

not reasonings that are wanted now," he says, "for there are books stuffed full of Stoic reasonings. What is wanted, then? The man who shall apply them; whose actions may bear testimony to his doctrines." Elsewhere, in a similar spirit, he spurns the thought of measuring virtue by the mere degree of familiarity with some great teacher. He refers, for instance, to Chrysippus, who was accepted as the highest authority among the later Stoics, although not one of his seven hundred volumes has come down to the present age. "Who is in a state of progress? He who has best studied Chrysippus? Does virtue consist in having read Chrysippus through? . . . Show me your progress! As if I should say to a wrestler, 'Show me your muscle!' and he should answer, 'See my dumb-bells.'—'Your dumb-bells are your own affair; I desire to see the effect of them.'" "The only real thing," he adds, "is to study how to rid life of lamentation and complaint, and misfortune and failure." Thus at every step Epictetus brings us resolutely down to real life; let others, if they will, rest in the clouds.

He thus leaves, it may be, some of the loftiest spiritual heights to others; no man can do everything. Yet he has found readers at all periods, among men of thought and men of action alike. Marcus Aurelius ranked him with Socrates, and Origen thought that his writings had done more good than those of Plato. Niebuhr has said of him, "Epictetus' greatness cannot be questioned, and it is impossible for any person of sound mind not to be charmed by his works." Toussaint L'Ouverture, the black patriot and general, kept this book by him; and one of the most delightful of modern actresses has the same habit. It is an interesting thought that a Phrygian slave should have uttered thoughts which have thus kept their hold for eighteen hundred years upon minds so widely varying.

Little is known of Epictetus personally, except that he was probably born at Hierapolis in Phrygia, and that he was the slave of Epaphroditus, a freedman of Nero, living in Rome in the first century A.D. Origen preserves an anecdote of him, that when his master once put his leg in the torture, Epictetus quietly said, "You will break my leg!" and when this happened he added in the same tone, "Did I not tell you so?" Becoming in some way free, he lived at Rome, teaching philosophy. According to Simplicius, he lived so frugally that the whole furniture of his house consisted of a bed, a cooking vessel, and a lamp; and Lucian ridiculed a man who bought the latter, after his death, in hopes to become a philosopher by using it. When Domitian banished the philosophers from Rome, Epictetus returned to Nicopolis, a city of Epirus, and taught there, still living in his frugal way, but adopting a child whose parents had abandoned it. He suffered greatly from lameness. After Hadrian became emperor (A.D. 117), Epictetus was treated with favor, but did not return to Rome. In his later life his discourses were written down by his disciple Arrian. Only four of the original eight books are extant. This, with the 'Enchiridion,' a more condensed work, and a few

fragments preserved as quotations by various authors, are all that we know of his teachings. Even the date of his death is unknown; but he wrote his own epitaph in two lines, preserved by Aulus Gellius (Book ii, Chap. 18): "Epictetus, a slave, maimed in body, an Iru in poverty, and favored by the Immortals."

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

FROM THE 'DISCOURSES'

THE DIVINE SUPERVISION

WHEN a person asked him how any one might be convinced that his every act is under the supervision of God: "Do you not think," said Epictetus, "that all things are mutually connected and united?"

"I do."

"Well, and do not you think that things on earth feel the influence of the heavenly powers?"

"Yes."

"Else how is it that in their season, as if by express command, God bids the plants to blossom and they blossom, to bud and they bud, to bear fruit and they bear it, to ripen it and they ripen; and when again he bids them drop their leaves, and withdrawing into themselves to rest and wait, they rest and wait? Whence again are there seen, on the increase and decrease of the moon, and the approach and departure of the sun, so great changes and transformations in earthly things? Have then the very leaves, and our own bodies, this connection and sympathy with the whole; and have not our souls much more? But our souls are thus connected and intimately joined to God, as being indeed members and distinct portions of his essence; and must he not be sensible of every movement of them, as belonging and connatural to himself? Can even you think of the Divine administration, and every other Divine subject, and together with these of human affairs also; can you at once receive impressions on your senses and your understanding from a thousand objects; at once assent to some things, deny or suspend your judgment concerning others, and preserve in your mind impressions from so many and various objects, by whose aid you can revert to ideas similar to those which first impressed you? Can you retain a variety of arts and the memorials of ten thousand things? And is not God capable of surveying all things, and being present with all, and in communication with all? Is the sun capable of illuminating so great a portion of the universe, and of leaving only that small part of it unilluminated which is covered by the shadow of the earth; and cannot He who made and moves the sun, a small part of himself if compared with the whole — cannot he perceive all things?

“ ‘But I cannot,’ say you, ‘attend to all things at once.’ Who asserts that you have equal power with Zeus? Nevertheless, he has assigned to each man a director, his own good genius, and committed him to that guardianship, a director sleepless and not to be deceived. To what better and more careful guardian could he have committed each one of us? So that when you have shut your doors and darkened your room, remember never to say that you are alone; for you are not alone, but God is within, and your genius is within; and what need have they of light to see what you are doing? To this God you likewise ought to swear such an oath as the soldiers do to Cæsar. For they, in order to receive their pay, swear to prefer before all things the safety of Cæsar: and will you not swear, who have received so many and so great favors; or if you have sworn, will you not fulfil the oath? And what must you swear? Never to distrust, nor accuse, nor murmur at any of the things appointed by him; nor shrink from doing or enduring that which is inevitable. Is this oath like the former? In the first oath persons swear never to dishonor Cæsar; by the last, never to dishonor themselves.”

CONCERNING PROVIDENCE

“Are these the only words of Providence with regard to us? And what speech can fitly celebrate their praise? For if we had any understanding, ought we not, both in public and in private, incessantly to sing and praise the Deity, and rehearse his benefits? Ought we not, whether we dig or plow or eat, to sing this hymn to God: — Great is God, who has supplied us with these instruments to till the ground; great is God, who has given us hands and organs of digestion; who has given us to grow insensibly, to breathe in sleep? These things we ought forever to celebrate; and to make it the theme of the greatest and divinest hymn, that he has given us the power to appreciate these gifts, and to use them well. But because the most of you are blind and insensible, there must be some one to fill this station, and lead, in behalf of all men, the hymn to God; for what else can I do, a lame old man, but sing hymns to God? Were I a nightingale, I would act the part of a nightingale; were I a swan, the part of a swan; but since I am a reasonable creature, it is my duty to praise God. This is my business; I do it; nor will I ever desert this post, so long as it is permitted me: and I call on you to join in the same song.”

CONCERNING PARENTAGE

Why do you, Epicurus, dissuade a wise man from bringing up children? Why are you afraid that upon their account he may fall into anxieties? Does he fall into any for a mouse that feeds within his house? What is it to him if a little mouse bewails itself there? But Epicurus knew that if once a child is born, it is no longer in our power not to love and be solicitous for it. On

the same grounds he says that a wise man will not engage himself in public business, knowing very well what must follow. If men are only so many flies, why should he not engage in it?

And does he, who knows all this, dare to forbid us to bring up children? Not even a sheep or a wolf deserts its offspring; and shall man? What would you have — that we should be as silly as sheep? Yet even these do not desert their offspring. Or as savage as wolves? Neither do these desert them. Pray, who would mind *you*, if he saw his child fallen upon the ground and crying? For my part, I am of opinion that your father and mother, even if they could have foreseen that you would have been the author of such doctrines, would not have thrown you away.

CONCERNING DIFFICULTIES

Difficulties are things that show what men are. For the future, in case of any difficulty, remember that God, like a gymnastic trainer, has pitted you against a rough antagonist. For what end? That you may be an Olympic conqueror; and this cannot be without toil. No man, in my opinion, has a more profitable difficulty on his hands than you have, provided you will but use it as an athletic champion uses his antagonist.

Suppose we were to send you as a scout to Rome. But no one ever sends a timorous scout, who when he only hears a noise or sees a shadow runs back frightened, and says, "The enemy is at hand." So now if you should come and tell us: — "Things are in a fearful way at Rome; death is terrible, banishment terrible, calumny terrible, poverty terrible; run, good people, the enemy is at hand;" we will answer, Get you gone, and prophesy for yourself; our only fault is that we have sent such a scout. Diogenes was sent as a scout before you, but he told us other tidings. He says that death is no evil, for it is nothing base; that calumny is only the noise of madmen. And what account did this spy give us of pain, of pleasure, of poverty? He says that to be naked is better than a purple robe; to sleep upon the bare ground, the softest bed; and gives a proof of all he says by his own courage, tranquillity, and freedom, and moreover by a healthy and robust body. "There is no enemy near," he says; "all is profound peace." How so, Diogenes? "Look upon me," he says. "Am I hurt? Am I wounded? Have I run away from any one?" This is a scout worth having. But you come and tell us one tale after another. Go back and look more carefully, and without fear.

WORDS AND DEEDS

"Pray, see how I compose dialogues."

Talk not of that, man, but rather be able to say: — See how I accomplish my purposes; see how I avert what I wish to shun. Set death before me; set

pain, a prison, disgrace, doom, and you will know me. This should be the pride of a young man come out from the schools. Leave the rest to others. Let no one ever hear you waste a word upon them, nor suffer it, if any one commends you for them; but admit that you are nobody, and that you know nothing. Appear to know only this, never to fail nor fall. Let others study cases, problems, and syllogisms. Do you rather contemplate death, change, torture, exile; and all these with courage, and reliance upon Him who hath called you to them, and judged you worthy a post in which you may show what reason can do when it encounters the inevitable.

OF TRANQUILLITY

Consider, you who are about to undergo trial, what you wish to preserve, and in what to succeed. For if you wish to preserve a mind in harmony with nature, you are entirely safe; everything goes well; you have no trouble on your hands. While you wish to preserve that freedom which belongs to you, and are contented with that, for what have you longer to be anxious? For who is the master of things like these? Who can take them away? If you wish to be a man of modesty and fidelity, who shall prevent you? If you wish not to be restrained or compelled, who shall compel you to desires contrary to your principles; to aversions contrary to your opinion? The judge, perhaps, will pass a sentence against you which he thinks formidable; but can he likewise make you receive it with shrinking? Since, then, desire and aversion are in your own power, for what have you to be anxious? Let this be your introduction; this your narration; this your proof; this your conclusion; this your victory; and this your applause. Thus said Socrates to one who put him in mind to prepare himself for his trial: — "Do you not think that I have been preparing myself for this very thing my whole life long?" By what kind of preparation? "I have attended to my own work." What mean you? "I have done nothing unjust, either in public or in private life."

But if you wish to retain possession of outward things too — your body, your estate, your dignity — I advise you immediately to prepare yourself by every possible preparation; and besides, to consider the disposition of your judge and of your adversary. In that case, if it be necessary to embrace his knees, do so; if to weep, weep; if to groan, groan. For when you have once made yourself a slave to externals, be a slave wholly; do not struggle, and be alternately willing and unwilling, but be simply and thoroughly the one or the other — free or a slave; instructed or ignorant; a game-cock or a craven; either bear to be beaten till you die, or give out at once; and do not be soundly beaten first, and then give out last.

FROM THE 'ENCHIRIDION'

THE BASIS OF PHILOSOPHY

THERE are things which are within our power, and there are things which are beyond our power. Within our power are opinion, aim, desire, aversion, and in one word, whatever affairs are our own. Beyond our power are body, property, reputation, office, and in one word, whatever are not properly our own affairs.

Now, the things within our power are by nature free, unrestricted, unhindered; but those beyond our power are weak, dependent, restricted, alien. Remember, then, that if you attribute freedom to things by nature dependent, and seek for your own that which is really controlled by others, you will be hindered, you will lament, you will be disturbed, you will find fault both with gods and men. But if you take for your own only that which is your own, and view what belongs to others just as it really is, then no one will ever compel you, no one will restrict you, you will find fault with no one, you will accuse no one, you will do nothing against your will; no one will hurt you, you will not have an enemy, nor will you suffer any harm.

Aiming therefore at such great things, remember that you must not allow yourself any inclination, however slight, towards the attainment of the others; but that you must entirely quit some of them, and for the present postpone the rest. But if you would have these greater things, and possess power and wealth likewise, you may miss the latter in seeking the former; and you will certainly fail of that by which alone happiness and freedom are procured.

TERRORS

Men are disturbed not by things, but by the views which they take of things. Thus death is nothing terrible, else it would have appeared so to Socrates. But the terror consists in our notion of death, that it is terrible. When therefore we are hindered, or disturbed, or grieved, let us never impute it to others, but to ourselves; that is, to our own views. It is the action of an uninstructed person to reproach others for his own misfortunes; of one entering upon instruction, to reproach himself; and of one perfectly instructed, to reproach neither others nor himself.

THE VOYAGE

As in a voyage, when the ship is at anchor, if you go on shore to get water you may amuse yourself with picking up a shell-fish or a truffle in your way, but your thoughts ought to be bent towards the ship and perpetually attentive, lest the captain should call, and then you must leave all these things, that

you may not have to be carried on board the vessel bound like a sheep; thus likewise in life, if instead of a truffle or shell-fish such a thing as a wife or a child be granted you, there is no objection; but if the captain calls, run to the ship, leave all these things, and never look behind. But if you are old, never go far from the ship, lest you should be missing when called for.

THE TEST

Never proclaim yourself a philosopher, nor make much talk among the ignorant about your principles; but show them by actions. Thus, at an entertainment, do not discourse how people ought to eat; but eat as you ought. For remember that thus Socrates also universally avoided all ostentation. And when persons came to him, and desired to be introduced by him to philosophers, he took them and introduced them; so well did he bear being overlooked. So if ever there should be among the ignorant any discussion of principles, be for the most part silent. For there is great danger in hastily throwing out what is undigested. And if any one tells you that you know nothing, and you are not nettled at it, then you may be sure that you have really entered on your work. For sheep do not hastily throw up the grass, to show the shepherds how much they have eaten; but inwardly digesting their food, they produce it outwardly in wool and milk.

THE TWO HANDLES

Everything has two handles: one by which it may be borne, another by which it cannot. If your brother acts unjustly, do not lay hold on the affair by the handle of his injustice, for by that it cannot be borne; but rather by the opposite, that he is your brother, that he was brought up with you; and thus you will lay hold on it as it is to be borne.

FROM THE 'FRAGMENTS'

LOVE OF MAN

No one who is a lover of money, a lover of pleasure, or a lover of glory, is likewise a lover of mankind; but only he who is a lover of virtue.

MONUMENTS

If you have a mind to adorn your city by consecrated monuments, first consecrate in yourself the most beautiful monument, of gentleness and justice and benevolence.

CIVIC HONOR

You will confer the greatest benefits on your city, not by raising its roofs, but by exalting its souls. For it is better that great souls should live in small habitations, than that abject slaves should burrow in great houses.

FOR HUMANITY

A person once brought clothes to a pirate who had been cast ashore and almost killed by the severity of the weather; then carried him to his house, and furnished him with all necessities. Being reproached by some one for doing good to the evil, "I have paid this regard," answered he, "not to the man, but to humanity."

DIVINE PRESENCE

If you always remember that God stands by as a witness of whatever you do, either in soul or body, you will never err, either in your prayers or actions, and you will have God abiding with you.

Translated by T. W. Higginson

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PLUTARCH

STUDY your Plutarch, and paint," said the great French classicist to his pupil. The advice was sound; for though the literature of Greece boasts of many names more illustrious than Plutarch's for original genius and power, yet the world in general has drawn from him, more than from any other source, its conception of the heroic men of Greece and Rome. "He was one of Plutarch's men," is the eulogy often spoken over the grave of some statesman or general whose rugged grandeur of character seems to harmonize with the splendid portraits drawn for us by the old Greek biographer. And so, although this author does not occupy the highest place either as philosopher or historian, yet there are few ancient writers who are more interesting or important than he.

We know but little of his life. He was born about half a century after the beginning of our era, at Chæronea in Bœotia; a portion of Hellas popularly credited with intellectual dullness, though the names of Pindar and Epaminondas go far to vindicate its fame. He seems to have spent some time at Rome, and in other parts of Italy, but he returned to Greece in his later years, closing his life about the year 120. He thus lived under the Roman emperors from Nero to Trajan, and was contemporary with Tacitus and the Plinys. It is remarkable, however, that he does not quote from any of the great Romans of his time; nor do they in turn make any mention of him.

Greece had at this time long since lost her political independence. Even in literature her creative genius had spent itself, and in its place had come the period of elegant finish and laborious scholarship. Alexandria, which had supplanted Athens as the intellectual center of the world, was now herself beginning to yield precedence to all-conquering Rome. Theocritus, the last Greek poet of the highest rank, had died nearly three centuries before, while Lucian, the gifted reviver of Attic prose, was yet to come. The only other Greek writer of this period whose works have been widely popular was the Hebrew Josephus, who was a few years older than Plutarch.

Born of a wealthy and respected family, and living the peaceful and happy life of the scholar and writer, Plutarch was the faithful exponent of the literary tendencies in his time. His knowledge of Greek literature was apparently boundless; and his writings are enriched by numerous quotations, many of which are from works which are lost to us, so that these remnants are of the greatest value. In all that he wrote we see the evidence of a mind well stocked with the learning of his day, interested in a great variety of problems, fond of moral and philosophical reflections, but not the originator of new

views, nor even the advocate of any distinct system in philosophy. We admire his purity of character, his culture of mind and heart, and his wide knowledge of men and life, rather than the depth of his thought or the soaring height of his genius.

The writings of Plutarch fall naturally into two classes: the historical and the ethical. The chief work in the first class is the 'Parallel Lives,' consisting of forty-six biographies arranged in pairs, the life of a Greek being followed in each case by the life of a Roman. Nineteen of these double biographies are accompanied in our text by comparisons of the two characters depicted, though these are probably spurious. In this juxtaposition of the great men of the conquered and the conquering race we recognize the patriotic pride of the Greek biographer. Living at a time when his country was in servitude to Rome, he delighted in showing that Greece too had produced warriors and statesmen who were worthy to stand in company with the men who had made Rome the mistress of the world. In the selection of his pairs Plutarch was guided by a real or fancied resemblance in the public careers of his heroes. Thus he groups together Theseus and Romulus as legendary founders of states, Lycurgus and Numa Pompilius as mythical legislators, Demosthenes and Cicero as orators and statesmen. But in many cases, it must be confessed, the resemblance is slight or entirely wanting.

As a writer of biography the world has scarcely seen the superior of Plutarch. To be sure, his methods of historical research were not severely critical, and modern scholars are forced to use his statements with some degree of caution. But it is biography that he means to write, and not history; and his clear conception of the difference between the two forms of composition has done much to give his 'Lives' their popularity. His purpose was to portray character rather than narrate events. For this purpose the many personal touches which he introduces, the anecdotes which he repeats without too close a scrutiny, are of more value than many pages of meaningless events, however accurately told. He distinctly states in his life of Nicias that he will pass over much that is told by Thucydides, while he endeavors to "gather and propound things not commonly marked and known, which will serve, I doubt not, to decipher the man and his nature." None of Plutarch's anecdotes is pointless. They always help to light up the character which he is describing, and many of them are treasures which we could ill afford to spare.

But besides these bits of personal character, Plutarch abounds in grand historical pictures of a sober eloquence, which touches us all the more because of the severe self-restraint which the writer never lays aside. He never strives for pathos or dramatic effect; and when he thrills his reader it is the result of a passionate earnestness, like that of Thucydides, which cannot be concealed.

In the light of what has been said, it is easy to understand why the 'Lives' has been the most widely beloved among all the literary treasures of Greece. Statesmen and generals, poets and philosophers, alike have expressed their

admiration for this book, and the traces of its influence are to be found everywhere in modern literature.

The English translation by Sir Thomas North, published in 1579, though it was not made from the original Greek, but from the great French version of Amyot, and though it abounds in errors, is yet a work of the utmost importance, both as a specimen of vigorous and racy English, and because it is the channel through which Plutarch became known to the writers of the Elizabethan age, and especially to Shakespeare. Shakespeare knew no Greek, and his acquaintance with Plutarch, and through him with the spirit of ancient life, must be due chiefly to Sir Thomas North. Three of his greatest plays, 'Coriolanus,' 'Julius Cæsar,' and 'Antony and Cleopatra,' are based on the 'Lives' to such an extent that it is not too much to say that they would not have been written had not Shakespeare made the acquaintance of the old Greek biographer. This is especially true of 'Julius Cæsar,' in which not merely are the incidents due to Plutarch, but even much of the language is suggested by Sir Thomas North. Many other English writers have given us pictures of ancient life whose inspiration is plainly drawn from the same abundant source.

Plutarch is not a critical historian according to modern standards. He does not reach even the plane of accuracy attained by Thucydides or Polybius. But he evidently consulted the best authorities accessible to him, and used them with conscientious diligence. We must admit that numerous errors and contradictions in details have been found in his biographies; and in particular, his comprehension of Roman politics seems not always to be clear. But in the portrayal of character he is always effective and usually correct. Only in his attack upon Herodotus (in the 'Moralia') for partiality in favor of Athens, he is influenced by his Bœotian patriotism to do injustice to his great predecessor. (The authenticity of this tract is much disputed.)

Of Plutarch's 'Moralia,' or moral essays, we must speak more briefly. This vast collection, of more than sixty treatises upon a great variety of subjects, has not received of late the attention which it deserves. The subjects treated are ethical, literary, and historical; and they are illustrated with a wealth of anecdote and quotation unequaled even in the 'Lives.' In these charming essays the Greek author appears as the serene scholar, the experienced and philosophic observer, throwing light on each subject he touches, and delighting the reader with wise reflection and with quaint learning. Among the most interesting portions of the 'Moralia,' are the essays on the Late Vengeance of the Deity, the Education of Children, the Right Way of Hearing Poetry, on Superstition, and the so-called Consolation to Apollonius (on the death of his son). But Plutarch treats also of more obscure and recondite subjects, such as the Dæmon of Socrates, the Cessation of Oracles, Isis and Osiris, and others. Indeed, it would be necessary to quote the whole list of titles of the essays in order to give an adequate conception of their diversity of subject,

and the wide scope of knowledge which they display. No ancient writer shows so complete a command of Greek literature and history, combined with so rich a fund of information bearing upon religion, philosophy, and social life. The style of these essays is scarcely less admirable than their matter; for while sometimes rugged and involved, it is never marred by affectation or straining for effect.

It is inevitable to compare Plutarch, in the 'Moralia,' with Seneca, who was only fifty years his senior; but the Greek appears to the better advantage in the comparison. While Seneca is often prosy and tiresome, Plutarch is always genial and sympathetic; and his nobility of sentiment and moral feeling is far more attractive than the formal sermonizing of the Roman Stoic. Nor can we forget that Seneca was the supple minister of one of the worst of the Roman emperors, while Plutarch's life is free from the smallest taint of insincerity.

In many aspects Plutarch suggests Montaigne, who was one of his most sympathetic readers. The witty Frenchman was perhaps his superior in originality; but Plutarch far excels his modern admirer in elevation of thought and purity of tone. Yet no one has praised Plutarch more worthily than Montaigne. "We dunces had been lost," he says, "had not this book raised us out of the dust. By this favor of his we dare now speak and write. 'Tis our breviary."

EDWARD BULL CLAPP

PERICLES

PERICLES was of the tribe Acamantis and the township of Cholaragus, of the noblest birth both on his father's and mother's side. Xanthippus, his father, who defeated the King of Persia's generals in the battle at Mycale, took to wife Agariste, the grandchild of Clisthenes, who drove out the sons of Pisistratus and nobly put an end to their tyrannical usurpation, and moreover, made a body of laws and settled a model of government admirably tempered and suited for the harmony and safety of the people.

His mother, being near her time, fancied in a dream that she was brought to bed of a lion; and a few days after was delivered of Pericles, in other respects perfectly formed, only his head was somewhat longish and out of proportion. For which reason almost all the images and statues that were made of him have the head covered with a helmet, the workmen apparently being willing not to expose him. . . .

The master that taught him music, most authors are agreed, was Damon (whose name, they say, ought to be pronounced with the first syllable short). Though Aristotle tells us that he was thoroughly practised in all accomplish-

ments of this kind by Pythoclides, Damon, it is not unlikely, being a sophist, out of policy sheltered himself under the profession of music to conceal from people in general his skill in other things; and under this pretense attended Pericles, the young athlete of politics, so to say, as his training-master in these exercises. Damon's lyre, however, did not prove altogether a successful blind; he was banished the country by ostracism for ten years, as a dangerous intermeddler and a favorer of arbitrary power; and by this means gave the stage occasion to play upon him. As, for instance, Plato the comic poet introduces a character, who questions him:

Tell me, if you please,
Since you're the Chiron who taught Pericles.

Pericles also was a hearer of Zeno the Eleatic, who treated of natural philosophy in the same manner Parmenides did, but had also perfected himself in an art of his own for refuting and silencing opponents in argument; as Timon of Phlius describes it —

Also the two-edged tongue of mighty Zeno, who,
Say what one would, could argue it untrue.

But he that saw most of Pericles, and furnished him most especially with a weight and grandeur of intellect superior to all arts of popularity, and in general gave him his elevation and sublimity of purpose and of character, was Anaxagoras of Clazomenæ, whom the men of those times called by the name of Nous — that is, mind or intelligence; — whether in admiration of the great and extraordinary gift he displayed for the science of nature, or because he was the first of the philosophers who did not refer the first ordering of the world to fortune or chance, nor to necessity or compulsion, but to a pure, unadulterated intelligence, which in all other existing mixed and compound things acts as a principle of discrimination, and of combination of like with like.

For this man, Pericles entertained an extraordinary esteem and admiration; and filling himself with this lofty and — as they call it — up-in-the-air sort of thought, derived hence not merely, as was natural, elevation of purpose and dignity of language, raised far above the base and dishonest buffooneries of mob eloquence, but besides this, a composure of countenance, and a serenity and calmness in all his movements, which no occurrence whilst he was speaking could disturb; with a sustained and even tone of voice, and various other advantages of a similar kind, which produced the greatest effect on his hearers. Once, after being reviled and ill-spoken of all day long in his own hearing by some vile and abandoned fellow in the open market-place, where he was engaged in the dispatch of some urgent affair, he continued his business in perfect silence, and in the evening returned home composedly, the man still dog-

ging him at the heels, and pelting him all the way with abuse and foul language; and stepping into his house, it being by this time dark, he ordered one of his servants to take a light and go along with the man and see him safe home. Ion, it is true, the dramatic poet, says that Pericles' manner in company was somewhat over-assuming and pompous; and that into his high bearing there entered a good deal of slightingness and scorn of others; he reserves his commendation for Cimon's ease and pliancy and natural grace in society. Ion, however, who must needs make virtue, like a show of tragedies, include some comic scenes, we shall not altogether rely upon: Zeno used to bid those who called Pericles' gravity the affectation of a charlatan, to go and affect the like themselves; inasmuch as this mere counterfeiting might in time insensibly instil into them a real love and knowledge of those noble qualities.

Nor were these the only advantages which Pericles derived from Anaxagoras' acquaintance; he seems also to have become, by his instructions, superior to that superstition with which an ignorant wonder at appearances in the heavens, for example, possesses the minds of people unacquainted with their causes, eager for the supernatural, and excitable through an inexperience which the knowledge of natural causes removes, replacing wild and timid superstition by the good hope and assurance of an intelligent piety. . . .

Pericles, while yet but a young man, stood in considerable apprehension of the people, as he was thought in face and figure to be very like the tyrant Pisistratus; and those of great age remarked upon the sweetness of his voice, and his volubility and great rapidity in speaking, and were struck with amazement at the resemblance. Reflecting, too, that he had a considerable estate, and was descended of a noble family, and had friends of great influence, he was fearful all this might bring him to be banished as a dangerous person; and for this reason meddled not at all with state affairs, but in military service showed himself of a brave and intrepid nature. But when Aristides was now dead, and Themistocles driven out, and Cimon was for the most part kept abroad by the expeditions he made in parts out of Greece, Pericles seeing things in this posture, now advanced and took sides not with the rich and few, but with the many and poor; contrary to his natural bent, which was far from democratical, but most likely fearing he might fall under suspicion of aiming at arbitrary power, and seeing Cimon on the side of the aristocracy, and much beloved by the better and more distinguished people, he joined the part of the people, with a view at once both to secure himself and procure means against Cimon.

He immediately entered also on quite a new course of life and management of his time. For he was never seen to walk in any street but that which led to the market-place and the council hall: and he avoided invitations of friends to supper, and all friendly visiting and intercourse whatever; in all the time he had to do with the public, which was not a little, he was never known to have gone to any of his friends to a supper, except that once when

his near kinsman Euryptolemus married, he remained present till the ceremony of the drink-offering, and then immediately rose from the table and went his way. For these friendly meetings are very quick to defeat any assumed superiority, and in intimate familiarity an exterior of gravity is hard to maintain. . . .

A saying also of Thucydides the son of Melesias stands on record, spoken by him by way of pleasantry upon Pericles' dexterity. Thucydides was one of the noble and distinguished citizens, and had been his greatest opponent; and when Archidamus, the King of the Lacedæmonians, asked him whether he or Pericles were the better wrestler, he made this answer: "When I," said he, "have thrown him and given him a fair fall, by persisting that he had no fall he gets the better of me, and makes the bystanders, in spite of their own eyes, believe him." The truth however is, that Pericles himself was very careful what and how he was to speak; insomuch that whenever he went up to the hustings, he prayed the gods that no one word might unawares slip from him unsuitable to the matter and the occasion. . . .

That which gave most pleasure and ornament to the city of Athens, and the greatest admiration and even astonishment to all strangers, and that which now is Greece's only evidence that the power she boasts of and her ancient wealth are no romance or idle story, was his construction of the public and sacred buildings. Yet this was that of all his actions in the government which his enemies most looked askance upon, and caviled at in the popular assemblies, crying out how that the commonwealth of Athens had lost its reputation, and was ill spoken of abroad for removing the common treasure of the Greeks from the isle of Delos into their own custody; and how that their fairest excuse for so doing — namely, that they took it away for fear the barbarians should seize it, and on purpose to secure it in a safe place — this Pericles had made unavailable; and how that "Greece cannot but resent it as an insufferable affront, and consider herself to be tyrannized over openly, when she sees the treasure which was contributed by her upon a necessity for the war, wantonly lavished out by us upon our city, to gild her all over, and to adorn and set her forth, as it were some vain woman, hung round with precious stones and figures and temples which cost a world of money."

Pericles, on the other hand, informed the people that they were in no way obliged to give any account of those moneys to their allies, so long as they maintained their defense, and kept off the barbarians from attacking them: while in the mean time they did not so much as supply one horse or man or ship, but only found money for the service; "which money," said he, "is not theirs that give it, but theirs that receive it, if so be they perform the conditions upon which they receive it." And that it was good reason that now the city was sufficiently provided and stored with all things necessary for the war, they should convert the overplus of its wealth to such under-

takings as would hereafter, when completed, give them eternal honor, and for the present, while in process, freely supply all the inhabitants with plenty. With their variety of workmanship, and of occasions for service, which summon all arts and trades and require all hands to be employed about them, they do actually put the whole city, in a manner, into state pay; while at the same time she is both beautified and maintained by herself. For as those who are of age and strength for war are provided for and maintained in the armaments abroad by their pay out of the public stock, so, it being his desire and design that the undisciplined mechanic multitude that stayed at home should not go without their share of public salaries, and yet should not have them given them for sitting still and doing nothing, to the end he thought fit to bring in among them, with the approbation of the people, these vast projects of buildings and designs of works, that would be of some continuance before they were finished, and would give employment to numerous arts, so that the part of the people that stayed at home might, no less than those that were at sea or in garrisons or on expeditions, have a fair and just occasion of receiving the benefit and having their share of the public moneys.

The materials were stone, brass, ivory, gold, ebony, cypress-wood; and the arts or trades that wrought and fashioned them were smiths and carpenters, molders, founders and braziers, stone-cutters, dyers, goldsmiths, ivory-workers, painters, embroiderers, turners; those again that conveyed them to the town for use were merchants and mariners and shipmasters by sea, and by land, cartwrights, cattle-breeders, wagoners, rope-makers, flax-workers, shoemakers and leather-dressers, road-makers, miners. And every trade in the same nature, as a captain in an army has his particular company of soldiers under him, had its own hired company of journeymen and laborers belonging to it, banded together as in array, to be as it were the instrument and body for the performance of the service. Thus, to say all in a word, the occasions and services of these public works distributed plenty through every age and condition.

As then grew the works up, no less stately in size than exquisite in form, the workmen striving to outvie the material and the design with the beauty of their workmanship, yet the most wonderful thing of all was the rapidity of their execution. Undertakings, any one of which singly might have required, they thought, for their completion, several successions and ages of men, were every one of them accomplished in the height and prime of one man's political service. Although they say too that Zeuxis once, having heard Agatharchus the painter boast of having dispatched his work with speed and ease, replied, "I take a long time." For ease and speed in doing a thing do not give the work lasting solidity or exactness of beauty; the expenditure of time allowed to a man's pains beforehand for the production of a thing is repaid, by way of interest, with a vital force for its preservation when once produced. For which reason Pericles' works are especially admired, as having been

made quickly, yet to last long. For every particular piece of his work was immediately, even at that time, for its beauty and elegance, antique; and yet in its vigor and freshness looks to this day as if it were just executed. There is a sort of bloom of newness upon those works of his, preserving them from the touch of time, as if they had some perennial spirit and undying vitality mingled in the composition of them. . . .

The Lacedæmonians beginning to show themselves troubled at the growth of the Athenian power, Pericles, on the other hand, to elevate the people's spirit yet more, and to raise them to the thought of great actions, proposed a decree, to summon all the Greeks in what part soever, whether of Europe or Asia, every city, little as well as great, to send their deputies to Athens to a general assembly or convention, there to consult and advise concerning the Greek temples which the barbarians had burnt down, and the sacrifices which were due from them upon vows they had made to their gods for the safety of Greece when they fought against the barbarians; and also concerning the navigation of the sea, that they might henceforward all of them pass to and fro and trade securely, and be at peace among themselves. . . .

Nothing was effected, nor did the cities meet by their deputies, as was desired; the Lacedæmonians, as it is said, crossing the design underhand, and the attempt being disappointed and baffled first in Peloponnesus. I thought fit, however, to introduce the mention of it, to show the spirit of the man and the greatness of his thoughts. . . .

After this, having made a truce between the Athenians and Lacedæmonians for thirty years, he ordered by public decree the expedition against the isle of Samos, on the ground that when the Samians were bid to leave off their war with the Milesians they had not complied. And as these measures against them are thought to have been taken to please Aspasia, this may be a fit point for inquiry about the woman: what art or faculty of charming she had that enabled her to captivate, as she did, the greatest of statesmen, and to give the philosophers occasion to speak so much about her, and that too not to her disparagement. That she was a Milesian by birth, the daughter of Axiochus, is a thing acknowledged. And they say it was in emulation of Thargelia, a courtesan of the old Ionian times, that she made her addresses to men of great power. Thargelia was a great beauty, extremely charming, and at the same time sagacious: she had numerous suitors among the Greeks, and brought all who had to do with her over to the Persian interest; and by their means, being men of the greatest power and station, sowed the seeds of the Median faction up and down in several cities. Some say that Aspasia was courted and caressed by Pericles on account of her knowledge and skill in politics. Socrates himself would sometimes go to visit her, and some of his acquaintance with him; and those who frequented her company would carry their wives with them to listen to her. Her occupation was anything but creditable, her house being a home for young courtesans. Æschines tells us

also that Lysicles, a sheep-dealer, a man of low birth and character, by keeping Aspasia company after Pericles' death came to be chief man in Athens. And in Plato's 'Menexenus,' though we do not take the introduction as quite serious, still thus much seems to be historical: that she had the repute of being resorted to by many of the Athenians for instruction in the art of speaking. Pericles' inclination for her seems, however, to have rather proceeded from the passion of love. He had a wife that was near of kin to him, who had been married first to Hipponicus, by whom she had Callias, surnamed the Rich; and also she bore to Pericles, while she lived with him, two sons, Xanthippus and Paralus. Afterwards, when they did not well agree nor like to live together, he parted with her, with her own consent, to another man, and himself took Aspasia and loved her with wonderful affection: every day, both as he went out and as he came in from the market-place, he saluted and kissed her.

Phidias the sculptor had, as has before been said, undertaken to make the statue of Minerva. Now he, being admitted to friendship with Pericles, and a great favorite of his, had many enemies upon this account, who envied and maligned him; who also, to make trial in a case of his what kind of judges the commons would prove, should there be occasion to bring Pericles himself before them — having tampered with Menon, one who had been a workman with Phidias, stationed him in the market-place, with a petition desiring public security upon his discovery and impeachment of Phidias. The people admitting the man to tell his story, and the prosecution proceeding in the assembly, there was nothing of theft or cheat proved against him; for Phidias from the very first beginning, by the advice of Pericles, had so wrought and wrapt the gold that was used in the work about the statue, that they might take it all off and make out the just weight of it, which Pericles at that time bade the accusers do. But the reputation of his works was what brought envy upon Phidias; especially that, where he represents the flight of the Amazons upon the goddess's shield, he had introduced a likeness of himself as a bald old man holding up a great stone with both hands, and had put in a very fine representation of Pericles fighting with an Amazon. And the position of the hand, which holds out the spear in front of the face, was ingeniously contrived to conceal in some degree the likeness, which meantime showed itself on either side.

Phidias then was carried away to prison, and there died of a disease; but as some say, of poison administered by the enemies of Pericles, to raise a slander, or a suspicion at least, as though he had procured it. The informer Menon, upon Glycon's proposal, the people made free from payment of taxes and customs, and ordered the generals to take care that nobody should do him any hurt. About the same time, Aspasia was indicted of impiety, upon the complaint of Hermippus the comedian; who also laid further to her charge that she received into her house freeborn women for the uses of Pericles. And Diophites proposed a decree, that public accusations should

be laid against persons who neglected religion, or taught new doctrines about things above; directing suspicion, by means of Anaxagoras, against Pericles himself. The people receiving and admitting these accusations and complaints, at length by this means they came to enact a decree, at the motion of Dracontides, that Pericles should bring in the accounts of the moneys he had expended, and lodge them with the Prytanes; and that the judges, carrying their suffrage from the altar in the Acropolis, should examine and determine the business in the city. This last clause Hagnon took out of the decree, and moved that the causes should be tried before fifteen hundred jurors, whether they should be styled prosecutions for robbery, or bribery, or any kind of malversation. Pericles begged off Aspasia, shedding, as Æschines says, many tears at the trial, and personally entreating the jurors. But fearing how it might go with Anaxagoras, he sent him out of the city. And finding that in Phidias' case he had miscarried with the people, being afraid of impeachment, he kindled the war, which hitherto had lingered and smothered, and blew it up into a flame; hoping by that means to disperse and scatter these complaints and charges, and to allay their jealousy; the city usually throwing herself upon him alone, and trusting to his sole conduct, upon the urgency of great affairs and public dangers, by reason of his authority and the sway he bore.

Pericles, however, was not at all moved by any attacks, but took all patiently, and submitted in silence to the disgrace they threw upon him and the ill-will they bore him; and sending out a fleet of a hundred galleys to Peloponnesus, he did not go along with it in person, but stayed behind, that he might watch at home and keep the city under his own control, till the Peloponnesians broke up their camp and were gone. Yet to soothe the common people, jaded and distressed with the war, he relieved them with distributions of public moneys, and ordained new divisions of subject land. For having turned out all the people of Ægina, he parted the island among the Athenians according to lot. Some comfort, also, and ease in their miseries, they might receive from what their enemies endured. For the fleet, sailing round the Peloponnesus, ravaged a great deal of the country, and pillaged and plundered the towns and smaller cities; and by land he himself entered with an army the Megarian country, and made havoc of it all. Whence it is clear that the Peloponnesians, though they did the Athenians much mischief by land, yet suffering as much themselves from them by sea, would not have protracted the war to such a length, but would quickly have given it over, as Pericles at first foretold they would, had not some divine power crossed human purposes.

In the first place, the pestilential disease or plague seized upon the city, and ate up all the flower and prime of their youth and strength. Upon occasion of which, the people, distempered and afflicted in their souls as well as in their bodies, were utterly enraged like madmen against Pericles; and like patients grown delirious, sought to lay violent hands on their physician, or as it were,

their father. They had been possessed, by his enemies, with the belief that the occasion of the plague was the crowding of the country people together into the town, forced as they were now, in the heat of the summer weather, to dwell, many of them together, even as they could, in small tenements and stifling hovels, and to be tied to a lazy course of life within doors, whereas before they lived in a pure, open, and free air. The cause and author of all this, said they, is he who on account of the war has poured a multitude of people from the country in upon us within the walls, and uses all these many men that he has here upon no employ or service, but keeps them pent up like cattle, to be overrun with infection from one another, affording them neither shift of quarters nor any refreshment.

With the design to remedy these evils, and to do the enemy some inconvenience, Pericles got a hundred and fifty galleys ready, and having embarked many tried soldiers, both foot and horse, was about to sail out; giving great hope to his citizens, and no less alarm to his enemies, upon the sight of so great a force. And now the vessels having their complement of men, and Pericles being gone aboard his own galley, it happened that the sun was eclipsed, and it grew dark on a sudden, to the affright of all, for this was looked upon as extremely ominous. Pericles, therefore, perceiving the steersman seized with fear and at a loss what to do, took his cloak and held it up before the man's face, and screening him with it so that he could not see, asked him whether he imagined there was any great hurt or the sign of any great hurt in this; and he answering No, "Why," said he, "and what does that differ from this, only that what has caused that darkness there is something greater than a cloak?" This is a story which philosophers tell their scholars.

. . . His domestic concerns were in an unhappy condition, many of his friends and acquaintances having died in the plague-time, and those of his family having long since been in disorder and in a kind of mutiny against him. . . .

Xanthippus died in the plague-time, of that sickness. At which time Pericles also lost his sister, and the greatest part of his relations and friends, and those who had been most useful and serviceable to him in managing the affairs of state. Yet he did not shrink or give in upon these occasions, nor betray or lower his high spirit and the greatness of his mind under all his misfortunes; he was not even so much as seen to weep or to mourn, or even attend the burial of any of his friends or relations, till at last he lost his only remaining legitimate son. Subdued by this blow, and yet striving still as far as he could to maintain his principle, and to preserve and keep up the greatness of his soul — when he came, however, to perform the ceremony of putting a garland of flowers upon the head of the corpse, he was vanquished by his passion at the sight, so that he burst into exclamations, and shed copious tears, having never done any such thing in all his life before. . . .

The city having made trial of other generals for the conduct of war, and

orators for business of state, when they found there was no one who was of weight enough for such a charge, or of authority sufficient to be trusted with so great a command, regretted the loss of him, and invited him again to address and advise them and to reassume the office of general. He, however, lay at home in dejection and mourning: but was persuaded by Alcibiades and others of his friends to come abroad and show himself to the people; who having, upon his appearance, made their acknowledgments, and apologized for their untoward treatment of him, he undertook the public affairs once more; and being chosen general, requested that the statute concerning base-born children, which he himself had formerly caused to be made, might be suspended — that so the name and race of his family might not, for absolute want of a lawful heir to succeed, be wholly lost and extinguished. The case of the statute was thus: Pericles, when long ago at the height of his power in the State, having then, as has been said, children lawfully begotten, proposed a law that those only should be reputed true citizens of Athens who were born of parents both Athenian. After this, the King of Egypt having sent to the people, as a present, forty thousand bushels of wheat, which were to be shared out among the citizens, a great many actions and suits about legitimacy occurred by virtue of that edict — cases which till that time had either not been known or not been taken notice of; and several persons suffered by false accusations. There were little less than five thousand who were convicted and sold for slaves; those who, enduring the test, remained in the government and passed muster for true Athenians, were found upon the poll to be fourteen thousand and forty persons in number.

It looked strange that a law which had been carried so far against so many people, should be canceled again by the same man that made it; yet the present calamity and distress which Pericles labored under in his family broke through all objections, and prevailed with the Athenians to pity him, as one whose losses and misfortunes had sufficiently punished his former arrogance and haughtiness. His sufferings deserved, they thought, their pity and even indignation, and his request was such as became a man to ask and men to grant: they gave him permission to enroll his son in the register of his fraternity, giving him his own name. This son afterward, after having defeated the Peloponnesians at Arginusæ, was with his fellow-generals put to death by the people.

About the time when his son was enrolled, it would seem, the plague seized Pericles; not with sharp and violent fits, as it did others that had it, but with a dull and lingering distemper, attended with various changes and alterations, leisurely by little and little wasting the strength of his body and undermining the noble faculties of his soul. So that Theophrastus, in his 'Morals' — when discussing whether men's characters change with their circumstances, and their moral habits, disturbed by the ailings of their bodies, start aside from the rules of virtue — has left it on record that Pericles, when he was sick, showed one of his friends that came to visit him an amulet or charm that the women had

hung about his neck, as much as to say that he was very sick indeed when he would admit of such a foolery as that was.

When he was now near his end, the best of the citizens and those of his friends who were left alive, sitting about him, were speaking of the greatness of his merit, and his power, and reckoning up his famous actions and the number of his victories; for there were no less than nine trophies, which as their chief commander and the conqueror of their enemies he had set up for the honor of the city. They talked thus together among themselves, as though he were unable to understand or mind what they said, but had now lost his consciousness. He had listened however all the while, and attended to all; and speaking out among them said that he wondered they should commend and take notice of things which were as much owing to fortune as to anything else, and had happened to many other commanders, and at the same time should not speak or make mention of that which was the most excellent and greatest thing of all: "For," said he, "no Athenian, through my means, ever wore mourning."

He was indeed a character deserving our high admiration: not only for his equable and mild temper — which all along in the many affairs of his life, and the great animosities which he incurred, he constantly maintained — but also for the high spirit and feeling which made him regard it the noblest of all his honors, that in the exercise of such immense power he never had gratified his envy or his passion, nor ever had treated any enemy as irreconcilably opposed to him. And to me it appears that this one thing gives that otherwise childish and arrogant title a fitting and becoming significance: so dispassionate a temper, a life so pure and unblemished in the height of power and place, might well be called Olympian, in accordance with our conception of the divine beings to whom, as the natural authors of all good and nothing evil, we ascribe the rule and government of the world. Not as the poets represent, who, while confounding us with their ignorant fancies, are themselves confuted by their own poems and fictions, and call the place indeed where they say the gods make their abode, a secure and quiet seat, free from all hazards and commotions, untroubled with winds or with clouds, and equally through all time illumined with a soft serenity and a pure light, as though such were a home most agreeable for a blessed and immortal nature; and yet in the meanwhile affirm that the gods themselves are full of trouble and enmity and anger and other passions, which no way become or belong to even men that have any understanding. But this will perhaps seem a subject fitter for some other consideration, and that ought to be treated of in some other place.

The course of public affairs after his death produced a quick and speedy sense of the loss of Pericles. Those who while he lived resented his great authority, as that which eclipsed themselves, presently after his quitting the stage, making trial of other orators and demagogues, readily acknowledged that there never had been in nature such a disposition as his was, more mod-

erate and reasonable in the height of that state he took upon him, or more grave and impressive in the mildness which he used. And that invidious arbitrary power, to which formerly they gave the name of monarchy and tyranny, did then appear to have been the chief bulwark of public safety: so great a corruption and such a flood of mischief and vice followed, which he, by keeping weak and low, had withheld from notice, and had prevented from attaining incurable height through a licentious impunity.

CORIOLANUS

IT may be observed in general, that when young men arrive early at fame and repute, if they are of a nature but slightly touched with emulation, this early attainment is apt to extinguish their thirst and satiate their small appetite: whereas the first distinctions of more solid and weighty characters do but stimulate and quicken them and take them away, like a wind, in the pursuit of honor; they look upon these marks and testimonies to their virtue not as a recompense received for what they have already done, but as a pledge given by themselves of what they will perform hereafter; ashamed now to forsake or underlive the credit they have won, or rather, not to exceed and obscure all that is gone before by the luster of their following actions.

Marcus, having a spirit of this noble make, was ambitious always to surpass himself, and did nothing, how extraordinary soever, but he thought he was bound to outdo it at the next occasion; and ever desiring to give continual fresh instances of his prowess, he added one exploit to another, and heaped up trophies upon trophies, so as to make it a matter of contest also among his commanders — the later still vying with the earlier, which should pay him the greatest honor and speak highest in his commendation. Of all the numerous wars and conflicts in those days, there was not one from which he returned without laurels and rewards. And whereas others made glory the end of their daring, the end of his glory was his mother's gladness; the delight she took to hear him praised and to see him crowned, and her weeping for joy in his embraces, rendered him, in his own thoughts, the most honored and most happy person in the world. . . .

The Romans were now at war with the Volscian nation, whose principal city was Corioli; when therefore Cominius the consul had invested this important place, the rest of the Volscians, fearing it would be taken, mustered up whatever force they could from all parts to relieve it, designing to give the Romans battle before the city, and so attack them on both sides. Cominius, to avoid this inconvenience, divided his army, marching himself with one body to encounter the Volscians on their approach from without, and leaving Titus

Lartius, one of the bravest Romans of his time, to command the other and continue the siege. Those within Corioli, despising now the smallness of their number, made a sally upon them; and prevailed at first, and pursued the Romans into their trenches. Here it was that Marcius, flying out with a slender company, and cutting those in pieces that first engaged him, obliged the other assailants to slacken their speed; and then with loud cries called on the Romans to renew the battle. For he had — what Cato thought a great point in a soldier — not only strength of hand and stroke, but also a voice and look that of themselves were a terror to an enemy. Divers of his own party now rallying and making up to him, the enemy soon retreated: but Marcius, not content to see them draw off and retire, pressed hard upon the rear, and drove them, as they fled away in haste, to the very gates of their city; where, perceiving the Romans to fall back from their pursuit, beaten off by the multitude of darts poured in upon them from the walls, and that none of his followers had the hardiness to think of falling in pell-mell among the fugitives, and so entering a city full of enemies in arms, he nevertheless stood and urged them to the attempt, crying out that fortune had now set open Corioli, not so much to shelter the vanquished as to receive the conquerors. Seconded by a few that were willing to venture with him, he bore along through the crowd, made good his passage, and thrust himself into the gate through the midst of them, nobody at first daring to resist him. But when the citizens, on looking about, saw that a very small number had entered, they now took courage, and came up and attacked them. A combat ensued of the most extraordinary description, in which Marcius, by strength of hand and swiftness of foot and daring of soul overpowering every one that he assailed, succeeded in driving the enemy to seek refuge for the most part in the interior of the town, while the remainder submitted, and threw down their arms; thus affording Lartius abundant opportunity to bring in the rest of the Romans with ease and safety.

The day after, when Marcius with the rest of the army presented themselves at the consul's tent, Cominius rose, and having rendered all due acknowledgment to the gods for the success of that enterprise, turned next to Marcius, and first of all delivered the strongest encomium upon his rare exploits, which he had partly been an eye-witness of himself, in the late battle, and had partly learned from the testimony of Lartius. And then he required him to choose a tenth part of all the treasure and horses and captives that had fallen into their hands, before any division should be made to others; besides which, he made him the special present of a horse with trappings and ornaments, in honor of his actions. The whole army applauded; Marcius however stepped forth, and declaring his thankful acceptance of the horse, and his gratification at the praises of his general, said that all other things, which he could only regard rather as mercenary advantages than any significations of honor, he must waive, and should be content with the ordinary portion of such rewards. "I have only," said he, "one special grace to beg; and this I hope you will not

deny me. There was a certain hospitable friend of mine among the Volscians, a man of probity and virtue, who is become a prisoner, and from former wealth and freedom is now reduced to servitude. Among his many misfortunes let my intercession redeem him from the one of being sold as a common slave." Such a refusal and such a request on the part of Marcius were followed with yet louder acclamations; and he had many more admirers of this generous superiority to avarice, than of the bravery he had shown in battle. The very persons who conceived some envy and despite to see him so specially honored, could not but acknowledge that one who could so nobly refuse reward was beyond others worthy to receive it; and were more charmed with that virtue which made him despise advantage, than with any of those former actions that had gained him his title to it. It is the higher accomplishment to use money well than to use arms; but not to desire it is more noble than to use it.

When the noise of approbation and applause ceased, Cominius resuming, said: "It is idle, fellow-soldiers, to force and obtrude those other gifts of ours on one who is unwilling to accept them: let us therefore give him one of such a kind that he cannot well reject it; let us pass a vote, I mean, that he shall hereafter be called Coriolanus, unless you think that his performance at Corioli has itself anticipated any such resolution." Hence therefore he had his third name of Coriolanus, making it all the plainer that Caius was a personal proper name, and the second or surname Marcius was one common to his house and family; the third being a subsequent addition, which used to be imposed either from some particular act or fortune, bodily characteristic, or good quality of the bearer. . . .

Not long afterward he stood for the consulship; and now the people began to relent and incline to favor him, being sensible what a shame it would be to repulse and affront a man of his birth and merit after he had done them so many signal services. It was usual for those who stood for offices among them to solicit and address themselves personally to the citizens, presenting themselves in the forum with the toga on alone, and no tunic under it; either to promote their supplications by the humility of their dress, or that such as had received wounds might more readily display those marks of their fortitude. Certainly it was not out of suspicion of bribery and corruption that they required all such petitioners for their favor to appear ungirt and open, without any close garment: as it was much later, and many ages after this, that buying and selling crept in at their elections, and money became an ingredient in the public suffrages; proceeding thence to attempt their tribunals, and even attack their camps, till, by hiring the valiant and enslaving iron to silver, it grew master of the state, and turned their commonwealth into a monarchy. For it was well and truly said that the first destroyer of the liberties of a people is he who first gives them bounties and largesses. At Rome the mischief seems to have stolen secretly in, and by little and little, not being at once discerned and taken notice of. It is not certainly known who the man was that there first either

bribed the citizens or corrupted the courts; whereas in Athens, Anytus the son of Anthemion is said to have been the first that gave money to the judges, when on his trial, toward the latter end of the Peloponnesian war, for letting the fort of Pylos fall into the hands of the enemy, in a period while the pure and golden race of men were still in possession of the Roman forum.

Marcus, therefore, as the fashion of candidates was, showing the scars and gashes that were still visible on his body, from the many conflicts in which he had signalized himself during a service of seventeen years together — they were, so to say, put out of countenance at this display of merit, and told one another that they ought in common modesty to create him consul. But when the day of election was now come, and Marcus appeared in the forum with a pompous train of senators attending him, and the patricians all manifested greater concern and seemed to be exerting greater efforts than they had ever done before on the like occasion, the commons then fell off again from the kindness they had conceived for him, and in the place of their late benevolence, began to feel something of indignation and envy, passions assisted by the fear they entertained, that if a man of such aristocratic temper, and so influential among the patricians, should be invested with the power which that office would give him, he might employ it to deprive the people of all that liberty which was yet left them. In conclusion they rejected Marcus. Two other names were announced, to the great mortification of the senators, who felt as if the indignity reflected rather upon themselves than on Marcus. He for his part could not bear the affront with any patience. He had always indulged his temper, and had regarded the proud and contentious element of human nature as a sort of nobleness and magnanimity; reason and discipline had not imbued him with that solidity and equanimity which enters so largely into the virtues of the statesman. He had never learned how essential it is for any one who undertakes public business, and desires to deal with mankind, to avoid above all things that self-will, which, as Plato says, belongs to the family of solitude; and to pursue above all things that capacity so generally ridiculed, of submission to ill-treatment. Marcus, straightforward and direct, and possessed with the idea that to vanquish and overbear all opposition is the true part of bravery, and never imagining that it was the weakness and womanishness of his nature that broke out, so to say, in these ulcerations of anger, retired, full of fury and bitterness against the people. The young patricians too — all that were proudest and most conscious of their noble birth — had always been devoted to his interest; and adhering to him now, with a fidelity that did him no good, aggravated his resentment with the expression of their indignation and condolence. He had been their captain, and their willing instructor in the arts of war when out upon expeditions, and their model in that true emulation and love of excellence which makes men extol, without envy or jealousy, each other's brave achievements. . . .

There was a man of Antium called Tullus Aufidius, who for his wealth and

bravery and the splendor of his family had the respect and privilege of a king among the Volscians; but whom Marcius knew to have a particular hostility to himself, above all other Romans. Frequent menaces and challenges had passed in battle between them; and those exchanges of defiance to which their hot and eager emulation is apt to prompt young soldiers had added private animosity to their national feelings of opposition. Yet for all this, considering Tullus to have a certain generosity of temper, and knowing that no Volscian so much as he desired an occasion to requite upon the Romans the evils they had done, he did what much confirms the saying that —

Hard and unequal is with wrath the strife,
Which makes us buy its pleasures with our life.

Putting on such a dress as would make him appear to any whom he might meet most unlike what he really was, thus, like Ulysses —

The town he entered of his mortal foes.

His arrival at Antium was about evening, and though several met him in the streets, yet he passed along without being known to any, and went directly to the house of Tullus; and entering undiscovered, went up to the fire-hearth, and seated himself there without speaking a word, covering up his head. Those of the family could not but wonder, and yet they were afraid either to raise or question him, for there was a certain air of majesty both in his posture and silence; but they recounted to Tullus, being then at supper, the strangeness of this accident. He immediately rose from table and came in, and asked who he was, and for what business he came thither; and then Marcius, unmuffling himself and pausing awhile, "If," said he, "you cannot call me to mind, Tullus, or do not believe your eyes concerning me, I must of necessity be my own accuser. I am Caius Marcius, the author of so much mischief to the Volscians; of which, were I seeking to deny it, the surname of Coriolanus I now bear would be a sufficient evidence against me. The one recompense I received for all the hardships and perils I have gone through was the title that proclaims my enmity to your nation, and this is the only thing which is still left me. Of all other advantages I have been stripped and deprived by the envy and outrage of the Roman people, and the cowardice and treachery of the magistrates and those of my own order. I am driven out as an exile, and become a humble suppliant at your hearth, not so much for safety and protection (should I have come hither, had I been afraid to die?) as to seek vengeance against those that expelled me; which methinks I have already obtained by putting myself into your hands. If therefore you have really a mind to attack your enemies, come then, make use of that affliction which you see me in to assist the enterprise, and convert my personal infelicity into a common blessing to the Volscians; as indeed I am likely to be more serviceable in fighting

for than against you, with the advantage which I now possess of knowing all the secrets of the enemy that I am attacking. But if you decline to make any further attempts, I am neither desirous to live myself, nor will it be well in you to preserve a person who has been your rival and adversary of old, and now, when he offers you his service, appears unprofitable and useless to you."

Tullus on hearing this was extremely rejoiced, and giving him his right hand, exclaimed, "Rise, Marcius, and be of good courage: it is a great happiness you bring to Antium, in the present you make us of yourself; expect everything that is good from the Volscians." He then proceeded to feast and entertain him with every display of kindness; and for several days after, they were in close deliberation together on the prospects of a war. . . .

Tullus called a general assembly of the Volscians; and the vote passing for a war, he then proposed that they should call in Marcius, laying aside the remembrance of former grudges, and assuring themselves that the services they should now receive from him as a friend and associate would abundantly outweigh any harm or damage he had done them when he was their enemy. Marcius was accordingly summoned; and having made his entrance, and spoken to the people, won their good opinion of his capacity, his skill, counsel, and boldness, not less by his present words than by his past actions. They joined him in commission with Tullus, to have full power as general of their forces in all that related to the war. And he, fearing lest the time that would be requisite to bring all the Volscians together in full preparation might be so long as to lose him the opportunity of action, left orders with the chief persons and magistrates of the city to provide other things; while he himself, prevailing upon the most forward to assemble and march out with him as volunteers without staying to be enrolled, made a sudden inroad into the Roman confines, when nobody expected him, and possessed himself of so much booty that the Volscians found they had more than they could either carry away or use in the camp. The abundance of provision which he gained, and the waste and havoc of the country which he made, however, were of themselves and in his account the smallest results of that invasion: the great mischief he intended, and his special object in all, was to increase at Rome the suspicions entertained of the patricians, and to make them upon worse terms with the people. With this view, while spoiling all the fields and destroying the property of other men, he took special care to preserve their farms and land untouched, and would not allow his soldiers to ravage there, or seize upon anything which belonged to them.

But when the whole strength of the Volscians was brought together in the field, with great expedition and alacrity, it appeared so considerable a body that they agreed to leave part in garrison, for the security of their towns, and with the other part to march against the Romans.

All at Rome was in great disorder; they were utterly averse to fighting, and spent their whole time in cabals and disputes and reproaches against

each other: until news was brought that the enemy had laid close siege to Lavinium, where were the images and sacred things of their tutelary gods, and from whence they derived the origin of their nation; that being the first city which Æneas built in Italy. These tidings produced a change as universal as it was extraordinary in the thoughts and inclinations of the people. . . .

It was therefore unanimously agreed by all parties that ambassadors should be dispatched, offering Coriolanus return to his country, and desiring he would free them from the terrors and distresses of the war. The persons sent by the Senate with this message were chosen out of his kindred and acquaintance, who naturally expected a very kind reception at their first interview, upon the score of that relation and their old familiarity and friendship with him; in which, however, they were much mistaken. Being led through the enemy's camp, they found him sitting in state amidst the chief men of the Volscians, looking insupportably proud and arrogant. He bade them declare the cause of their coming, which they did in the most gentle and tender terms, and with a behavior suitable to their language. When they had made an end of speaking, he returned them a sharp answer, full of bitterness and angry resentment, as to what concerned himself and the ill usage he had received from them: but as general of the Volscians, he demanded restitution of the cities and the lands which had been seized upon during the late war, and that the same rights and franchises should be granted them at Rome which had been before accorded to the Latins; since there could be no assurance that a peace would be firm and lasting without fair and just conditions on both sides. He allowed them thirty days to consider and resolve. . . .

But when the thirty days were expired, and Marcius appeared again with his whole army, they sent another embassy to beseech him that he would moderate his displeasure, and would withdraw the Volscian army, and then make any proposals he thought best for both parties: the Romans would make no concessions to menaces, but if it were his opinion that the Volscians ought to have any favor shown them, upon laying down their arms they might obtain all they could in reason desire.

The reply of Marcius was, that he should make no answer to this as general of the Volscians: but in the quality still of a Roman citizen, he would advise and exhort them as the case stood, not to carry it so high, but think rather of just compliance, and return to him before three days were at an end, with a ratification of his previous demands; otherwise they must understand that they could not have any further freedom of passing through his camp upon idle errands.

When the ambassadors were come back, and had acquainted the Senate with the answer, seeing the whole State now threatened as it were by a tempest, and the waves ready to overwhelm them, they were forced, as we say in extreme perils, to let down the sacred anchor. A decree was made that the whole order

of their priests — those who initiated in the mysteries or had the custody of them, and those who, according to the ancient practice of the country, divined from birds — should all and every one of them go in full procession to Marcius with their pontifical array, and the dress and habit which they respectively used in their several functions, and should urge him as before to withdraw his forces, and then treat with his countrymen in favor of the Volscians. He consented so far, indeed, as to give the deputation an admittance into his camp, but granted nothing at all, nor so much as expressed himself more mildly; but without capitulating or receding, bade them once for all choose whether they would yield or fight, since the old terms were the only terms of peace. When this solemn application proved ineffectual, the priests too returning unsuccessful, they determined to sit still within the city and keep watch about their walls, intending only to repulse the enemy should he offer to attack them, and placing their hopes chiefly in time and in extraordinary accidents of fortune; as to themselves, they felt incapable of doing anything for their own deliverance; mere confusion and terror and ill-boding reports possessed the whole city, till at last a thing happened not unlike what we so often find represented — without, however, being generally accepted as true — in Homer. . . . In the perplexity I have described, the Roman women went, some to other temples, but the greater part, and the ladies of highest rank, to the altar of Jupiter Capitolinus. Among these suppliants was Valeria, sister to the great Poplicola, who did the Romans eminent service both in peace and war. Poplicola himself was now deceased, as is told in the history of his life; but Valeria lived still, and enjoyed great respect and honor at Rome, her life and conduct no way disparaging her birth. She, suddenly seized with the sort of instinct or emotion of mind which I have described, and happily lighting, not without divine guidance, on the right expedient, both rose herself and bade the others rise, and went directly with them to the house of Volumnia, the mother of Marcius. And coming in and finding her sitting with her daughter-in-law, and with her little grandchildren on her lap, Valeria, surrounded by her female companions, spoke in the name of them all: —

“We that now make our appearance, O Volumnia, and you, Vergilia, are come as mere women to women, not by direction of the Senate, or an order from the consuls, or the appointment of any other magistrate; but the divine being himself, as I conceive, moved to compassion by our prayers, prompted us to visit you in a body, and request a thing on which our own and the common safety depends, and which, if you consent to it, will raise your glory above that of the daughters of the Sabines, who won over their fathers and their husbands from mortal enmity to peace and friendship. Arise and come with us to Marcius; join in our supplication, and bear for your country this true and just testimony on her behalf: that notwithstanding the many mischiefs that have been done her, yet she has never outraged you, nor so much as thought of treating you ill, in all her resentment, but does now restore you safe into his

hands, though there be small likelihood she should obtain from him any equitable terms."

The words of Valeria were seconded by the acclamations of the other women, to which Volumnia made answer: —

"I and Vergilia, my countrywomen, have an equal share with you all in the common miseries; and we have the additional sorrow, which is wholly ours, that we have lost the merit and good fame of Marcius, and see his person confined, rather than protected, by the arms of the enemy. Yet I account this the greatest of all misfortunes, if indeed the affairs of Rome be sunk to so feeble a state as to have their last dependence upon us. For it is hardly imaginable he should have any consideration left for us, when he has no regard for the country which he was wont to prefer before his mother and wife and children. Make use, however, of our service; and lead us, if you please, to him: we are able, if nothing more, at least to spend our last breath in making suit to him for our country."

Having spoken thus, she took Vergilia by the hand, and the young children, and so accompanied them to the Volscian camp. So lamentable a sight much affected the enemies themselves, who viewed them in respectful silence. Marcius was then sitting in his place, with his chief officers about him, and seeing the party of women advance toward them, wondered what might be the matter; but perceiving at length that his mother was at the head of them, he would fain have hardened himself in his former inexorable temper: but overcome by his feelings, and confounded at what he saw, he did not endure they should approach him sitting in state, but came down hastily to meet them; saluting his mother first, and embracing her a long time, and then his wife and children; sparing neither tears nor caresses, but suffering himself to be borne away and carried headlong, as it were, by the impetuous violence of his passion.

When he had satisfied himself, and observed that his mother Volumnia was desirous to say something, the Volscian council being first called in, he heard her to the following effect: — "Our dress and our very persons, my son, might tell you, though we should say nothing ourselves, in how forlorn a condition we have lived at home since your banishment and absence from us; and now consider with yourself, whether we may not pass for the most unfortunate of all women, to have that sight, which should be the sweetest that we could see, converted through I know not what fatality, to one of all others the most formidable and dreadful — Volumnia to behold her son, and Vergilia her husband, in arms against the walls of Rome. Even prayer itself, whence others gain comfort and relief in all manner of misfortunes, is that which most adds to our confusion and distress: since our best wishes are inconsistent with themselves, nor can we at the same time petition the gods for Rome's victory and your preservation; but what the worst of our enemies would imprecate as a curse is the very object of our vows. Your wife and children are under the sad

necessity, that they must either be deprived of you or of their native soil. As for myself, I am resolved not to wait till war shall determine this alternative for me; but if I cannot prevail with you to prefer amity and concord to quarrel and hostility, and to be the benefactor to both parties rather than the destroyer of one of them, be assured of this from me, and reckon steadfastly upon it — that you shall not be able to reach your country unless you trample first upon the corpse of her that brought you into life. For it will be ill in me to wait and loiter in the world till the day come when I shall see a child of mine either led in triumph by his own countrymen, or triumphing over them. Did I require you to save your country by ruining the Volscians, then, I confess, my son, the case would be hard for you to solve. It is base to bring destitution on our fellow-citizens; it is unjust to betray those who have placed their confidence in us. But as it is, we do but desire a deliverance equally expedient for them and us; only more glorious and honorable on the Volscian side, who as superior in arms, will be thought freely to bestow the two greatest of blessings, peace and friendship, even when they themselves receive the same. If we obtain these, the common thanks will be chiefly due to you as the principal cause; but if they be not granted, you alone must expect to bear the blame from both nations. The chance of all war is uncertain; yet thus much is certain in the present — that you, by conquering Rome, will only get the reputation of having undone your country; but if the Volscians happen to be defeated under your conduct, then the world will say that to satisfy a revengeful humor, you brought misery on your friends and patrons.”

Marcus listened to his mother while she spoke, without answering her a word; and Volumnia, seeing him stand mute also for a long time after she had ceased, resumed: — “O my son,” said she, “what is the meaning of this silence? Is it a duty to postpone everything to a sense of injuries, and wrong to gratify a mother in a request like this? Is it the characteristic of a great man to remember wrongs that have been done him, and not the part of a great and good man to remember benefits such as those that children receive from parents, and to requite them with honor and respect? You, methinks, who are so relentless in the punishment of the ungrateful, should not be more careless than others to be grateful yourself. You have punished your country already; you have not paid your debt to me. Nature and religion, surely, unattended by any constraint, should have won your consent to petitions so worthy and so just as these; but if it must be so, I will even use my last resource.” Having said this, she threw herself down at his feet, as did also his wife and children; upon which Marcus, crying out, “O mother! what is it you have done to me!” raised her up from the ground, and pressing her right hand with more than ordinary vehemence, “You have gained a victory,” said he, “fortunate enough for the Romans, but destructive to your son; whom you, though none else, have defeated.” After which, and a little private conference with his mother and his wife, he sent them back again to Rome, as they desired of him.

The next morning he broke up his camp, and led the Volscians homeward, variously affected with what he had done: some of them complaining of him and condemning his act; others, who were inclined to a peaceful conclusion, unfavorable to neither. A third party, while much disliking his proceedings, yet could not look upon Marcius as a treacherous person, but thought it pardonable in him to be thus shaken and driven to surrender at last under such compulsion. . . .

When Marcius came back to Antium, Tullus, who thoroughly hated and greatly feared him, proceeded at once to contrive how he might immediately dispatch him; as, if he escaped now, he was never likely to give him such another advantage. Having therefore got together and suborned several partisans against him, he required Marcius to resign his charge, and give the Volscians an account of his administration. . . .

Tullus began to dread the issue of the defense he was going to make for himself; for he was an admirable speaker, and the former services he had done the Volscians had procured and still preserved for him greater kindness than could be outweighed by any blame for his late conduct. Indeed, the very accusation itself was a proof and testimony of the greatness of his merits; since people could never have complained or thought themselves wronged because Rome was not brought into their power, but that by his means they had come so near to taking it. For these reasons the conspirators judged it prudent not to make any further delays, nor to test the general feeling; but the boldest of their faction, crying out that they ought not to listen to a traitor, nor allow him still to retain office and play the tyrant among them, fell upon Marcius in a body, and slew him there, none of those that were present offering to defend him. But it quickly appeared that the action was in no wise approved by the majority of the Volscians, who hurried out of their several cities to show respect to his corpse; to which they gave honorable interment, adorning his sepulcher with arms and trophies, as the monument of a noble hero and a famous general. When the Romans heard tidings of his death, they gave no other signification either of honor or of anger towards him, but simply granted the request of the women, that they might put themselves into mourning and bewail him for ten months (as the usage was upon the loss of a father or a son or a brother; that being the period fixed for the longest lamentation by the laws of Numa Pompilius, as is more amply told in the account of him).

Marcius was no sooner deceased but the Volscians felt the need of his assistance. They . . . were defeated by the Romans in a pitched battle, where not only Tullus lost his life, but the principal flower of their whole army was cut in pieces: so that they were forced to submit and accept of peace upon very dishonorable terms, becoming subjects of Rome, and pledging themselves to submission.

PLUTARCH ON HIMSELF

WHETHER it was, Sosius, that wrote the poem in honor of Alcibiades, upon his winning the chariot race at the Olympian Games — whether it was Euripides, as is most commonly thought, or some other person — he tells us that to a man's being happy, it is in the first place requisite he should be born in "some famous city." But for him that would attain to true happiness, which for the most part is placed in the qualities and disposition of the mind, it is in my opinion of no other disadvantage to be of a mean, obscure country, than to be born of a small or plain-looking woman. For it were ridiculous to think that Iulis, a little part of Ceos, which itself is no great island, and Ægina, which an Athenian once said ought to be removed, like a small eye-sore, from the port of Piræus, should breed good actors and poets,¹ and yet should never be able to produce a just, temperate, wise, and high-minded man. Other arts, whose end it is to acquire riches or honor, are likely enough to wither and decay in poor and undistinguished towns; but virtue, like a strong and durable plant, may take root and thrive in any place where it can lay hold of an ingenuous nature, and a mind that is industrious. I for my part shall desire that for any deficiency of mine in right judgment or action, I myself may be as in fairness held accountable, and shall not attribute it to the obscurity of my birthplace.

But if any man undertake to write a history that has to be collected from materials gathered by observation and the reading of works not easy to be got in all places, nor written always in his own language, but many of them foreign and dispersed in other lands — for him, undoubtedly, it is in the first place and above all things most necessary to reside in some city of good note, addicted to liberal arts, and populous; where he may have plenty of all sorts of books, and upon inquiry may hear and inform himself of such particulars as, having escaped the pens of writers, are more faithfully preserved in the memories of men, lest his work be deficient in many things, even those which it can least dispense with.

But for me, I live in a little town, where I am willing to continue, lest it should grow less; and having had no leisure, while I was in Rome and other parts of Italy, to exercise myself in the Roman language, on account of public business and of those who came to be instructed by me in philosophy, it was very late, and in the decline of my age, before I applied myself to the reading of Latin authors. Upon which that which happened to me may seem strange, though it be true; for it was not so much by the knowledge of words that I came to the understanding of things, as by my experience of things I was

¹ Simonides, the lyric poet, was born at Iulis in Ceos; and Polus, the celebrated actor, was a native of Ægina.

enabled to follow the meaning of words. But to appreciate the graceful and ready pronunciation of the Roman tongue, to understand the various figures and connection of words, and such other ornaments in which the beauty of speaking consists, is, I doubt not, an admirable and delightful accomplishment; but it requires a degree of practice and study which is not easy, and will better suit those who have more leisure, and time enough yet before them for the occupation.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

WITH the better class and with all well-conducted people the general course of Antony's life made him, as Cicero says, absolutely odious; utter disgust being excited by his drinking bouts at all hours, his wild expenses, his gross amours, the day spent in sleeping or walking off his debauches, and the night in banquets and at theaters, and in celebrating the nuptials of some comedian or buffoon. . . .

But it was his character in calamities to be better than at any other time. Antony in misfortune was most nearly a virtuous man. It is common enough for people when they fall into great disasters to discern what is right, and what they ought to do: but there are few who in such extremities have the strength to obey their judgment, either in doing what it approves or avoiding what it condemns; and a good many are so weak as to give way to their habits all the more, and are incapable of using their minds. Antony on this occasion was a most wonderful example to his soldiers. He who had just quitted so much luxury and sumptuous living, made no difficulty now of drinking foul water and feeding on wild fruits and roots. Nay, it is related they ate the very bark of trees; and in passing over the Alps, lived upon creatures that no one before had ever been willing to touch. . . .

Whilst Cæsar in Rome was wearing out his strength amidst seditions and wars, Antony, with nothing to do amidst the enjoyments of peace, let his passions carry him easily back to the old course of life that was familiar to him. A set of harpers and pipers, Anaxenor and Xuthus, the dancing-man Metrodorus, and a whole Bacchic rout of the like Asiatic exhibitors, far outdoing in license and buffoonery the pests that had followed him out of Italy, came in and possessed the court; the thing was past patience, wealth of all kinds being wasted on objects like these. The whole of Asia was like the city in Sophocles, loaded at one time

— with incense in the air,
Jubilant songs, and outcries of despair.

When he made his entry into Ephesus, the women met him dressed up like

Bacchantes, and the men and boys like Satyrs and Fauns; and throughout the town nothing was to be seen but spears wreathed about with ivy, harps, flutes, and psalteries, while Antony in their songs was Bacchus the Giver of Joy and the Gentle. And so indeed he was to some, but to far more the Devourer and the Savage; for he would deprive persons of worth and quality of their fortunes to gratify villains and flatterers, who would sometimes beg the estates of men yet living, pretending they were dead, and, obtaining a grant, take possession. He gave his cook the house of a Magnesian citizen, as a reward for a single highly successful supper; and at last, when he was proceeding to lay a second whole tribute on Asia, Hybreas, speaking on behalf of the cities, took courage, and told him broadly, but aptly enough for Antony's taste, "If you can take two yearly tributes, you can doubtless give us a couple of summers, and a double harvest-time"; and put it to him in the plainest and boldest way, that Asia had raised two hundred thousand talents for his service; "If this has not been paid to you, ask your collectors for it; if it has, and is all gone, we are ruined men." These words touched Antony to the quick, he being simply ignorant of most things that were done in his name: not that he was so indolent as he was prone to trust frankly in all about him. For there was much simplicity in his character: he was slow to see his faults, but when he did see them, was extremely repentant, and ready to ask pardon of those he had injured; prodigal in his acts of reparation, and severe in his punishments, but his generosity was much more extravagant than his severity; his raillery was sharp and insulting, but the edge of it was taken off by his readiness to submit to any kind of repartee; for he was as well contented to be rallied, as he was pleased to rally others. And this freedom of speech was indeed the cause of many of his disasters. He never imagined that those who used so much liberty in their mirth would flatter or deceive him in business of consequence; not knowing how common it is with parasites to mix their flattery with boldness, as confectioners do their sweetmeats with something biting, to prevent the sense of satiety. Their freedoms and impertinences at table were designed expressly to give to their obsequiousness in council the air of being not complaisance, but conviction.

Such being his temper, the last and crowning mischief that could befall him came in the love of Cleopatra, to awaken and kindle to fury passions that as yet lay still and dormant in his nature, and to stifle and finally corrupt any elements that yet made resistance in him of goodness and a sound judgment. . . .

She was to meet Antony in the time of life when women's beauty is most splendid, and their intellects are in full maturity. She made great preparations for her journey, of money, gifts, and ornaments of value, such as so wealthy a kingdom might afford; but she brought with her her surest hopes in her own magic arts and charms.

She received several letters, both from Antony and from his friends, to

summon her, but she took no account of these orders; and at last, as if in mockery of them, she came sailing up the river Cydnus, in a barge with gilded stern and outspread sails of purple, while oars of silver beat time to the music of flutes and fifes and harps. She herself lay all along, under a canopy of cloth of gold, dressed as Venus in a picture; and beautiful young boys, like painted Cupids, stood on each side to fan her. Her maids were dressed like Sea Nymphs and Graces, some steering at the rudder, some working at the ropes. The perfumes diffused themselves from the vessel to the shore, which was covered with multitudes, part following the galley up the river on either bank, part running out of the city to see the sight. The market-place was quite emptied, and Antony at last was left alone sitting upon the tribunal; while the word went through all the multitude that Venus was come to feast with Bacchus, for the common good of Asia. On her arrival, Antony sent to invite her to supper. She thought it fitter he should come to her; so, willing to show his good-humor and courtesy, he complied, and went. He found the preparations to receive him magnificent beyond expression, but nothing so admirable as the great number of lights; for on a sudden there was let down altogether so great a number of branches with lights in them so ingeniously disposed, some in squares and some in circles, that the whole thing was a spectacle that has seldom been equaled for beauty.

The next day Antony invited her to supper, and was very desirous to outdo her as well in magnificence as contrivance; but he found he was altogether beaten in both, and was so well convinced of it, that he was himself the first to jest and mock at his poverty of wit and his rustic awkwardness. She, perceiving that his raillery was broad and gross, and savored more of the soldier than the courtier, rejoined in the same taste, and fell into it at once, without any sort of reluctance or reserve. For her actual beauty, it is said, was not in itself so remarkable that none could be compared with her, or that no one could see her without being struck by it: but the contact of her presence, if you lived with her, was irresistible; the attraction of her person, joining with the charm of her conversation and the character that attended all she said or did, was something bewitching. It was a pleasure merely to hear the sound of her voice, with which, like an instrument of many strings, she could pass from one language to another: so that there were few of the barbarian nations that she answered by an interpreter; to most of them she spoke herself, as to the Ethiopians, Troglodytes, Hebrews, Arabians, Syrians, Medes, Parthians, and many others, whose language she had learnt: which was all the more surprising, because most of the kings her predecessors scarcely gave themselves the trouble to acquire the Egyptian tongue, and several of them quite abandoned the Macedonian.

Antony was so captivated by her, that while Fulvia his wife maintained his quarrels in Rome against Cæsar by actual force of arms, and the Parthian troops commanded by Labienus (the king's generals having made him com-

mander-in-chief) were assembled in Mesopotamia and ready to enter Syria, he could yet suffer himself to be carried away by her to Alexandria, there to keep holiday like a boy in play and diversion, squandering and fooling away in enjoyments what Antiphon calls that most costly of all valuables, time. They had a sort of company, to which they gave a particular name, calling it that of the Inimitable Livers. The members entertained one another daily in turn, with an extravagance of expenditure beyond measure or belief. Philotas, a physician of Amphissa, who was at that time a student of medicine in Alexandria, used to tell my grandfather Lamprias that having some acquaintance with one of the royal cooks, he was invited by him, being a young man, to come and see the sumptuous preparations for supper. So he was taken into the kitchen, where he admired the prodigious variety of all things; but particularly, seeing eight wild boars roasting whole, says he, "Surely you have a great number of guests." The cook laughed at his simplicity, and told him there were not above twelve to sup, but that every dish was to be served up just roasted to a turn; and if anything was but one minute ill-timed, it was spoiled. "And," said he, "maybe Antony will sup just now, maybe not this hour; maybe he will call for wine, or begin to talk, and will put it off. So that," he continued, "it is not one, but many suppers must be had in readiness, as it is impossible to guess at his hour." . . .

[After the desertion of Antony's fleet and cavalry to Octavianus, and the defeat of his infantry, in the contest before Alexandria] he retired into the city, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him to the enemies he had made for her sake. She, being afraid lest in his fury and despair he might do her a mischief, fled to her monument, and letting down the falling doors, which were strong with bars and bolts, she sent messengers who should tell Antony she was dead. He believing it cried out, "Now, Antony, why delay longer? Fate has snatched away the only pretext for which you could say you desired yet to live." Going into his chamber, and there loosening and opening his coat of armor, "I am not troubled, Cleopatra," said he, "to be at present bereaved of you, for I shall soon be with you; but it distresses me that so great a general should be found of a tardier courage than a woman." He had a faithful servant, whose name was Eros; he had engaged him formerly to kill him when he should think it necessary, and now he put him to his promise. Eros drew his sword, as designing to kill him, but suddenly turning round, he slew himself. And as he fell dead at his feet, "It is well done, Eros," said Antony, "you show your master how to do what you had not the heart to do yourself: " and so he ran himself in the belly, and laid himself upon the couch. The wound, however, was not immediately mortal; and the flow of blood ceasing when he lay down, presently he came to himself, and entreated those that were about him to put him out of his pain; but they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and struggling, until Diomede, Cleopatra's secretary, came to him, having orders from her to bring him into the monument.

When he understood she was alive, he eagerly gave order to the servants to take him up, and in their arms was carried to the door of the building. Cleopatra would not open the door, but looking from a sort of window, she let down ropes and cords, to which Antony was fastened; and she and her two women, the only persons she had allowed to enter the monument, drew him up. Those who were present say that nothing was ever more sad than this spectacle — to see Antony, covered all over with blood and just expiring, thus drawn up, still holding up his hands to her, and lifting up his body with the little force he had left. As indeed it was no easy task for the women; and Cleopatra, with all her force, clinging to the rope and straining with her head to the ground, with difficulty pulled him up, while those below encouraged her with their cries, and joined in all her effort and anxiety. When she had got him up, she laid him on the bed, tearing all her clothes, which she spread upon him; and beating her breasts with her hands, lacerating herself, and disfiguring her own face with the blood from his wounds, she called him her lord, her husband, her emperor, and seemed to have pretty nearly forgotten all her own evils, she was so intent upon his misfortunes. Antony, stopping her lamentations as well as he could, called for wine to drink; either that he was thirsty, or that he imagined that it might put him the sooner out of pain. When he had drunk, he advised her to bring her own affairs, so far as might be honorably done, to a safe conclusion, and that among all the friends of Cæsar, she should rely on Proculeius; that she should not pity him in this last turn of fate, but rather rejoice for him in remembrance of his past happiness, who had been of all men the most illustrious and powerful, and in the end had fallen not ignobly, a Roman by a Roman overcome. . . .

There was a young man of distinction among Cæsar's companions, named Cornelius Dolabella. He was not without a certain tenderness for Cleopatra; and sent her word privately, as she had besought him to do, that Cæsar was about to return through Syria, and that she and her children were to be sent on within three days. When she understood this, she made her request to Cæsar that he would be pleased to permit her to make oblations to the departed Antony; which being granted, she ordered herself to be carried to the place where he was buried, and there, accompanied by her women, she embraced his tomb with tears in her eyes, and spoke in this manner: — "Dearest Antony," said she, "it is not long since that with these hands I buried you: then they were free; now I am a captive, and pay these last duties to you with a guard upon me, for fear that my just griefs and sorrows should impair my servile body, and make it less fit to appear in their triumph over you. No further offerings or libations expect from me; these are the last honors that Cleopatra can pay your memory, for she is to be hurried away far from you. Nothing could part us whilst we lived, but death seems to threaten to divide us. You, a Roman born, have found a grave in Egypt; I, an Egyptian, am to seek that favor, and none but that, in your country. But if the gods below,

with whom you now are, either can or will do anything (since those above have betrayed us), suffer not your living wife to be abandoned; let me not be led in triumph to your shame, but hide me and bury me here with you: since amongst all my bitter misfortunes, nothing has afflicted me like this brief time I have lived away from you."

Having made these lamentations, crowning the tomb with garlands and kissing it, she gave orders to prepare her a bath, and coming out of the bath, she lay down and made a sumptuous meal. And a country fellow brought her a little basket which the guards intercepting and asking what it was, the fellow put the leaves which lay uppermost aside, and showed them it was full of figs; and on their admiring the largeness and beauty of the figs, he laughed, and invited them to take some, which they refused, and suspecting nothing, bade him carry them in. After her repast, Cleopatra sent to Cæsar a letter which she had written and sealed; and putting everybody out of the monument but her two women, she shut the doors. Cæsar, opening her letter, and finding pathetic prayers and entreaties that she might be buried in the same tomb with Antony, soon guessed what was doing. At first he was going himself in all haste, but changing his mind, he sent others to see. The thing had been quickly done. The messengers came at full speed, and found the guards apprehensive of nothing; but on opening the doors, they saw her stone-dead, lying upon a bed of gold, set out in all her royal ornaments. Iras, one of her women, lay dying at her feet; and Charmion, just ready to fall, scarce able to hold up her head, was adjusting her mistress' diadem. And when one that came in said angrily, "Was this well done of your lady, Charmion?" "Extremely well," she answered, "and as became the descendant of so many kings;" and as she said this, she fell down dead by the bedside.

Some relate that an asp was brought in amongst those figs and covered with the leaves, and that Cleopatra had arranged that it might settle on her before she knew; but when she took away some of the figs and saw it, she said, "So here it is," and held out her bare arm to be bitten. Others say that it was kept in a vase, and that she vexed and pricked it with a golden spindle till it seized her arm. But what really took place is known to no one. For it was also said that she carried poison in a hollow bodkin, about which she wound her hair; yet there was not so much as a spot found, or any symptom of poison upon her body, nor was the asp seen within the monument; only something like the trail of it was said to have been noticed on the sand by the sea, on the part towards which the building faced and where the windows were. Some relate that two faint puncture-marks were found on Cleopatra's arm, and to this account Cæsar seems to have given credit; for in his triumph there was carried a figure of Cleopatra, with an asp clinging to her. Such are the various accounts. But Cæsar, though much disappointed by her death, yet could not but admire the greatness of her spirit, and gave orders that her body should be buried by Antony with royal splendor and magnificence. Her women, also, received hon-

orable burial by his directions. Cleopatra had lived nine-and-thirty years, during twenty-two of which she had reigned as queen, and for fourteen had been Antony's partner in his empire. Antony, according to some authorities, was fifty-three, according to others fifty-six years old. His statues were all thrown down, but those of Cleopatra were left untouched, for Archibius, one of her friends, gave Cæsar two thousand talents to save them from the fate of Antony's.

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LETTER TO HIS WIFE ON THEIR DAUGHTER'S DEATH

AS for the messenger you dispatched to tell me of the death of my little daughter, it seems he missed his way as he was going to Athens. But when I came to Tanagra, I heard of it by my niece. I suppose by this time the funeral is over. I wish that whatever has been done may create you no dissatisfaction, as well now as hereafter. But if you have designedly let anything alone, depending upon my judgment, thinking better to determine the point if I were with you, I pray let it be without ceremony and timorous superstition, which I know are far from you.

Only, dear wife, let you and me bear our affliction with patience. I know very well and do comprehend what loss we have had; but if I should find you grieve beyond measure, this would trouble me more than the thing itself. For I had my birth neither from a stock nor a stone; and you know it full well, I having been assistant to you in the education of so many children, which we brought up at home under our own care. This daughter was born after four sons, when you were longing to bear a daughter; which made me call her by your own name. Therefore I know she was particularly dear to you. And grief must have a peculiar pungency in a mind tenderly affectionate to children, when you call to mind how naturally witty and innocent she was, void of anger, and not querulous. She was naturally mild, and compassionate to a miracle. And her gratitude and kindness not only gave us delight, but also manifested her generous nature; for she would pray her nurse to give suck, not only to other children, but to her very playthings, as it were courteously inviting them to her table, and making the best cheer for them she could.

Now, my dear wife, I see no reason why these and the like things, which delighted us so much when she was alive, should upon remembrance of them afflict us when she is dead. But I also fear lest, while we cease from sorrowing, we should forget her: as Clymene said —

I hate the handy horned bow,
And banish youthful pastimes now,

because she would not be put in mind of her son by the exercises he had been used to. For nature always shuns such things as are troublesome. But since our little daughter afforded all our senses the sweetest and most charming pleasure, so ought we to cherish her memory, which will conduce in many ways — or rather manyfold — more to our joy than our grief. And it is but just that the same arguments which we have oftentimes used to others should prevail upon ourselves at this so seasonable a time, and that we should not supinely sit down and overwhelm the joys which we have tasted with a multiplicity of new griefs.

Moreover, they who were present at the funeral report this with admiration — that you neither put on mourning, nor disfigured yourself or any of your maids; neither were there any costly preparations nor magnificent pomp; but all things were managed with silence and moderation in the presence of our relatives alone. And it seems not strange to me that you, who never used richly to dress yourself for the theater or other public solemnities, esteeming such magnificence vain and useless even in matters of delight, have now practised frugality on this sad occasion. For a virtuous woman ought not only to preserve her purity in riotous feasts, but also to think thus with herself: that the tempest of the mind in violent grief must be calmed by patience, which does not encroach on the natural love of parents towards their children, as many think, but only struggles against the disorderly and irregular passions of the mind. For we allow this love of children to discover itself in lamenting, wishing for, and longing after them when they are dead. But the excessive inclination to grief, which carries people on to unseemly exclamations and furious behavior, is no less culpable than luxurious intemperance. Yet reason seems to plead in its excuse; because, instead of pleasure, grief and sorrow are ingredients of the crime. What can be more irrational, I pray, than to check excessive laughter and joy, and yet to give a free course to rivers of tears and sighs, which flow from the same fountain? or as some do, quarrel with their wives for using artificial helps to beauty, and in the meantime suffer them to shave their heads, wear the mournful black, sit disconsolate, and lie in pain? and (which is worst of all) if their wives at any time chastise their servants or maids immoderately, to interpose and hinder them, but at the same time suffer them to torment and punish themselves most cruelly, in a case which peculiarly requires their greatest tenderness and humanity?

But between us, dear wife, there never was any occasion for such contests, nor I think will there ever be. For there is no philosopher of our acquaintance who is not in love with your frugality, both in apparel and diet; nor a citizen to whom the simplicity and plainness of your dress is not conspicuous, both at religious sacrifices and public shows in the theater. Formerly also you discovered on the like occasion a great constancy of mind, when you lost your eldest son; and again when the lovely Chæron left us. For I remember, when the news was brought me of my son's death, as I was returning home with some

friends and guests who accompanied me to my house, when they beheld all things in order and observed a profound silence everywhere, as they afterwards declared to others, they thought no such calamity had happened, but that the report was false. So discreetly had you settled the affairs of the house at that time, when no small confusion and disorder might have been expected. And yet you gave this son suck yourself, and endured the lancing of your breast, to prevent the ill effects of a contusion. These are things worthy of a generous woman, and one that loves her children.

Whereas we see most other women receive their children in their hands as playthings, with a feminine mirth and jollity; and afterwards, if they chance to die, they will drench themselves in the most vain and excessive sorrow. Not that this is any effect of their love, for that gentle passion acts regularly and discreetly; but it rather proceeds from a desire of vainglory, mixed with a little natural affection, which renders their mourning barbarous, brutish, and extravagant. Which thing *Æsop* knew very well, when he told the story of *Jupiter's* giving honors to the gods; for it seems Grief also made her demands, and it was granted that she should be honored, but only by those who were willing of their own accord to do it. And indeed, this is the beginning of sorrow. Everybody first gives her free access; and after she is once rooted and settled and become familiar, she will not be forced thence with their best endeavors. Therefore she must be resisted at her first approach: nor must we surrender the fort to her by any exterior signs, whether of apparel, or shaving the hair, or any other such-like symptoms of mournful weakness; which happening daily, and wounding us by degrees with a kind of foolish bashfulness, at length do so enervate the mind, and reduce her to such straits, that, quite dejected and besieged with grief, the poor timorous wretch dare not be merry, or see the light, or eat and drink in company. This inconvenience is accompanied by a neglect of the body: carelessness of anointing and bathing, with whatsoever relates to the elegance of human life. Whereas on the contrary the soul, when it is disordered, ought to receive aid from the vigor of a healthful body. For the sharpest edge of the soul's grief is rebated and slacked when the body is in tranquillity and ease, like the sea in a calm. But where, from an ill course of diet, the body becomes dry and hot, so that it cannot supply the soul with commodious and serene spirits, but only breathes forth melancholy vapors and exhalations, which perpetually annoy her with grief and sadness, there it is difficult for a man (though never so willing and desirous) to recover the tranquillity of his mind, after it has been disturbed with so many evil affections.

But that which is most to be dreaded in this case does not at all affright me — to wit, the visits of foolish women, and their accompanying you in your tears and lamentations; by which they sharpen your grief, not suffering it either of itself or by the help of others to fade and vanish away. For I am not ignorant how great a combat you lately entered, when you assisted the sister of

Theon, and opposed the women who came running in with horrid cries and lamentations, bringing fuel as it were to her passion. Assuredly, when men see their neighbor's house on fire, every one contributes his utmost to quench it; but when they see the mind inflamed with furious passion, they bring fuel to nourish and increase the flame. When a man's eye is in pain, he is not suffered to touch it, though the inflammation provoke him to it; nor will they that are near him meddle with it. But he who is galled with grief sits and exposes his distemper to every one, like waters that all may poach in; and so that which at first seemed a light itching or trivial smart, by much fretting and provoking becomes a great and almost incurable disease. But I know very well that you will arm yourself against these inconveniences.

THE WIFE OF PYTHES

IT is reported that the wife of Pythes, who lived at the time of Xerxes, was a wise and courteous woman. Pythes, as it seems, finding by chance some gold mines, and falling vastly in love with the riches got out of them, was insatiably and beyond measure exercised about them: and he brought down likewise the citizens, all of whom alike he compelled to dig or carry or refine the gold, doing nothing else; many of them dying in the work, and all being quite worn out. Their wives laid down their petition at his gate, addressing themselves to the wife of Pythes. She bade them all depart and be of good cheer; but those goldsmiths which she confided most in she required to wait upon her, and confining them commanded them to make up golden loaves, all sorts of junkets and summer fruits, all sorts of fish and flesh meats, in which she knew Pythes was most delighted. All things being provided, Pythes coming home then (for he happened to go a long journey) and asking for his supper, his wife set a golden table before him, having no edible food upon it, but all golden. Pythes admired the workmanship for its imitation of nature. When however he had sufficiently fed his eyes, he called in earnest for something to eat; but his wife, when he asked for any sort, brought it of gold. Whereupon being provoked, he cried out, "I am anhungered." She replied, "Thou hast made none other provisions for us: every skilful science and art being laid aside, no man works in husbandry; but neglecting sowing, planting, and tilling the ground, we delve and search for useless things, killing ourselves and our subjects." These things moved Pythes, but not so as to give over all his works about the mine; for he now commanded a fifth part of the citizens to that work, the rest he converted to husbandry and manufactures. But when Xerxes made an expedition into Greece, Pythes, being most splendid in his entertainments and presents, requested a gracious favor of the King — that since he had many sons, one might be spared from the camp to remain with him, to cherish his old age. At which Xerxes in a rage slew this son only which

he desired, and cut him in two pieces, and commanded the army to march between the two parts of the corpse. The rest he took along with him, and all of them were slain in the wars. At which Pythes fell into a despairing condition, so that he fell under the like suffering with many wicked men and fools. He dreaded death, but was weary of his life; yea, he was willing not to live, but could not cast away his life. He had this project. There was a great mound of earth in the city, and a river running by it which they called Pythopolites. In that mound he prepared him a sepulcher, and diverted the stream so as to run just by the side of the mound, the river lightly washing the sepulcher. These things being finished, he enters into the sepulcher, committing the city and all the government thereof to his wife: commanding her not to come to him, but to send his supper daily laid on a sloop, till the sloop should pass by the sepulcher with the supper untouched; and then she should cease to send, as supposing him dead. He verily passed in this manner the rest of his life; but his wife took admirable care of the government, and brought in a reformation of all things amiss among the people.

THE TEACHING OF VIRTUE

MEN deliberate and dispute variously concerning virtue, whether prudence and justice and the right ordering of one's life can be taught. Moreover, we marvel that the works of orators, shipmasters, musicians, carpenters, and husbandmen are infinite in number, while good men are only a name, and are talked of like centaurs, giants, and the Cyclops: and that as for any virtuous action that is sincere and unblamable, and manners that are without any touch and mixture of bad passions and affections, they are not to be found; but if nature of its own accord should produce anything good and excellent, so many things of a foreign nature mix with it (just as wild and impure productions with generous fruit) that the good is scarce discernible. Men learn to sing, dance, and read, and to be skilful in husbandry and good horsemanship; they learn how to put on their shoes and their garments; they have those that teach them how to fill wine, and to dress and cook their meat; and none of these things can be done as they ought, unless they be instructed how to do them. And will ye say, O foolish men! that the skill of ordering one's life well (for the sake of which are all the rest) is not to be taught, but to come of its own accord, without reason and without art?

Why do we, by asserting that virtue is not to be taught, make it a thing that does not at all exist? For if by its being learned it is produced, he that hinders its being learned destroys it. And now, as Plato says, we never heard that because of a blunder in meter in a lyric song, therefore one brother made war against another, nor that it put friends at variance, nor that cities hereupon were at such enmity that they did to one another and suffered one from an-

other the extremest injuries. Nor can any one tell us of a sedition raised in a city about the right accenting or pronouncing of a word — as whether we are to say *Τελχιῖνας* or *Τέλχινας* — not that a difference arose in a family betwixt man and wife about the woof and the warp in cloth. Yet none will go about to weave in a loom or to handle a book or a harp, unless he has first been taught, though no great harm would follow if he did, but only the fear of making himself ridiculous (for as Heraclitus says, it is a piece of discretion to conceal one's ignorance); and yet a man without instruction presumes himself able to order a family, a wife, or a commonwealth, and to govern very well. Diogenes, seeing a youth devouring his victuals too greedily, gave his tutor a box on the ear, and that deservedly, as judging it the fault of him that had not taught, not of him that had not learned, better manners. And what! is it necessary to begin from a boy to learn how to eat and drink handsomely in company — as Aristophanes expresses it,

Not to devour their meat in haste, nor giggle,
Nor awkwardly their feet across to wriggle —

and yet are men fit to enter into the fellowship of a family, city, married estate, private conversation, or public office, and to manage it without blame, without any previous instruction concerning good behavior in conversation?

When one asked Aristippus this question, What, are you everywhere? he laughed and said, I throw away the fare of the waterman if I am everywhere. And why canst not thou also answer, that the salary given to tutors is thrown away and lost if none are the better for their discipline and instruction? But as nurses shape and form the body of a child with their hands, so these masters, when the nurses have done with them, first receive them into their charge, in order to the forming of their manners and directing their steps into the first tracks of virtue.

THE NEED OF GOOD SCHOOLMASTERS

WE are to look after such masters for our children as are blameless in their lives, not justly reprobable for their manners, and of the best experience in teaching. For the very spring and root of honesty and virtue lies in the felicity of lighting on good education. And as husbandmen are wont to set forks to prop up feeble plants, so do honest schoolmasters prop up youth by careful instructions and admonitions, that they may duly bring forth the buds of good manners. But there are certain fathers nowadays who deserve that men should spit on them in contempt, who, before making any proof of those to whom they design to commit the teaching of their children, intrust them — either through unacquaintance, or as it sometimes falls out, through bad judgment — to men of no good reputa-

tion, or it may be such as are branded with infamy. They are not altogether so ridiculous, if they offend herein through bad judgment; but it is a thing most extremely absurd, when, as oftentimes it happens, though they know and are told beforehand by those who understand better than themselves, both of the incapacity and rascality of certain schoolmasters, they nevertheless commit the charge of their children to them, sometimes overcome by their fair and flattering speeches, and sometimes prevailed on to gratify friends who entreat them. This is an error of like nature with that of the sick man who to please his friends, forbears to send for the physician that might save his life by his skill, and employs a mountebank that quickly dispatcheth him out of the world; or of him who refuses a skilful shipmaster, and then at his friend's entreaty commits the care of his vessel to one that is therein much his inferior. In the name of Jupiter and all the gods, tell me how can that man deserve the name of a father, who is more concerned to gratify others in their requests than to have his children well educated? Or is not that rather fitly applicable to this case which Socrates, that ancient philosopher, was wont to say, that if he could get up to the highest place in the city, he would lift up his voice and make this proclamation thence: "What mean you, fellow-citizens, that you thus turn every stone to scrape wealth together, and take so little care of your children, to whom one day you must relinquish it all?" — to which I would add this, that such parents do like him that is solicitous about his shoe, but neglects the foot that is to wear it. And yet many fathers there are, who care so much for their money and so little for their children, that lest it should cost them more than they are willing to spare to hire a good schoolmaster for them, they rather choose such persons to instruct their children as are of no worth; thereby beating down the market, that they may purchase ignorance cheap. It was therefore a witty and handsome jeer which Aristippus bestowed on a stupid father, who asked him what he would take to teach his child. He answered, a thousand drachms. Whereupon the other cried out: O Hercules, what a price you ask! for I can buy a slave at that rate. Do so, then, said the philosopher, and thou shalt have two slaves instead of one — thy son for one, and him thou buyest for another.

MOTHERS AND NURSES

THE next thing that falls under our consideration is the nursing of children, which in my judgment the mothers should do themselves, giving their own breasts to those they have borne. For this office will certainly be performed with more tenderness and carefulness by natural mothers; who will love their children intimately, as the saying is, from their tender nails. Whereas both wet and dry nurses who are hired, love only for their pay, and are affected to their work as ordinarily those that are substituted

and deputed in the place of others are. Yea, even Nature seems to have assigned the suckling and nursing of the issue to those that bear them; for which cause she hath bestowed upon every living creature that brings forth young, milk to nourish them withal. And in conformity thereto, Providence hath also wisely ordered that women should have two breasts, that so, if any of them should happen to bear twins, they might have two several springs of nourishment ready for them. Though if they had not that furniture, mothers would still be more kind and loving to their own children. And that not without reason; for constant feeding together is a great means to heighten the affection mutually betwixt any persons. Yea, even beasts, when they are separated from those that have grazed with them, do in their way show a longing for the absent. Wherefore, as I have said, mothers themselves should strive to the utmost to nurse their own children. But if they find it impossible to do it themselves, either because of bodily weakness (and such a case may fall out), or because they are apt to be quickly with child again, then are they to choose the honestest nurses they can get, and not to take whomsoever they have offered them. And the first thing to be looked after in this choice is, that the nurses be bred after the Greek fashion. For as it is needful that the members of children be shaped aright as soon as they are born, that they may not afterwards prove crooked and distorted, so it is no less expedient that their manners be well fashioned from the very beginning. For childhood is a tender thing, and easily wrought into any shape. Yea, and the very souls of children readily receive the impressions of those things that are dropped into them while they are yet but soft; but when they grow older they will, as all hard things are, be more difficult to be wrought upon. And as soft wax is apt to take the stamp of the seal, so are the minds of children to receive the instructions imprinted on them at that age.

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PAUSANIAS

THIS name stands for no distinct and heroic personality like that of the great Spartan victor at Platæa, but for a collection of interesting items about the antiquities, history, geography, mythology, and religions of ancient Greece. All of these items interest us; but they evidently interested the author of the collection for special reasons. He has therefore omitted many items which would have interested us far more than many which he offers. His selection is often tantalizing or exasperating. But he seems to have begun his work for himself more than for others; and only after his selections and collections were made, did he attempt to give his work a literary dress which should appeal to lovers of literary form. His work is therefore, more than works composed primarily for effect upon others, an expression of himself. And this is fortunate, if for no other reason, because we know absolutely nothing of the author except what may be inferred from his work.

He nowhere mentions his own name. He may have done so in an introduction to the work, which, if it ever existed, has been lost. But his book is cited by later writers as the work of Pausanias; and they call it, what he never expressly calls it himself, a 'Guide to Greece.' He himself calls it rather a 'Commentary on Greece.'

The beginning is abrupt, the close is fragmentary; and he has not fulfilled the desire which he expresses (i, 26) of "describing the whole of Greece." He has commented on the antiquities of Attica and Megara, the Argolis, Laconia, Messenia, Elis, Achaia, Arcadia, Bœotia, and Phocis. That is, he has started with Athens, and proceeded through the Isthmus of Corinth and around the Peloponnesus, then crossed the Corinthian gulf, and begun with the territories north of Attica and Athens. What he would have included under his term "Greece," and how much larger his collection was designed to be, cannot be inferred. His work breaks off abruptly with a legend about the building of the temple of Æsculapius at Naupactus.

Various phrases of the author imply that he was a Lydian; but what city was his birthplace or home, he does not clearly show. His work was prepared and published gradually. At least, the first book was issued before the other nine; and he more than once feels moved to supplement deficiencies in the first. The material on Elis is divided into two books. The charmed number of the Muses is thus abandoned for no apparent reason. The other titles correspond each with a book. This division into books may not be due to Pausanias himself, but a younger contemporary cites his work in the divisions which have come down to us. The work was prepared between the years 140 and 180 A.D.,

as internal evidence indirectly shows. The author was therefore happy enough to see Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius on the imperial throne. He was contemporary with Justin Martyr, Herodes Atticus, and Lucian. He witnessed that last renaissance of all that was good in the ancient world, which characterizes the great age of the Antonines. But no word betrays his personal relations to the great figures of his time. The guide-book has wholly absorbed the guide.

Pausanias was by no means the first to write an antiquarian guide-book. The titles of a large number of such works are known to us, and sparse fragments of the works themselves have been embalmed in the citations of lexicographers or grammarians. As the many sanctuaries of Greece increased in wealth and ceremonial tradition, a class of local professional guides and scribes grew up, intimately associated with the official registrars of the different shrines whose records are among our most valuable primary sources for the history of the country. These local guides took the visitor all about a sacred precinct, explaining the monuments, and cults. The mass of information thus imparted orally to visitors was also reduced to book form for circulation and study. We know, for instance, of a 'Guide to the Acropolis of Athens,' by Polemon, a learned antiquarian and geographer of the second century B.C. There were likewise guides to Sparta, Delphi, Olympia, Sicily, Macedonia, as well as to particular sanctuaries like the Heracleia of Thebes. This literature had increased to an enormous mass in the time of Pausanias, owing largely to the interest which the conquering Romans took in the treasures of the land they plundered so freely, and also to the natural tendency to classify and catalogue that which has ceased to reproduce and transmit itself by its inherent vitality. But all this antiquarian information has perished, except for fragments. The work of Pausanias — the most comprehensive, but apparently by no means the best, of which we hear — is all that has come down to us; a compilation instead of original material.

The author tried to condense many bodies of local antiquarian lore into one comprehensive work. He was evidently burdened with excess of material, and often embarrassed in his choice. He insists over and over again that he is selecting only what he deems most memorable. His work is therefore like the modern traveler's 'Handbook of Europe,' as compared with special guides to Italy, France, Rome, Paris, or St. Peter's. Pausanias did not write a systematic treatise, but a practical guide to a traveler following a route laid down for him, to be used on the spot. Like Bædeker, he points out what is most worth seeing; and supplies in convenient form the current opinions about these sights. After the first book on Attica, and gradually as his work progressed, he gained a sort of literary education, which shows itself in a tendency to group into general introductions, at the beginning of the great topographical divisions of his work, materials which at first he was inclined to scatter amid the brief mention of monuments or localities. That is, he gradually passes from

the manner of a cataloguer to that of the ancient logographers, who grouped about a certain city or country the collective history of a people or of the known world. But Pausanias never rises to the level of a philosophical, scientific historian, like Polybius, Thucydides, or Herodotus. And he never achieves a good style, although his style improves from beginning to end of his work. His book seems to have given him all the literary training he had.

Pausanias shows no special national sympathies like Herodotus, no social predilections like Thucydides, no political antipathies like Xenophon. Even in religious matters he reveals no partiality for the ceremonial or devotional growths from Asiatic sources, as might be expected from his own origin. Beyond a reverential fondness for the great Eleusinian doctrines, he declares no religious allegiance. Neither can he be classed with any of the great schools of philosophy. He takes no distinct attitude, as Plutarch and Polybius do, on the great questions involved in the relations of the Roman Empire to subject Greece. Compared with Plutarch, his elder by only a few years, or with Lucian, his brilliant contemporary, he seems to be in the great world but not of it. He shows no contact with any great tendency of the age. He is unaware of the existence of Christianity. He is a religious antiquary.

In preparing his work, he visited the Greek part of the Roman Empire, and the great seat of that empire itself. But the notes of what he actually saw constitute really the lesser half of his work. The greater part is taken up with the manifold material which he laboriously collected, either orally, from professional guides and local authorities, or from books. His range of authorities is immense. He must have had access to some great library like that of Pergamum. He used the vast stores at his command freely; and on the whole, considering the literary practices of his age, intelligently and fairly. Whatever is in Herodotus, Thucydides, or Xenophon, he presupposes as known to his readers. What he takes from his endless array of later sources, he does not credit to those sources, as modern literary ethics demand. But the literary standards of his time not only tolerated but demanded a large sacrifice of fidelity in the acknowledgment of borrowed material: a sacrifice to the demands of literary form. Pausanias tried to clothe his dry compilation with the undying charm of Herodotus' manner. He did not adopt the Ionic dialect in which his master wrote, but he borrowed liberally his phraseology, and often affected his suspense of judgment, or his naïve intimations of scepticism. But for this elaborate literary artifice, we might think that Pausanias had no ambition to be read as literature, but only to prepare for his private use a memorandum of his travels, illustrated by notes from his subsequent voluminous reading.

With all his faults, Pausanias is a precious witness for us of much that has forever disappeared. Before the great era of excavations came, Greek classical archæology was little more than a commentary on Pausanias. The excavations

at Athens, Olympia, and Delphi have subjected him to severe tests; but he comes forth from them with fresh claims to our confidence and respect.

BERNADOTTE PERRIN

THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS AND ITS TEMPLES

TO the Acropolis there is only one approach: it allows of no other, being everywhere precipitous and walled off. The vestibules have a roof of white marble, and even now are remarkable for both their beauty and size. As to the statues of the horsemen, I cannot say with precision whether they are the sons of Xenophon, or merely put there for decoration. On the right of the vestibules is the shrine of Wingless Victory. From it the sea is visible; and there Ægeus drowned himself, as they say. For the ship which took his sons to Crete had black sails, but Theseus told his father (for he knew there was some peril in attacking the Minotaur) that he would have white sails if he should sail back a conqueror. But he forgot this promise in his loss of Ariadne. And Ægeus, seeing the ship with black sails, thinking his son was dead, threw himself in and was drowned. And the Athenians have a hero-chapel to his memory. And on the left of the vestibules is a building with paintings; and among those that time has not destroyed are Diomedes and Odysseus, the one taking away Philoctetes' bow in Lemnos, the other taking the Palladium from Ilium. Among other paintings here is Ægisthus being slain by Orestes; and Pylades slaying the sons of Nauplius that came to Ægisthus' aid. And Polyxena about to have her throat cut near the tomb of Achilles. Homer did well not to mention this savage act.

And there is a small stone such as a little man can sit on, on which they say Silenus rested, when Dionysus came to the land. Silenus is the name they give to all old Satyrs. About the Satyrs I have conversed with many, wishing to know all about them. And Euphemus, a Carian, told me that sailing once on a time to Italy he was driven out of his course by the winds, and carried to a distant sea, where people no longer sail. And he said that here were many desert islands, some inhabited by wild men: and at these islands the sailors did not like to land, as they had landed there before and had experience of the natives; but they were obliged on that occasion. These islands, he said, were called by the sailors Satyr-islands; the dwellers in them were red-haired, and had tails at their loins not much smaller than horses. . . .

And as regards the temple which they call the Parthenon, as you enter it everything portrayed on the gables relates to the birth of Athene, and behind is depicted the contest between Poseidon and Athene for the soil of Attica. And this work of art is in ivory and gold. In the middle of her helmet is an

image of the Sphinx — about whom I shall give an account when I come to Bœotia — and on each side of the helmet are griffins worked. These griffins, says Aristus the Proconnesian, in his poems, fought with the Arimaspians beyond the Issedones for the gold of the soil which the griffins guarded. And the Arimaspians were all one-eyed men from their birth; and the griffins were beasts like lions, with wings and mouth like an eagle. Let so much suffice for these griffins. But the statue of Athene is full length, with a tunic reaching to her feet; and on her breast is the head of Medusa worked in ivory, and in one hand she has a Victory four cubits high, in the other hand a spear, and at her feet a shield; and near the spear a snake which perhaps is Erichthonius. And on the base of the statue is a representation of the birth of Pandora — the first woman, according to Hesiod and other poets; for before her there was no race of women. . . .

And outside the temple is a brazen Apollo said to be by Phidias; and they call it Apollo, Averter of Locusts, because when the locusts destroyed the land the god said he would drive them out of the country. And they know that he did so, but they don't say how. I myself know of locusts having been thrice destroyed on Mount Sipylus, but not in the same way; for some were driven away by a violent wind that fell on them, and others by a strong blight that came on them after showers, and others were frozen to death by a sudden frost. All this came under my own notice. . . .

There is also a building called the Erechtheum, and in the vestibule is an altar of Supreme Zeus, where they offer no living sacrifice, but cakes without the usual libation of wine. And as you enter there are three altars: one to Poseidon (on which they also sacrifice to Erechtheus according to the oracle), one to the hero Butes, and the third to Hephæstus. And on the walls are paintings of the family of Butes. The building is a double one; and inside there is sea-water in a well. And this is no great marvel; for even those who live in inland parts have such wells, as notably the Aphrodisienses in Caria. But this well is represented as having a roar as of the sea when the south wind blows. And in the rock is the figure of a trident. And this is said to have been Poseidon's proof in regard to the territory Athene disputed with him.

Sacred to Athene is all the rest of Athens, and similarly all Attica; for although they worship different gods in different townships, none the less do they honor Athene generally. And the most sacred of all is the statue of Athene in what is now called the Acropolis, but was then called the Polis [city], which was universally worshiped many years before the various townships formed one city; and the rumor about it is that it fell from heaven. As to this I shall not give an opinion, whether it was so or not. And Callimachus made a golden lamp for the goddess. And when they fill this lamp with oil it lasts for a whole year, although it burns continually night and day. And the wick is of a particular kind of cotton flax, the only kind indestructible by fire. And above the lamp is a palm-tree of brass reaching to the roof and carrying

off the smoke. And Callimachus, the maker of this lamp, although he comes behind the first artificers, yet was remarkable for ingenuity, and was the first who perforated stone, and got the name of *Art-Critic*, whether his own appellation or given him by others.

In the temple of Athene Polias is a Hermes of wood (said to be a votive offering of Cecrops), almost hidden by myrtle leaves. And of the antique votive offerings worthy of record, is a folding chair, the work of Dædalus, and spoils taken from the Persians, as a coat of mail of Masistius, who commanded the cavalry at Plataea, and a scimitar said to have belonged to Mardonius. Masistius we know was killed by the Athenian cavalry: but as Mardonius fought against the Lacedæmonians and was killed by a Spartan, they could not have got it at first hand; nor is it likely that the Lacedæmonians would have allowed the Athenians to carry off such a trophy. And about the olive they have nothing else to tell but that the goddess used it as a proof of her right to the country, when it was contested by Poseidon. And they record also that this olive was burnt when the Persians set fire to Athens; but though burnt, it grew the same day two cubits. And next to the temple of Athene is the temple of Pandrosus; who was the only one of the three sisters who didn't peep into the forbidden chest. Now the things I most marveled at are not universally known. I will therefore write of them as they occur to me. Two maidens live not far from the temple of Athene Polias, and the Athenians call them the "carriers of the holy things"; for a certain time they live with the goddess, but when her festival comes they act in the following way, by night: putting upon their heads what the priestess of Athene gives them to carry (neither she nor they know what these things are), these maidens descend, by a natural underground passage, from an inclosure in the city sacred to Aphrodite of the Gardens. In the sanctuary below they deposit what they carry, and bring back something else closely wrapped up. And these maidens they henceforth dismiss, and other two they elect instead of them for the Acropolis

Translated by Arthur Richard Shilleto

THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS AT OLYMPIA

MANY various wonders may one see, or hear of, in Greece: but the Eleusinian mysteries and Olympian games seem to exhibit more than anything else the divine purpose. And the sacred grove of Zeus they have from old time called Altis, slightly changing the Greek word for grove: it is indeed called Altis also by Pindar, in the ode he composed for a victor at Olympia. And the temple and statue of Zeus were built out of the spoils of Pisa, which the people of Elis razed to the ground, after quelling the revolt of Pisa, and some of the neighboring towns that revolted with Pisa.

And that the statue of Zeus was the work of Phidias is shown by the inscription written at the base of it: —

“Phidias the Athenian, the son of Charmides, made me.”

The temple is a Doric building, and outside it is a colonnade. And the temple is built of stone of the district. Its height up to the gable is 68 feet, its breadth 95 feet, and its length 230 feet. And its architect was Libon, a native of Elis. And the tiles on the roof are not of baked earth; but Pentelican marble, to imitate tiles. They say such roofs are the invention of a man of Naxos called Byzes, who made statues at Naxos with the inscription: —

“Euergus of Naxos made me, the son of Byzes, and descended from Leto, the first who made tiles of stone.”

This Byzes was a contemporary of Alyattes the Lydian, and Astyages (the son of Cyaxares), the king of Persia. And there is a golden vase at each end of the roof, and a golden Victory in the middle of the gable. And underneath the Victory is a golden shield hung up as a votive offering, with the Gorgon Medusa worked on it. The inscription on the shield states who hung it up, and the reason why they did so. For this is what it says: —

“This temple’s golden shield is a votive offering from the Lacedæmonians at Tanagra and their allies, a gift from the Argives, the Athenians, and the Ionians, a tithe offering for success in war.”

The battle I mentioned in my account of Attica, when I described the tombs at Athens. And in the same temple at Olympia, above the zone that runs round the pillars on the outside, are twenty-one golden shields, the offering of Mummius the Roman, after he had beaten the Achæans and taken Corinth, and expelled the Dorians from Corinth. And on the gables in bas-relief is the chariot-race between Pelops and CEnomaus; and both chariots in motion. And in the middle of the gable is a statue of Zeus; and on the right hand of Zeus is CEnomaus with a helmet on his head; and beside him his wife Sterope, one of the daughters of Atlas. And Myrtilus, who was the charioteer of CEnomaus, is seated behind the four horses. And next to him are two men whose names are not recorded, but they are doubtless CEnomaus’ grooms, whose duty was to take care of the horses. And at the end of the gable is a delineation of the river Cladeus, next to the Alpheus held most in honor of all the rivers of Elis. And on the left of the statue of Zeus are Pelops and Hippodamia, and the charioteer of Pelops, and the horses, and two men who were Pelops’ grooms. And where the gable tapers fine there is the Alpheus delineated. And Pelops’ charioteer was, according to the tradition of the Træzenians, Sphærus; but the custodian at Olympia said that his name was Cilla. The carvings on the gables in front are by Pæonius of Mende in Thracia; those behind by Alcamenes, a contemporary of Phidias and second only to him as statuary. And on the gables is a representation of the fight between the Lapithæ and the Centaurs at the marriage of Pirithous. Pirithous is in the center, and on one side of him is Eurytion trying to carry off Pirith-

ous' wife, and Cæneus coming to the rescue, and on the other side Theseus laying about among the Centaurs with his battle-axe; and one Centaur is carrying off a maiden, another a blooming boy. Alcamenes has engraved this story, I imagine, because he learnt from the lines of Homer that Pirithous was the son of Zeus, and knew that Theseus was fourth in descent from Pelops. There are also in bas-relief at Olympia most of the Labors of Hercules. Above the doors of the temple is the hunting of the Erymanthian boar, and Hercules taking the mares of Diomedes the Thracian, and robbing Geryon of his oxen in the island of Erytheia, and supporting the load of Atlas, and clearing the land of Elis of its dung. And above the chamber behind the doors he is robbing the Amazon of her belt; and there is the stag, and the Cretan Minotaur, and the Stymphalian birds, and the hydra, and the Nemean lion. And as you enter the brazen doors on the right in front of the pillar is Iphitus being crowned by his wife Ecechiria, as the inscription in verse states. And there are pillars inside the temple, and porticoes above, and an approach by them to the image of Zeus. There is also a winding staircase to the roof.

The image of the god is in gold and ivory, seated on a throne. And a crown is on his head imitating the foliage of the olive-tree. In his right hand he holds a Victory in ivory and gold, with a tiara and crown on his head; and in his left hand a scepter adorned with all manner of precious stones, and the bird seated on the scepter is an eagle. The robes and sandals of the god are also of gold; and on his robes are imitations of flowers, especially of lilies. And the throne is richly adorned with gold and precious stones, and with ebony and ivory. And there are imitations of animals painted on it, and models worked on it. There are four Victories like dancers, one at each foot of the throne, and two also at the instep of each foot; and at each of the front feet are Theban boys carried off by Sphinxes, and below the Sphinxes, Apollo and Artemis shooting down the children of Niobe. And between the feet of the throne are four divisions formed by straight lines drawn from each of the four feet. In the division nearest the entrance there are seven models—the eighth has vanished no one knows where or how. And they are imitations of ancient contests, for in the days of Phidias the contests for boys were not yet established. And the figure with its head muffled up in a scarf is, they say, Pantarces, who was a native of Elis and the darling of Phidias. This Pantarces won the wrestling-prize for boys in the 86th Olympiad. And in the remaining divisions is the band of Hercules fighting against the Amazons. The number on each side is 29, and Theseus is on the side of Hercules. And the throne is supported not only by the four feet, but also by four pillars between the feet. But one cannot get under the throne, as one can at Amyclæ, and pass inside; for at Olympia there are panels like walls that keep one off. Of these panels the one opposite the doors of the temple is painted sky-blue only, but the others contain paintings by Panænus. Among them is Atlas bearing up Earth and Heaven, and Hercules standing by willing to relieve him of his load; and

Theseus and Pirithous, and Greece, and Salamis with the figurehead of a ship in her hand, and the contest of Hercules with the Nemean lion, and Ajax's unknightly violation of Cassandra, and Hippodamia, the daughter of CEnomaus, with her mother; and Prometheus still chained to the rock, and Hercules gazing at him. For the tradition is that Hercules slew the eagle that was ever tormenting Prometheus on Mount Caucasus, and released Prometheus from his chains. The last paintings are Penthesilea dying and Achilles supporting her, and two Hesperides carrying the apples of which they are fabled to have been the keepers. This Panænus was the brother of Phidias; and at Athens in the Painted Stoa he has painted the action at Marathon. At the top of the throne, Phidias has represented above the head of Zeus the three Graces and three Seasons. For these too, as we learn from the poets, were daughters of Zeus. Homer in the Iliad has represented the Seasons as having the care of Heaven, as a kind of guards of a royal palace. And the base under the feet of Zeus (what is called in Attic *θρανιον*) has golden lions engraved on it, and the battle between Theseus and the Amazons — the first famous exploit of the Athenians beyond their own borders. And on the platform that supports the throne there are various ornaments round Zeus, and gilt carving — the Sun seated in his chariot, and Zeus and Hera; and near is Grace. Hermes is close to her, and Vesta close to Hermes. And next to Vesta is Eros receiving Aphrodite, who is just rising from the sea and being crowned by Persuasion. And Apollo and Artemis, Athene and Hercules, are standing by, and at the end of the platform Amphitrite and Poseidon, and Selene apparently urging on her horse. . . .

I know that the size of the Olympian Zeus both in height and breadth has been stated; but I cannot bestow praise on the measurers, for their recorded measurement comes far short of what any one would infer from looking at the statue. They make the god also to have testified to the art of Phidias. For they say that when the statue was finished, Phidias prayed him to signify if the work was to his mind; and immediately Zeus struck with lightning that part of the pavement where in our day there is a brazen urn with a lid.

And all the pavement in front of the statue is not of white but of black stone. And a border of Parian marble runs round this black stone, as a preservative against spilled oil. For oil is good for the statue at Olympia, as it prevents the ivory being harmed by the dampness of the grove. But in the Acropolis at Athens, in regard to the statue of Athene called the Maiden, it is not oil but water that is advantageously employed to the ivory; for as the citadel is dry by reason of its great height, the statue being made of ivory needs to be sprinkled with water freely. And when I was at Epidaurus, and inquired why they use neither water nor oil to the statue of Æsculapius, the sacristans of the temple informed me that the statue of the god and its throne are over a well.

Translated by Arthur Richard Shilleto

ALCIPHRON

IN the history of Greek prose fiction the possibilities of the epistolary form were first developed by the Athenian teacher of rhetoric, Alciphron, of whose life and personality nothing is known except that he lived in the second century A.D. — a contemporary of the great satirical genius Lucian. Of his writings we now possess only a collection of imaginary letters, one hundred and eighteen in number, arranged in three books. Their value depends partly upon the curious and interesting pictures given in them of the life of the post-Alexandrine period, especially of the low life, and partly upon the fact that they are the first successful attempts at character-drawing to be found in Greek prose fiction. They form a connecting link between the novel of pure incident and adventure, and the more fully developed novel which combines incident and adventure with the delineation of character and the study of motive. The use of the epistolary form in fictitious composition did not, to be sure, originate with Alciphron; for we find earlier instances in the imaginary love-letters composed in verse by the Roman poet, Ovid, under the names of famous women of early legend, such as those of C  none to Paris (which suggested a beautiful poem of Tennyson's), Medea to Jason, and many others. In these one finds keen insight into character, especially feminine character, together with much that is exquisite in fancy and tender in expression. But it is to Alciphron that we owe the adaptation of this form of composition to prose fiction, and its employment in a far wider range of psychological and social observation.

The life whose details are given us by Alciphron is the life of contemporary Athens in the persons of its easy-going population. The writers whose letters we are supposed to read in Alciphron are peasants, fishermen, parasites, men-about-town, and courtesans. The language of the letters is neat, pointed, and appropriate to the person who in each case is supposed to be the writer; and the details are managed with considerable art. Alciphron effaces his own personality, and is lost in the characters who occupy his pages. One reads the letters as one would read a genuine correspondence. The illusion is perfect, and we feel that we are for the moment in the Athens of the third century before Christ; that we are strolling in its streets, visiting its shops, its courts, and its temples, and that we are getting a whiff of the   gean, mingled with the less savory odors of the markets and of the wine-shops. We stroll about the city elbowing our way through the throng of boatmen, merchants, and hucksters. Here a barber stands outside his shop and solicits custom; there an old usurer with pimply face sits bending over his accounts in a dingy little

office; at the corner of the street a crowd encircles some Cheap Jack who is showing off his juggling tricks at a small three-legged table, making sea-shells vanish out of sight and then taking them from his mouth. Drunken soldiers pass and repass, talking boisterously of their bouts and brawls, of their drills and punishments and the latest news of their barracks, and forming a striking contrast to the philosopher, who, in coarse robes, moves with supercilious look and an affectation of deep thought amid the crowd that jostles him. The scene is vivid, striking, realistic.

Many of the letters are from women; and in these, especially, Alciphron reveals the daily life of the Athenians. We see the demimonde at their toilet, with their mirrors, their powders, their enamels and rouge-pots, their brushes and pincers, and all the thousand and one accessories. Acquaintances come in to make a morning call, and we hear their chatter — Thais and Megara and Bacchis, Hermione and Myrrha. They nibble cakes, drink sweet wine, gossip about their respective lovers, hum the latest songs and enjoy themselves with perfect abandon. Again we see them at their evening rendezvous, at the banquets where philosophers, poets, sophists, painters, artists of every sort — in fact, the whole Bohemia of Athens — gather round them. We get hints of all the stages of the revel, from the sparkling wit and the jolly good-fellowship of the early evening, to the sodden disgust that comes with daybreak.

We are not to look upon the letters of Alciphron as a literary unity. He did not attempt to write a symmetrical epistolary romance; the individual letters are slight sketches of character carelessly gathered together, and deriving their greatest charm from their spontaneity and artlessness. Many of them are cynical, and depict the baser side of human nature; others, in their realism, are essentially commonplace; but some are very prettily expressed, and show a brighter side to the picture of contemporary life. Those especially which are supposed to pass between Menander, the famous comic poet, and his mistress Glycera, form a pleasing contrast to the cynicism of much that one finds in the first book of the epistles; they are true love-letters, and are untainted by the slightest suggestion of the mercenary spirit or the veiled coarseness that makes so many of the others unpleasant reading.

The imaginary letter was destined to play an important part in the subsequent history of literature. Alciphron was copied by Aristænetus, who lived in the fifth century of our era, and whose letters have been often imitated in modern times, and by Theophylactus, who lived in the seventh century. In modern English fiction the epistolary form has been most successfully employed by Richardson, Fanny Burney, and, in another *genre*, by Wilkie Collins.

HARRY THURSTON PECK

FROM A MERCENARY GIRL

PETALA TO SIMALION

WELL, if a girl could live on tears, what a wealthy girl I should be; for you are generous enough with *them*, anyhow! Unfortunately, however, that isn't quite enough for me. I need money; I must have jewels, clothes, servants, and all that sort of thing. Nobody has left me a fortune, I should like you to know, or any mining stock; and so I am obliged to depend on the little presents that gentlemen happen to make me. Now that I've known you a year, how much better off am I for it, I should like to ask? My head looks like a fright because I haven't had anything to rig it out with, all that time; and as to clothes — why, the only dress I've got in the world is in rags that make me ashamed to be seen with my friends: and yet you imagine that I can go on in this way without having any other means of living! Oh, yes, of course, you cry; but you'll stop presently. I'm really surprised at the number of your tears; but really, unless somebody gives me something pretty soon I shall die of starvation. Of course, you pretend you're crazy for me, and that you can't live without me. Well, then, isn't there any family silver in your house? Hasn't your mother any jewelry that you can get hold of? Hasn't your father any valuables? Other girls are luckier than I am; for I have a mourner rather than a lover. He sends me crowns, and he sends me garlands and roses, as if I were dead and buried before my time, and he says that he cries all night. Now, if you can manage to scrape up something for me, you can come here without having to cry your eyes out; but if you can't, why, keep your tears to yourself, and don't bother me!

THE PLEASURES OF ATHENS

EUTHYDICUS TO EPIPHANIO

BY all the gods and demons, I beg you, dear mother, to leave your rocks and fields in the country, and before you die, discover what beautiful things there are in town. Just think what you are losing — the Haloan Festival and the Apaturian Festival, and the Great Festival of Bacchus, and especially the Thesmophorian Festival, which is now going on. If you would only hurry up, and get here tomorrow morning before it is daylight, you would be able to take part in the affair with the other Athenian women. Do come, and don't put it off, if you have any regard for my happiness and my brothers'; for it's an awful thing to die without having any knowledge of the city. That's the life of an ox; and one that is altogether unrea-

sonable. Please excuse me, mother, for speaking so freely for your own good. After all, one ought to speak plainly with everybody, and especially with those who are themselves plain speakers.

FROM AN ANXIOUS MOTHER

PHYLLIS TO THRASONIDES

IF you only would put up with the country and be sensible, and do as the rest of us do, my dear Thrasonides, you would offer ivy and laurel and myrtle and flowers to the gods at the proper time; and to us, your parents, you would give wheat and wine and a milk-pail full of the new goat's-milk. But as things are, you despise the country and farming, and are fond only of the helmet-plumes and the shield, just as if you were an Acarnanian or a Malian soldier. Don't keep on in this way, my son; but come back to us and take up this peaceful life of ours again (for farming is perfectly safe and free from any danger, and doesn't require bands of soldiers and strategy and squadrons), and be the stay of our old age, preferring a safe life to a risky one.

FROM A CURIOUS YOUTH

PHILOCOMUS TO THESTYLUS

SINCE I have never yet been to town, and really don't know at all what the thing is that they call a city, I am awfully anxious to see this strange sight—men living all in one place—and to learn about the other points in which a city differs from the country. Consequently, if you have any reason for going to town, do come and take me with you. As a matter of fact, I am sure there are lots of things I ought to know, now that my beard is beginning to sprout; and who is so able to show me the city as yourself, who are all the time going back and forth to the town?

FROM A PROFESSIONAL DINER-OUT

CAPNOSPHRANTES TO ARISTOMACHUS

ISHOULD like to ask my evil genius, who drew me by lot as his own particular charge, why he is so malignant and so cruel as to keep me in everlasting poverty; for if no one happens to invite me to dinner I have to live on greens, and to eat acorns and to fill my stomach with water from

the hydrant. Now, as long as my body was able to put up with this sort of thing, and my time of life was such as made it proper for me to bear it, I could get along with them fairly well; but now that my hair is growing gray, and the only outlook I have is in the direction of old age, what on earth am I going to do? I shall really have to get a rope and hang myself unless my luck changes. However, even if fortune remains as it is, I shan't string myself up before I have at least one square meal; for before very long, the wedding of Charitus and Leocritis, which is going to be a famous affair, will come off, to which there isn't a doubt that I shall be invited — either to the wedding itself or to the banquet afterward. It's lucky that weddings need the jokes of brisk fellows like myself, and that without us they would be as dull as gatherings of pigs rather than of human beings!

UNLUCKY LUCK

CHYTROLICTES TO PATELLOCHARON

PERHAPS you would like to know why I am complaining so, and how I got my head broken, and why I'm going around with my clothes in tatters. The fact is I swept the board at gambling: but I wish I hadn't; for what's the sense in a feeble fellow like me running up against a lot of stout young men? You see, after I scooped in all the money they put up, and they hadn't a cent left, they all jumped on my neck, and some of them punched me, and some of them stoned me, and some of them tore my clothes off my back. All the same, I hung on to the money as hard as I could, because I would rather die than give up anything of theirs I had got hold of; and so I held out bravely for quite a while, not giving in when they struck me, or even when they bent my fingers back. In fact, I was like some Spartan who lets himself be whipped as a test of his endurance: but unfortunately it wasn't at Sparta that I was doing this thing, but at Athens, and with the toughest sort of an Athenian gambling crowd; and so at last, when actually fainting, I had to let the ruffians rob me. They went through my pockets, and after they had taken everything they could find, they skipped. After all, I've come to the conclusion that it's better to live without money than to die with a pocket full of it.

Translated by Harry Thurston Peck

LUCIAN OF SAMOSATA

DURING the middle and end of the second century A.D. a revival of Greek letters gave us the remarkable movement known as the New Sophistic. For the most part futile in aim and pedantic in method, the sophistic offers such a spectacle of solemn and fatuous frivolity that the lover of Hellenism knows not where to look. But by sheer force of monopoly in education and literature, the school counted as its disciples whatever men of talent the century produced; and among them a man of letters of almost the highest rank. Having as their aim nothing less than a forcible recovery of Greek genius, the sophists followed a vigorous propædæutic in the works of the great masters. A knowledge of the vocabulary of Plato, of the Attic orators, and of the Old Comedy, was the foundation of every sophist's skill. This erudition, in itself respectable, was however put to foolish use. The difference between using the language of Demosthenes and being one's self an orator was overlooked. Famous sentences of great writers were worked over and presented as a fresh creation — as Vergilian tags today furnish forth the English schoolboy's verses. It was probably the influence of Rome that made the revival oratorical in form; the empire furnished it with endowed chairs of rhetoric, with a royal audience, and with political importance: yet it was held a solecism by the sophists to introduce a Roman name or an allusion to Rome into a Greek composition.

Worldly ambition, then, and literary tastes pulled in the same direction; and for a clever lad, growing up in a Syrian village, conscious of great gifts, and of a tumultuous egoism, there was no alternative. Breaking away from the handicraft to which he was apprenticed, Lucian betook himself, a boy of fifteen, to the study of Greek and to the profession of rhetoric. Asia Minor was full of sophists. It is not likely that Lucian could afford a course under any of the great masters, and he nowhere speaks of any such thing. But the air was so full of their theories, and their public performances were so frequent, that an apt student could easily learn what their art was like. At any rate, we know that Lucian's ambition was successful: that he acquired what culture the sophistic had to offer and then broke with it, laughing at its pretensions with the detachment of a critic of today. The modern reader of Lucian is impressed by no quality more strongly than by his spontaneity; an adequate estimate of his talent must be based on the reflection that this spontaneity is inclosed in stereotyped forms and expressed in an acquired language. He owed the tools he worked with to the sophistic; and the weapons that he turned on his preceptress were from her own anvil. A man cannot, by criticizing his early

education, rid himself of the effects of it; and in spite of Lucian's conscious originality, scorn of pedantry, and apparent disregard of convention, we must realize that he is after all but the most favorable example of what the sophistic training could do.

Possessed of a sense of humor that permitted even his irritable vanity no illusions, and convinced of the unimportance of serious matters, Lucian would have been delighted to hear that the theologians of a new era were destined to take him seriously. It is undeniable that he spoke slightly of the Christians, and took liberties with Olympus; but it can hardly be proved that he was interested in hastening the end of the old order or in deferring the coming of the new. In the extraordinary spiritual conditions of the second century A.D., Lucian's attitude finds a background so striking as to make the reader feel that in some way, contrary to the general laws of things, he stood alone, unrelated to the spirit of his age, and without sympathy as without peers. Religion was under the protection of the empire and of Stoicism; strange doctrines were freely taught and fanatically followed; the soul was not only held immortal, but was believed to revisit the earth after its liberation from the body; philosophy leaned to mysticism. And in this heyday of error a great writer appeared, distinguished apart from his literary gifts by a coolness of judgment, and by a taste for the truth, that would have been remarkable in any age.

The 'Dialogues of the Gods,' probably the most famous of Lucian's works, from which the first two selections in this collection are made, were written to be delivered by him in person before a popular audience. When an author under these circumstances devoted his talents to parodying the popular religion, what idea are we to form as to his own attitude, that of his hearers, and the effect he hoped to produce? It seems idle to imagine either that Lucian's audience was a band of atheists, drawn together primarily by the spirit of philosophic controversy; or that Lucian himself, without being sure of the temper of his hearers, was willing to risk unpopularity, if need be, in the interests of truth as he conceived it. The second alternative was Friedländer's view, and is indeed generally held. But we may be sure, from Lucian's own account of the genesis of the new form of comic dialogue, that his interest in its workings was chiefly literary; it was the literary possibilities of Olympus that inspired the 'Dialogues of the Gods.' There is no trace in them of the bitterness of polemic, or the forcing of the note that we should expect to find if he relied on his irreverence as his chief charm. And next to satisfying his own high standard of literary excellence, his chief preoccupation was to recommend himself to the public. Half a dozen passages betray his sensitive vanity and his desire that men should speak well of him. With these evidences of his temperament and his methods, it is impossible to believe in him as an apostle.

The revival of orthodoxy which marked the religious thought of the second century was a voluntary reaction against the scepticism of the preceding age;

men agreed to believe in the gods because they could not bear to do without them. The literature of the day shows a conscious surrender of the rights of the intellect, a willingness to blink the truth if error satisfied the heart; a desire to marshal the hopes and fears connected with the supernatural among the motives toward right conduct, and a bewilderment in scientific matters that left room for the existence in heaven and earth of many things inexplicable by any philosophy. The difference between an artificial religious attitude like this, and the uncritical faith of men who believe in the gods on grounds that they have never thought of questioning, must be taken into account before we can estimate the effect of Lucian's parodies. Though Aristides might write a hymn to Zeus, and Dion celebrate him in all his functions, still each man had his own complex of ideas represented by the name; and it is hardly possible that to thoughtful minds it still called up with moving force the Homeric husband of Hera. The laborious task was not to throw off the phraseology and demeanor of orthodoxy, but to preserve them; and Lucian declined to make the effort.

His parody, then, of the Homeric gods, though it undoubtedly produced in many of his hearers a pleasurable thrill of misgiving, a sense of almost perilous audacity in the light use of words once sacred, derived its effect primarily from its literary quality. We may safely say that the substitution of every-day prose for the epic style in the mouths of the gods was more striking to the audience than the ethical and theological inferences to be drawn from the dialogues. Lucian takes each situation as he finds it, and holds tradition sacred, showing a literary preoccupation obviously incompatible with a serious tendency. Most of the dialogues show little of the malice of caricature; the scene between Aphrodite and Selene, included here, with its charming pictures of the sleeping Endymion, would not have shocked the Theocritean worshippers of Adonis. Those in which the comic element is stronger, still stand on their own merits as character studies; and the fact that the persons concerned were once held to be divine seems to have been less before the author's mind than the fact that Homer once treated of them in the grand manner, clothing even undignified situations in a majesty which it was Lucian's delight to tear away.

Most handbooks of the history of ancient philosophy include Lucian's name, though with some vagueness in the statement of their grounds for so doing. It is true that he had a great deal to say about philosophers, and something about philosophy; but this was the result of two accidental circumstances. One of these was the fact of Plato's style, which had an irresistible claim on him as a man of letters; the other was the prevalence of philosophers as a picturesque element in that contemporary society which he was interested in describing. The Platonic system as a lesson in expression, and contemporary systems as social phenomena, occupied him greatly; with the fortunate result that we know how each affected a man of the world. In close relation to the literary

hold of Plato on Lucian, we must take into account the attraction that existed for his taste in the decency of the contemporary Platonic discipline and the exclusiveness of the Platonic temper. The Platonist in Lucian's *Symposium* is the type of propriety in appearance and conduct, and exhibits a strained and scornful courtesy. Plato himself remains aloof, even beyond the grave, and is found neither in Hades nor in the Isles of the Blest, preferring to dwell in his own Republic. But this exclusiveness was too congenial to Lucian to be dwelt on with any vigor of sarcasm. For physical theory and metaphysics he never had a serious word, rejecting them with an easy assumption of superiority on the ground that their advocates differed among themselves and used terms unintelligible to a layman; and it was not only the contemporary presentation to which he objected, but that of the originators as well, Plato among the rest.

Besides these two feelings for Platonism, indifference to its metaphysics and enthusiasm for its form, Lucian had a deep distrust of it in a practical matter that interested him greatly; *viz.*, the question of the marvelous and its credibility. The Platonic doctrine of the future state of the soul had expanded into a variety of fantastic beliefs, developed by the Stoics for ethical purposes into a doctrinal basis for ghost stories. In one aspect the "dæmon" was an emissary of the supreme godhead, immortal but subject to sensation, working with men in all ways, and appearing to them in visible shape as this god or that. In another aspect it was man's own soul, divine in essence though conditioned by the limitations of bodily life, which when freed from its earthly hamper came freely among men out of pity for their impotent condition. These two conceptions of the dæmon converged in the general notion of innumerable supernatural agencies, corporeal and therefore of like passions with men, who spoke through the oracles, possessed epileptics, haunted houses, and conveniently accounted for the inexplicable in general.

The manifestations of this belief and the unscrupulous use made of it by imposters constituted a burning question with Lucian; and in his travels through the world this phase of folly moved him to more than disinterested literary treatment. We have seen how little *odium theologicum* he brought to bear on Olympus, even contriving to give his readers a fresh impression of the ineffable beauty of goddesses and the grace of nymphs. And even when his quick and impatient mind was playing with the philosophers — whether selling them at auction in pure frolic, or as a man of the world telling a friend with innuendo how they dine, or ranging himself with the great dead and haranguing his contemporaries with a rhetoric at which he smiled himself — it is plain that in his eyes the literary opportunities they gave him excused their existence. After all, he did not excite himself about them. But one set of persons so stirred him as to break through his serenity, and bring him down from his seat as a spectator to try a fall himself. In the 'Philopseudes' — the third of the selections here given — a Stoic, a Platonist, a Peripatetic, and a Pythagorean,

meeting at the bedside of a sick friend, exchange tales of the marvelous, and try to persuade Tychiades, the champion of common-sense, that dæmons exist, and phantasms, and that the souls of the dead walk the earth, appearing to whom they will. Of the sects represented, it was the Platonists and Pythagoreans who were chiefly responsible for the degradation of the dæmon theory; and Lucian's feeling toward them is expressed in the dialogue with successful malice. Apart from this consideration, the most significant passage for Lucian's philosophy expresses his approval of Democritus' steadfast conviction that souls do not exist after they leave the body. His agreement with the Epicureans in this matter, more fully expressed in his remarkable pamphlet on Alexander the charlatan of Abonotichos, seems to be the nearest approach he made towards seriously adopting the tenets of a sect.

The selections given below, and this commentary on them, cover the chief ground of debate in regard to Lucian. Neither a theologian nor a philosopher, he contrived by means of his literary gift so to clothe ideas in themselves unimportant as to give them a goodly chance of immortality. The Christian scholiasts of the Byzantine age read him with anathemas; the scholars of the Renaissance recovered him with delight; Erasmus and Sir Thomas More used him as a literary model; Raphael and Dürer illustrated him. In recent days Walter Pater has given him a fresh vogue with the general reader; and scholars are busy with his text, his style, and his antiquities. Interest in him is not likely to fail: he lived in a period of vital historic issues. By birth a Syrian, politically a Roman, he was intellectually the last of the Hellenes.

EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

APHRODITE AND SELENE

APHRODITE. What is this story about you, Selene? They say that whenever you come to Caria you stop your car to gaze down upon Endymion, sleeping under the open sky as becomes a huntsman. And sometimes, they say, you leave your course altogether and descend to him.

Selene. Ask that son of yours, Aphrodite. He is to blame for all this.

Aphrodite. Ah, he respects no one. What things he has done to me, his mother! now dragging me to Ida for Anchises' sake, now to Libanus to meet that Assyrian boy. And the Assyrian he brought into Persephone's good graces too, and so robbed me of half my lover. I have often threatened to break his arrows and quiver and tie his wings unless he abandoned these games. And I have taken him across my knee before this and smacked him with my sandal. But somehow or other, though he is frightened at the moment and prays for mercy, he presently forgets all about it. But tell me, is Endymion handsome?

Selene. To my mind he is very handsome indeed, Aphrodite; especially when

he lies wrapped in his blanket asleep on the rocks, his left hand loosely closed upon his darts, his right arm bent above his head and making a charming frame for his face, his whole body relaxed in sleep and stirred by his sweet breathing. Then I came down noiselessly, on tiptoe, lest he wake annoyed. Still, you know all this: why should I tell you any more? But I am sick with love.

Translated by Emily James Smith

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

Persons: Zeus, Hermes, Paris, Hera, Athena, Aphrodite

ZEUS. Hermes, take this apple and go to Phrygia, to Priam's son, the cowherd — he is pasturing his drove on Ida — and say to him that since he is handsome himself, and a connoisseur in matters of love, he has been appointed by Zeus to judge which is the fairest of the three goddesses. The apple is to be the victor's prize. [*To the goddesses.*] It is time now that you ladies were off to the judge. I have delegated the office of umpire because I am equally attached to you all, and if it were possible I should gladly see you all win. Moreover, the man who gives the prize of beauty to one must in the nature of things be detested by the others. These reasons disqualify me as umpire; but the young man in Phrygia to whom you are going is of a royal house — being in fact a cousin of Ganymede, whom you know — and he has the simple manner of the mountains.

Aphrodite. For my part, Zeus, you might make Momus himself the umpire and I should still go confidently to trial; for what could he find to criticize in me? And the others must needs put up with the man.

Hera. We are not afraid either, Aphrodite, even if your Ares were to settle the question. We are satisfied with this man, whoever he is — this Paris.

Zeus [to Athena]. Well, daughter, are you of the same mind? What do you say? You turn away blushing? It is natural for you virgins to be coy in such matters. But you might at least nod. [*Athena nods.*] Off with you, then; and the defeated, mind you, are not to be angry with the judge nor to do any harm to the young man. It is impossible for all to be equal in beauty. [*They start.*]

Hermes. Let us make straight for Phrygia. I will go first, and do you follow smartly. And don't be uneasy. I know Paris; he is a handsome young fellow, a lover by temperament, and a most competent judge in such cases as this. His decision will certainly be correct.

Aphrodite. That is good news, and all in my favor. [*To Hermes, apart.*] Is this person a bachelor, or has he a wife?

Hermes. Not exactly a bachelor.

Aphrodite. What do you mean?

Hermes. Apparently a woman of Ida is his mate: a good enough creature, but crude and extremely rustic. He does not seem to care much about her. But why do you ask?

Aphrodite. Oh, I just asked.

Athena [to *Hermes*]. This is a breach of trust, sirrah. You are having a private understanding with *Aphrodite*.

Hermes. It's nothing terrible, and has nothing to do with you. She was asking me whether Paris is a bachelor.

Athena. Why is that any business of hers?

Hermes. I don't know; she says she asked casually, without any object.

Athena. Well, is he a bachelor?

Hermes. Apparently not.

Athena. Has he any leaning towards war? Is he an ambitious person, or a cowherd merely?

Hermes. I can't say certainly; but it is safe to guess that a man of his age will hanker after fighting and long to distinguish himself in the field.

Aphrodite. See now, I don't find any fault with you for talking apart with her. Faultfinding is not natural to *Aphrodite*.

Hermes. She was asking me almost exactly what you did, so don't take it amiss or think you are badly treated. I answered her just as simply as I did you.

— But while we are talking we have come a long way. We have left the stars behind and almost reached Phrygia. I see Ida and the whole range of Gargarus clearly; and unless I am mistaken, I can even make out Paris, your judge.

Hera. Where is he? I don't see him.

Hermes. Look off to the left—not at the summit of the mountain, but along the flank where the cave is. There you see the herd.

Hera. But not the herdsman.

Hermes. What? Look along my finger, so. Don't you see the cows coming from among the rocks, and a man with a crook running down the bluff to hem them in and keep them from scattering further?

Hera. I see now, if that is he.

Hermes. That's he. When we are close at hand we will take to the ground, if you please, and come up to him walking, so as not to frighten him by dropping in from the unseen.

Hera. Very good, we will do so. [*They alight.*] Now that we are on earth, *Aphrodite*, you had better go ahead and lead the way. You are probably familiar with the spot. The story goes that you have visited Anchises here more than once.

Aphrodite. Those jokes don't bother me very much, *Hera*.

Hermes. I will lead the way myself. Here is the umpire close by: let us address him. [*To Paris.*] Good morning, cowherd!

Paris. Good morning, my lad. Who are you? And who are these women whom you are escorting? — not mountain-bred: they are too pretty.

Hermes. And not women. Paris, you see before you Hera and Athena and Aphrodite; and I am Hermes, bearing a message from Zeus. Why do you tremble and lose color? Don't be frightened; it's nothing bad. He bids you judge which of them is fairest; "for," says Zeus, "you are fair yourself and wise in lover's lore, so I turn over the case to you. You will know what the prize is when you read the legend on the apple." [*Hands him the apple.*]

Paris. Let me see what it all means. FOR THE FAIREST, the apple says. How in the world, Lord Hermes, can I, a mortal man and a rustic, be judge of this marvelous spectacle, which is beyond a cowherd's powers? Judgment in such matters belongs rather to the dainty folk in towns. As for me, I have the art to judge between goat and goat, as between heifer and heifer, in point of beauty. But these ladies are beautiful alike. I do not know how a man could drag his sight from one to rest it on another. Wherever my eye falls first, there it clings and approves what it finds. I am fairly bathed in their beauty. It surrounds me altogether. I wish I were all eyes, like Argus. I think I should judge wisely if I gave the apple to all. And here is something to consider too: one of them is sister and wife of Zeus, while the others are his daughters. Doesn't this make the decision hard?

Hermes. I can't say. I only know that you can't shirk what Zeus commands.

Paris. Make them promise one thing, Hermes: that the losers will not be angry with me, but only consider my sight defective.

Hermes. They say they will do so; but it is time you made your decision.

Paris. I will try; for what else can I do? Good heavens, what a sight! What beauty! What delight! How fair the maiden goddess is! And how queenly, glorious, and worthy of her station is the wife of Zeus! And how sweet is Aphrodite's glance, with her soft, winning smile! — Bah! I can hold no more pleasure. If you please, I should like to study each separately; as it is, I look two ways at once.

Aphrodite. Yes, let us do it that way.

Paris. Go off, then, two of you. Hera, do you stay.

Hera. I will; and when you have considered me carefully you had better consider something else — whether you like the results of a verdict in my favor. For if you decide, Paris, that I am the fairest, you shall be lord of all Asia.

Paris. My justice is not for sale. Go now, I am satisfied. Come next, Athena.

Athena. Here I am, Paris; and if you decide that I am fairest, you shall never be beaten in battle. I will make you a victorious warrior.

Paris. I have no use for war and battle, Athena. Peace reigns, as you see, in Phrygia and Lydia, and my father's realm is undisturbed. But cheer up: you

shall not suffer for it, even if my justice is not for sale. I have finished with you; it is Aphrodite's turn.

Aphrodite. At your service, Paris, and I shall bear careful inspection. And if you like, my dear lad, listen to me too. I have had an eye on you for some time; and seeing you so young and handsome — does Phrygia hold such another? — I congratulate you on your looks, but I blame you for not leaving these rocks and living in the city. Why do you waste your beauty in the desert? What good do you get of the mountains? How are your cattle the better because you are handsome? You ought to have had a wife before this; not a wild country girl like the women of Ida, but a queen from Argos or Corinth, or a Spartan woman like Helen, for instance. She is young and lovely, in no way inferior to me, and what is most important, made for love. If that woman should but see you, I know she would surrender herself, and leave everything to follow you and be your wife; but of course you have heard about her yourself.

Paris. Not a word. But I should love to listen if you will tell me the whole story.

Aphrodite. She is the daughter of that fair Leda whom Zeus loved.

Paris. And what does she look like?

Aphrodite. She is blond, soft, and delicate, yet strong with athletic sports. She is so sought after that men fought for her sake when Theseus stole her, yet a little girl. And when she was grown up, all the noblest of the Greeks came courting her; and Menelaus was chosen, of the family of Pelops. But if you like, I will make her your wife.

Paris. What do you mean? She is married already.

Aphrodite. You are a young provincial, to be sure. But I know how to manage an affair like that.

Paris. How? I should like to know myself.

Aphrodite. You will set out on your travels, ostensibly to see Greece; and when you come to Lacedæmon, Helen will see you. The rest shall be my affair, to arrange that she shall fall in love with you and follow you.

Paris. Ah, that is what seems impossible to me — that a woman should be willing to leave her husband and sail away with a stranger to a strange land.

Aphrodite. Don't worry about that. I have two fair children, Longing and Love, whom I shall give you as guides on your journey. And Love shall enter into the woman and compel her to love, while Longing shall invest you with charm in her eyes. I will be there myself, and I will ask the Graces to come too, so that we may make a joint attack upon her.

Paris. How all this is to come about remains to be seen; but I am already in love with Helen. Somehow or other I see her with my mind's eye, and my voyage to Greece and my visit to Sparta and my return with her. It oppresses me that I am not carrying it out this minute.

Aphrodite. Don't fall in love, Paris, until you have given me the match-

maker's fee in the shape of a verdict. It would be nice if we could have a joint festival in honor of your marriage and my victory. It all rests with you. You can buy love, beauty, a wife, with that apple.

Paris. I am afraid you will forget me after the award is made.

Aphrodite. Do you want my oath?

Paris. By no means; only your promise.

Aphrodite. I promise that I will give you Helen to be your wife, that she shall follow you to Troy, and that I will attend in person and help you in every way.

Paris. And you will bring Love and Longing and the Graces?

Aphrodite. Trust me, and I will have Desire and Hymen there into the bargain.

Paris. On these conditions I award the apple to you. Take it!

Translated by Emily James Smith

THE AMATEUR OF LYING

Persons: Tychiades, Philocles

TYCHIADES. I have just come from a visit to Eucrates — everybody knows Eucrates — and at his house I heard a lot of incredible fables. Indeed, I came away in the middle because I could not stand the extravagance of what I heard. I fled from the tale of portents and wonders as though the Furies were at my heels.

Philocles. What were they, in heaven's name? I should like to know what form of folly Eucrates devises behind that impressive beard of his.

Tychiades. I found at his house a goodly company, including Cleodomus the Peripatetic, and Deinomachus the Stoic, and Ion; — you know Ion, who thinks himself an authority on the writings of Plato, believing himself the only man who has exactly understood the master's meaning so as to interpret him to the world. You see what sort of men were there, of wisdom and virtue all compact. Antigonus the doctor was there too; called in professionally, I suppose. Eucrates seemed to be eased already; his difficulty was a chronic one, and the humors had subsided to his feet. He motioned me to sit down beside him on the couch, sinking his voice to invalid's pitch when he saw me, though I had heard him shouting as I came in. So I sat down beside him, taking great care not to touch his feet, and explaining, as one does, that I hadn't heard of his illness before, and came on a run as soon as the news reached me.

They happened to be still carrying on a discussion of his ailment which had already occupied them some time; and each man was suggesting a method of treatment.

"Now, if you kill a field-mouse in the way I described," said Cleodomus,

"and pick up one of its teeth from the ground with your left hand, and wrap it in the skin of a lion newly flayed, and then tie it round your legs, the pain will cease at once."

"Why, do you think," I asked, "that any charm can work the cure, or that what you clap on outside affects a disease lodged within?"

"Don't mind him," said Ion. "I will tell you a queer story. When I was a boy about fourteen years old, a messenger came to tell my father that Midas, one of his vine-dressers — a robust, active fellow — had been bitten by a snake about noonday, and was then lying with a mortifying leg: as he was tying up the tendrils and fastening them to the poles, the creature had crept up and bitten his great toe, disappearing at once into its hole, while Midas bawled in mortal agony. Such was the message, and we saw Midas himself borne on a cot by his fellow slaves; swollen, livid, clammy, and evidently with but a short time to live. Seeing my father's distress, a friend who stood by said to him, 'Cheer up: I will bring you a man — a Chaldean from Babylon, they say — who will cure the fellow.' And to make a long story short, the Babylonian came and put Midas on his feet, driving the poison out of his body by an incantation and the application to his foot of a chip from a maiden's tombstone. And perhaps this is not very remarkable; though Midas picked up his own bed and went back to the farm, showing the force that was in the charm and the stone. But the Babylonian did some other things that were really remarkable. Early in the morning he went to the farm, pronounced seven sacred names from an ancient book, walked round the place three times purifying it with torch and sulphur, and drove out every creeping thing within the borders. They came out in numbers as though drawn to the charm: snakes, asps, adders, horned snakes and darting snakes, toads and newts. But one old serpent was left behind; detained by age, I suppose. The magician declared he had not got them all, and chose one of the snakes, the youngest, to send as an ambassador to the old one, who very shortly made his appearance also. When they were all assembled, the Babylonian blew upon them, and they were forthwith burnt up by his breath, to our astonishment."

"Tell me, Ion," said I, "did the young snake — the ambassador — give his hand to the old one, or had the old one a crutch to lean on?"

"You are flippant," said Cleodomus.

While we were talking thus, Eucrates' two sons came in from the gymnasium, one of them already a young man, the other about fifteen; and after greeting us they sat down on the couch by their father. A chair was brought for me, and Eucrates addressed me as though reminded of something by the sight of the lads. "Tychiades," said he, "may I have no comfort in these," and he laid a hand on the head of each, "if I am not telling you the truth. You all know my attachment to my wife, the mother of these boys. I showed it by my care of her, not only while she lived, but after her death by burning with her all the ornaments and clothing that she had pleasure in. On the

seventh day after she died, I was lying here on the couch as I am at this moment, and trying to beguile my grief by quietly reading Plato's book on the soul. In the midst of my reading there enters to me Demineate herself and takes a seat near me where Eucratides is now." He pointed to his younger son, who forthwith shivered with childish terror. He had already grown quite pale at the narrative.

"When I saw her," Eucrates went on, "I threw my arms about her and burst into tears and cries. She however would not suffer it; but chid me because when I burned all her other things for her good pleasure, I failed to burn one of her sandals, her golden sandals. It had fallen under the chest, she said, and so not finding it we had burnt its fellow alone. While we were still talking together, a little devil of a Melitæan dog that was under the couch fell to barking, and at the sound she disappeared. The sandal, however, was found under the chest and burned later."

On the top of this recital there entered Arignotus the Pythagorean, long of hair and reverend of face. You know the man, famous for his wisdom and surnamed "the holy." Well, when I saw him I breathed again, thinking that here was an axe at the root of error. Cleodomus rose to give him a seat. He first asked about the invalid's condition; but when he heard from Eucrates that he was eased already, he asked, "What are you philosophizing about? I listened as I was coming in, and it seemed to me that the talk had taken a very delightful turn."

"We were only trying," said Eucrates, pointing to me, "to convince this adamantine mind that there are such things as demons, and that ghosts and souls of the dead wander on earth and appear to whom they will."

I grew red at this, and hung my head in respect for Arignotus.

"Perhaps," said he, "Tychiades holds that only the souls of those that have died by violence walk — if a man be hanged or beheaded or impaled or something of that sort — but that after a natural death the soul does not return. If that is his view, it can by no means be rejected."

"No, by heaven," said Deinomachus; "but he does not believe that such things exist at all, or have a substance that can be seen."

"What do you mean?" asked Arignotus, looking at me grimly. "Do you think none of these things occur, although every one, I may say, has seen them?"

"You have made my defense," I said, "if the ground of my disbelief is that I alone of all men do not even see these things. If I had seen them, of course I should believe them as you do."

"Well," he said, "if you ever go to Corinth, ask where Eubatides' house is; and when it is pointed out to you beside the Craneum, go in and tell Tibias the porter that you want to see the spot from which Arignotus the Pythagorean dug up the demon and drove him out, making the house habitable forever after."

"What was that?" asked Eucrates.

"The house had been vacant a long time," said he, "because people were afraid of it. If any one tried to live in it, he straightway fled in a panic, chased out by some terrible and distressing apparition. So it was falling to ruin, and the roof had sunk, and there was absolutely no one who dared enter it. When I heard of this I took my books — I have a large collection of Egyptian works on these subjects — and went to the house in the early evening; although the man with whom I was staying, when he learned where I was going, tried to restrain me almost by force from what he regarded as certain destruction. I took a lamp and went in alone. In the largest room I set down my light, seated myself on the floor, and quietly read my book. Up comes the demon, thinking he had an ordinary man to deal with, and hoping to frighten me as he had done the others, in the guise of a squalid fellow, long-haired and blacker than night. Approaching, he tried to get the better of me by onsets from every quarter, now in the shape of a dog, now of a bull or a lion. But I, having at hand the most blood-curdling conjuration, and delivering it in the Egyptian tongue, drove him into the corner of a dark room. Noting the spot at which he sank into the ground, I desisted for the night. But at daybreak, when every one had given me up, and expected to find me a corpse like the others, I emerged, to the surprise of all, and proceeded to Eubatides, informing him that for the future his house would be innocent and free from horrors. Conducting him and a crowd who followed out of curiosity, I brought them to the spot where the demon had disappeared, and bade them dig with mattock and spade. When they had done so, we found at the depth of about six feet a moldering corpse, only held together by the frame of bones. We dug it up and buried it, and from that day forth the house was no longer disturbed by apparitions."

When this tale was told by Arignotus, a person of exceptional learning and universally respected, there was not a man present who did not upbraid me as a fool for disbelieving these things even when they came from Arignotus. But I said, nothing daunted either by his long hair or his reputation, "What is this? You — truth's only hope — are you one of the same sort, with a head full of smoke and specters?"

"Why, man," said Arignotus, "if you won't believe me or Deinomachus or Cleodomus or Eucrates himself, come, tell us what opposing authority you have which you think more trustworthy?"

"Why, good heavens," I replied, "it is the mighty man of Abdera, Democritus. I will show you how confident he was that this sort of thing cannot have a concrete existence. When he was living in a tomb outside the city gates, where he had locked himself up and spent day and night in writing, some of the boys in joke wanted to frighten him, and dressed up in black shrouds like corpses with death's-head masks. In this guise they surrounded him and danced about him, leaping and shuffling with their feet. But far from being frightened

by their make-believe, he did not even glance at them, but went on with his writing, saying, 'Stop your nonsense.' That shows how sure he was that souls cease to exist when they pass from the body."

"You only prove," said Eucrates, "that Democritus was a fool too, if that was his opinion. I will tell you another story, not on hearsay but an experience of my own. When I was a young man my father sent me to Egypt — to have me educated, as he said; and while I was there I conceived the wish to sail up to Coptus, and thence to visit the statue of Memnon and hear the famous notes it utters at the rising of the sun. On the voyage back it chanced that a man from Memphis was among the passengers, one of the sacred scribes, a man of wonderful wisdom and conversant with all the learning of the Egyptians. It was said that he had lived twenty-three years underground in the precincts, learning magic under the tutorship of Isis."

"You mean Pancrates, my teacher!" cried Arignotus. "A holy man with a shaven head and clad in linen; he was of a thoughtful turn, spoke Greek imperfectly, was tall and slight, had a snub nose and projecting lips, and his legs were a trifle thin."

"The very man," said Eucrates. "At first I did not know who he was; but whenever we put in anywhere I used to see him doing various wonderful things — among others, riding a crocodile and swimming with the creatures, who cowered before him and fawningly wagged their tails. Then I perceived that he was a holy person; and little by little, through kindly feeling, I became before I knew it his intimate friend and the partner of his secrets. And finally he persuaded me to go off alone with him, leaving all my servants at Memphis; 'for,' said he, 'we shall have no lack of attendants.' Our mode of life after that was this: whenever we entered a lodging the man would take the bolt from the door, or the broom, or even the pestle, dress it in clothes, and then by pronouncing some charm set it walking, so that to everyone else it seemed to be a man. It would go and fetch water, buy food and cook it, and in all respects act as a clever servant. And when he had enough of its service, he would say another charm and make the broom a broom again, or the pestle a pestle. This charm I could not learn from him, anxious as I was to know it; he kept it jealously, though he was most communicative in every other respect. One day I overheard it without his knowledge, standing almost in the dark. It was of three syllables. He then went off to the market after giving his orders to the pestle. The next day, while he had business in the market, I took the pestle, dressed it up, uttered the three syllables just as he did, and bade it bring water. When it had filled the jar and brought it to me, I said, 'That will do: don't fetch any more water; be a pestle again.' But it would not obey me; it kept on bringing water until the whole house was flooded. I was at my wits' end, for fear Pancrates should come back and be angry — just what happened — so I seized an axe and chopped the pestle in two. No use! Each piece took a jar and fell to drawing water, so that I had two of them at it instead of one. At this

point, too, Pancrates arrived. When he realized what was going on, he reduced the water-carriers to wood again, and himself deserted me on the sly, disappearing heaven knows whither.”¹

“At any rate,” said Deinomachus, “you know so much — how to make a man out of a pestle.”

“Will you never stop spinning your marvelous yarns?” I said. “You are old enough to know better. But at least respect these boys, and postpone your terrific stories to some other time. Before you know it they will be full of nervous terrors. You ought to consider them, and not accustom them to hear things that will haunt them all their lives, and make them afraid of a noise because they are full of superstition.”

“I am glad you used that word,” said Eucrates. “It reminds me to ask you what you think about another class of phenomena — I mean oracles and prophecies. Probably you have no faith in them either?”

“I am off,” said I. “You are not satisfied with the field of human experience, but must needs call in the gods themselves to take a hand in your myth-making.”

And so saying I took my leave; but they, I dare say, freed of my presence, drew in their chairs to the banquet and supped full with lies.

Translated by Emily James Smith

¹ Barham has used this story in the ‘Ingoldsby Legends’ — ‘The Lay of St. Dunstan.’

DIOGENES LAËRTIUS

IT is curious how often we are dependent, for our knowledge of some subject, upon a single ancient author who would be hardly worthy of notice but for the loss of the books of abler men. We proffer grudging gratitude therefore to Diogenes Laërtius, our chief authority for the 'Lives and Sayings of the Philosophers.' His book is a fascinating one, and even amusing — if we can forget what we so much wanted in its stead. At second or third hand, from the compendiums of the schools rather than from the works of the masters themselves, Diogenes does give us a fairly intelligible sketch of the outward life lived by each sage. This slight frame is crammed with anecdotes, culled with most eager and uncritical hand from miscellaneous collections. Many of these stories are unquestionably attached to the wrong person. This method is at its maddest in the author's sketch of his namesake, the Recluse of the Tub. Since this "philosopher" had himself little character and no doctrines, the string of anecdotes, puns, and saucy answers suits all our needs. Throughout the work are scattered apocryphal letters, and feeble poetic epigrams by the compiler himself. The leaning of our most unphilosophic author was apparently toward Epicurus. The loss of that teacher's own works causes us to prize the extensive fragments of them preserved in this relatively copious and serious study. The lover of the great Epicurean poem of Lucretius on the 'Nature of Things' will often be surprised to find here the source of many of the Roman poet's most striking doctrines and images. The sketch of Zeno is also an important authority on Stoicism. Instruction in these particular chapters, then, and rich diversion elsewhere, await the reader of this most gossipy and uncritical volume.

It has seemed desirable to offer here a version, slightly abridged, of Diogenes' chapter on Socrates. The original sources, in Plato's and Xenophon's extant works, will almost always explain, or correct, the statements of Diogenes. Diogenes cannot even speak with approximate accuracy of Socrates' famous Dæmon or Inward Monitor. We know, on the best authority, that it prophesied nothing, even proposed nothing, but only vetoed the rasher impulses of its human companion. But to apply the tests of accuracy to Diogenes would be like criticizing Uncle Remus for his sins against English syntax.

Of the author's life we know nothing. Our assignment of him to the third century is based on the fact that he quotes writers of the second, and is himself in turn cited by somewhat later authors.

LIFE OF SOCRATES

From the 'Lives and Sayings of the Philosophers'

SOCRATES was the son of Sophroniscus a sculptor and Phænarete a mid-wife [as Plato also states in the 'Theætetus'], and an Athenian, of the deme Alopeke. He was believed to aid Euripides in composing his dramas. Hence Mnesimachus speaks thus: —

This is Euripides' new play, the 'Phrygians':
 And Socrates has furnished him the sticks.

And again: —

Euripides, Socratically patched.

Callias also, in his 'Captives,' says: —

- A. Why art so solemn, putting on such airs?
- B. Indeed I may; the cause is Socrates.

Aristophanes, in the 'Clouds,' again, remarks: —

And this is he who for Euripides
 Composed the talkative wise tragedies.

He was a pupil of Anaxagoras, according to some authorities, but also of Damon, as Alexander states in his 'Successions.' After the former's condemnation he became a disciple of Archelaus the natural philosopher. But Douris says he was a slave, and carried stones. Some say, too, that the Graces on the Acropolis are his; they are clothed figures. Hence, they say, Timon in his 'Silli' declares: —

From them proceeded the stone-polisher,
 Prater on law, enchanter of the Greeks,
 Who taught the art of subtle argument,
 The nose-in-air, mocker of orators,
 Half Attic, the adept in irony.

For he was also clever in discussion. But the Thirty Tyrants, as Xenophon tells us, forbade him to teach the art of arguing. Aristophanes also brings him on in comedy, making the Worse Argument seem the better. He was moreover the first, with his pupil Æschines, to teach oratory. He was likewise the first who conversed about life, and the first of the philosophers who came to his end by being condemned to death. We are also told that he lent out money. At least, investing it, he would collect what was due, and then after spending

it invest again. But Demetrius the Byzantine says it was Crito who, struck by the charm of his character, took him out of the workshop and educated him.

Realizing that natural philosophy was of no interest to men, it is said, he discussed ethics, in the workshops and in the agora, and used to say he was seeking

Whatsoever is good in human dwellings, or evil.

And very often, we are told, when in these discussions he conversed too violently, he was beaten or had his hair pulled out, and was usually laughed to scorn. So once when he was kicked, and bore it patiently, some one expressed surprise; but he said, "If an ass had kicked me, would I bring an action against him?"

Foreign travel he did not require, as most men do, except when he had to serve in the army. At other times, remaining in Athens, he disputed in argumentative fashion with those who conversed with him, not so as to deprive them of their belief, but to strive for the ascertainment of truth. They say Euripides gave him the work of Heraclitus, and asked him, "What do you think of it?" And he said, "What I understood is fine; I suppose what I did not understand is, too; only it needs a Delian diver!" He attended also to physical training, and was in excellent condition. Moreover, he went on the expedition to Amphipolis, and when Xenophon had fallen from his horse in the battle of Delium he picked him up and saved him. Indeed, when all the other Athenians were fleeing he retreated slowly, turning about calmly, and on the lookout to defend himself if attacked. He also joined the expedition to Potidæa — by sea, for the war prevented a march by land; and it was there he was said once to have remained standing in one position all night. There too, it is said, he was pre-eminent in valor, but gave up the prize to Alcibiades, of whom he is stated to have been very fond. Ion of Chios says moreover that when young he visited Samos with Archelaus, and Aristotle states that he went to Delphi. Favorinus again, in the first book of his 'Commentaries,' says he went to the Isthmus.

He was also very firm in his convictions and devoted to the democracy, as was evident from his not yielding to Critias and his associates when they bade him bring Leon of Salamis, a wealthy man, to them to be put to death. He was also the only one who opposed the condemnation of the ten generals. When he could have escaped from prison, too, he would not. The friends who wept at his fate he reproved, and while in prison he composed those beautiful discourses.

He was also temperate and austere. Once, as Pamphila tells us in the seventh book of her 'Commentaries,' Alcibiades offered him a great estate, on which to build a house; and he said, "If I needed sandals, and you offered me a hide from which to make them for myself, I should be laughed

at if I took it." Often, too, beholding the multitude of things for sale, he would say to himself, "How many things I do not need!" He used constantly to repeat aloud these iambic verses: —

But silver plate and garb of purple dye
To actors are of use — but not in life.

He disdained the tyrants — Archelaus of Macedon, Scopas of Crannon, Eurylochos of Melissa — not accepting gifts from them nor visiting them. He was so regular in his way of living that he was frequently the only one not ill when Athens was attacked by the plague.

Aristotle says he wedded two wives, the first Xanthippe, who bore him Lamprocles, and the second Myrto, daughter of Aristides the Just, whom he received without dowry and by whom he had Sophroniscus and Menexenus. Some, however, say he married Myrto first; and some again that he had them both at once, as the Athenians on account of scarcity of men passed a law to increase the population, permitting anyone to marry one Athenian woman and have children by another; so Socrates did this.

He was a man also able to disdain those who mocked him. He prided himself on his simple manner of living, and never exacted any pay. He used to say he who ate with best appetite had least need of delicacies, and he who drank with best appetite had least need to seek a draught not at hand; and that he who had fewest needs was nearest the gods. This indeed we may learn from the comic poets, who in their very ridicule covertly praise him. Thus Aristophanes says: —

O thou who hast righteously set thy heart on attaining to noble wisdom,
How happy the life thou wilt lead among the Athenians and the Hellenes!
Shrewdness and memory both are thine, and energy unwearied
Of mind; and never art thou tired from standing or from walking.
By cold thou art not vexed at all, nor dost thou long for breakfast.
Wine thou dost shun, and gluttony, and every other folly.

Ameipsias also, bringing him upon the stage in the philosopher's cloak, says: —

O Socrates, best among few men, most foolish of many, thou also
Art come unto us; thou'rt a patient soul; but where didst get that doublet?
That wretched thing in mockery was presented by the cobblers!
Yet though so hungry, he never, however, has stooped to flatter a mortal.

This disdain and arrogance in Socrates has also been set forth by Aristophanes, who says: —

Along the streets you haughtily strut; your eyes roll hither and thither:
Barefooted, enduring discomforts, you go with countenance solemn among us.

And yet sometimes, suiting himself to the occasion, he dressed finely; as when for instance in Plato's 'Symposium' he goes to Agathon's.

He was a man able both to urge others to action, and to dissuade them. Thus, when he conversed with Theætetus on Knowledge, he sent him away inspired, as Plato says. Again, when Euthyphro had indicted his own father for manslaughter, by conversing with him on piety Socrates turned him from his purpose. Lysis also by his exhortations he rendered a most moral man. He was moreover skilful in fitting his arguments to the circumstances. He changed the feeling of his son Lamprocles when he was enraged with his mother, as Xenophon somewhere relates. Plato's brother Glaucon, who wished to be active in politics, he dissuaded because of his inexperience, as Xenophon states; but Charmides on the other hand, who was well fitted, he urged on. He roused the spirit of Iphicrates the general also, pointing out to him the cocks of Midias the barber fighting those of Callias. He said it was strange that every man could tell easily how many sheep he had, but could not call by name the friends whom he had acquired, so negligent were men in that regard. Once seeing Euclid devoting great pains to captious arguments, he said, "O Euclid, you will be able to manage sophists — but men, never!" For he thought hair-splitting on such matters useless, as Plato also says in his 'Euthydemus.'

When Glaucon offered him some slaves, so that he might make a profit on them, he did not take them.

He praised leisure as the best of possessions, as Xenophon also says in his 'Symposium.' He used to say, too, that there was but one good — knowledge; and one evil — ignorance. Wealth and birth, he said, had no value, but were on the contrary wholly an evil. So when some one told him Antisthenes' mother was a Thracian, "Did you think" quoth he, "so fine a man must be the child of two Athenians?" When Phædo had been captured in war and shamefully enslaved, Socrates bade Crito ransom him, and made him a philosopher.

He also learned, when already an old man, to play the lyre, saying there was no absurdity in learning what one did not know. He used to dance frequently, too, thinking this exercise helpful to health. This Xenophon tells us in the 'Symposium.'

He used to say that his Dæmon foretold future events: and that he knew nothing, except that very fact that he did know nothing. Those who bought at a great price what was out of season, he said, had no hope of living till the season came around. Once being asked what was virtue in a young man, he said, "To avoid excess in all things." He used to say one should study geometry just enough to be able to measure land in buying and selling it.

When Euripides in the 'Auge' said of virtue: —

These things were better left to lie untouched,

he rose up and left the theater, saying it was absurd to think it proper to seek for a slave if he was not to be found, but to let virtue perish unregarded. When his advice was asked whether to marry or not, he said, "Whichever you do, you will regret it!" He used to say that he marveled that those who made stone statues took pains to make the stone as like the man as possible, but took none with themselves, that they might not be like the stone. He thought it proper for the young to look constantly in the mirror, so that if they had beauty they might prove themselves worthy of it, and if they were ugly, that they might conceal their ugliness by their accomplishments.

When he had invited rich friends to dinner, and Xanthippe was ashamed, he said, "Do not be troubled. If they are sensible, they will bear with us. If not, we shall care nothing for them." Most men, he said, lived to eat; but he ate to live. As to those who showed regard for the opinions of the ignoble multitude, he said it was as if a man should reject one tetradrachm [coin] as worthless, but accept a heap of such coins as good. When Æschines said, "I am poor and have nothing else, but I give you myself," he said, "Do you then not realize you are offering me the greatest of gifts?" To him who said, "The Athenians have condemned you to death," he responded, "And nature has condemned them also thereto": though some ascribe this to Anaxagoras. When his wife exclaimed, "You die innocent!" he answered, "Do you wish I were guilty?"

When a vision in sleep seemed to say: —

Three days hence thou'lt come to the fertile region of Phthia,

he said to Æschines, "On the third day I shall die." When he was to drink the hemlock, Apollodorus gave him a fine garment to die in: "But why," quoth he, "is this garment of mine good enough to live in, but not to perish in?" To him who said, "So-and-so speaks ill of you," he answered, "Yes, he has not learned to speak well." When Antisthenes turned the ragged side of his cloak to the light, he remarked, "I see your vanity through your cloak." He declared we ought to put ourselves expressly at the service of the comedy writers: "For if they say anything about us that is true, they will correct us; and if what they say be untrue, it does not concern us at all."

When Xanthippe had first reviled him, then drenched him with water, "Didn't I tell you," said he, "it was thundering and would soon rain?" To Alcibiades, who said Xanthippe's scolding was unbearable, he replied, "I am accustomed to it, as to a constantly creaking pulley. And you," he added, "endure the cackling of geese." Alcibiades said, "Yes, for they bring me eggs and goslings." "And Xanthippe," retorted Socrates, "bears me children."

Once when she pulled off his cloak in the agora, his friends advised him to defend himself with force. "Yes," said he, "by Jove, so that as we fight, each of you may cry, 'Well done, Socrates!' 'Good for you, Xanthippe!'" He used to say he practised on Xanthippe just as trainers do with spirited horses. "Just as they if they master them are able to control any other horse, so I who am accustomed to Xanthippe shall get on easily with anyone else."

It was for such words and acts as this that the Delphic priestess bore witness in his honor, giving to Chærephon that famous response: —

Wisest of all mankind is Socrates.

He became extremely unpopular on account of this oracle; but also because he convicted of ignorance those who had a great opinion of themselves, particularly Anytus, as Plato also says in the 'Meno.' For Anytus, enraged at the ridicule Socrates brought upon him, first urged Aristophanes and the rest on to attack him, and then induced Meletus to join in indicting him for impiety and for corrupting the young men. Plato in the 'Apology' says there were three accusers — Anytus, Lycon, and Meletus: Anytus being incensed at him in behalf of the artisans and politicians, Lycon for the orators, and Meletus for the poets, all of whom Socrates pulled to pieces. The sworn statement of the plaintiffs ran as follows; for it is still recorded, Favorinus says, in the state archives: — "Socrates is guilty, not honoring the gods whom the State honors, but introducing other strange divinities; and he is further guilty of corrupting the young. Penalty, death."

When Lysias wrote a speech for his defense, he read it, and said, "A fine speech, Lysias, but not suited to me"; for indeed it was rather a lawyer's plea than a philosopher's. Lysias said, "But why, if the speech is a fine one, should it not be suitable for you?" Socrates replied, "Would not fine robes, then, and sandals, be unfitting for me?"

While he was on trial, it is stated that Plato ascended the *bema* and began, "Being the youngest, O men of Athens, of all who ever came upon the bema" — but at this point the judges cried out, "Come down! come down!" So he was convicted by two hundred and eighty-one votes more than were cast for his acquittal. And when the judges considered what penalty or fine he should receive, he said he would pay five-and-twenty drachmæ. Euboulides says he agreed to pay a hundred, but when the judges expressed their indignation aloud, he said, "For what I have done, I consider the proper return to be support at the public expense in the town hall." But they condemned him to death, the vote being larger than before by eighty.

Not many days later he drank the hemlock in the prison, after uttering many noble words, recorded by Plato in the 'Phædo.' According to some, he wrote a poem beginning —

Greeting, Apollo of Delos, and Artemis, youthful and famous.

He also versified, not very successfully, a fable of Æsop's which began —

Æsop once to the people who dwell in the city of Corinth
Said, "Let virtue be judged not by the popular voice."

So he passed from among men; but straightway the Athenians repented of their action, so that they closed the gymnasia, and exiling the other accusers, put Meletus to death. Socrates they honored with a statue of bronze, the work of Lysippus, which was set up in the Pompeion. Anytus in exile, entering Heraclea, was warned out of town that very day.

The Athenians have had the same experience not only in Socrates' case, but with many others. Indeed, it is stated that they fined Homer as a madman, and adjudged Tyrtæus to be crazy. Euripides reproves them in the 'Palamedes,' saying: —

Ye have slain, ye have slain the all-wise, the harmless nightingale of the
Muses.

That is so. But Philochorus says Euripides died before Socrates.

Socrates and Euripides were both disciples of Anaxagoras. It appears to me, too, that Socrates did talk on natural philosophy. In fact, Xenophon says so, though he states that Socrates held discourse only upon moral questions. Plato indeed, in the 'Apology,' mentioning Anaxagoras and other natural philosophers, himself says of them things whereof Socrates denies any knowledge; yet it is all ascribed to Socrates.

Aristotle states that a certain mage from Syria came to Athens, and among other prophecies concerning Socrates foretold that his death would be a violent one.


The following verses upon him are our own: —

Drink, in the Palace of Zeus, O Socrates, seeing that truly
Thou by a god wert called wise, who is wisdom itself.
Foolish Athenians, who to thee offered the potion of hemlock,
Through thy lips themselves draining the cup to the dregs!

Translated by William C. Lawton

EXAMPLES OF GREEK WIT AND WISDOM

BIAS

 NCE he was on a voyage with some impious men. The vessel was overtaken by a storm, and they began to call upon the gods for aid. But Bias said, "Be silent, so they may not discover that you are aboard our ship!"

He declared it was pleasanter to decide a dispute between his enemies than

between friends. "For of two friends," he explained, "one is sure to become my enemy; but of two enemies I make one friend."

PLATO

It is said Socrates, in a dream, seemed to be holding on his knees a cygnet, which suddenly grew wings and flew aloft, singing sweetly. Next day Plato came to him; and Socrates said he was the bird.

It is told that Plato, once seeing a man playing at dice, reproved him. "The stake is but a trifle," said the other. "Yes, but," responded Plato, "the habit is no trifle."

Once when Xenocrates came into Plato's house, the latter bade him scourge his slave for him, explaining that he could not do it himself, because he was angry. Again, he said to one of his slaves, "You would have had a beating if I were not angry."

ARISTIPPUS

Dionysius once asked him why it is that the philosophers are seen at rich men's doors, not the rich men at the doors of the sages. Aristippus replied, "Because the wise realize what they lack, but the rich do not." On a repetition of the taunt on another occasion he retorted, "Yes, and physicians are seen at sick men's doors; yet none would choose to be the patient rather than the leech!"

Once when overtaken by a storm on a voyage to Corinth, he was badly frightened. Somebody said to him, "We ordinary folk are not afraid, but you philosophers play the coward." "Yes," was his reply, "we are not risking the loss of any such wretched life as yours."

Some one reproached him for his extravagance in food. He answered, "If you could buy these same things for threepence, wouldn't you do it?" — "Oh yes." — "Why then, 'tis not I who am too fond of the luxurious food, but you that are over-fond of your money!"

ARISTOTLE

When asked, "What is Hope?" he answered, "The dream of a man awake." Asked what grows old quickest, he replied, "Gratitude." When told that some one had slandered him in his absence, he said, "He may beat me too — in my absence!" Being asked how much advantage the educated have over the ignorant, he replied, "As much as the living over the dead."

Some one asked him why we spend much time in the society of the beautiful. "That," he said, "is a proper question for a blind man!"

Once being asked how we should treat our friends, he said, "As we would wish them to treat us." Asked what a friend is, he answered, "One soul abiding in two bodies."

THEOPHRASTUS

To a man who at a feast was persistently silent, he remarked, "If you are ignorant, you are acting wisely; if you are intelligent, you are behaving foolishly."

DEMETRIUS

It was a saying of his that to friends in prosperity we should go when invited, but to those in misfortune unbidden.

When told that the Athenians had thrown down his statues, he answered, "But not my character, for which they erected them."

ANTISTHENES

Some one asked him what he gained from philosophy. He replied, "The power to converse with myself."

He advised the Athenians to pass a vote that asses were horses. When they thought that irrational, he said, "But certainly, your generals are not such because they have learned anything, but simply because you have elected them!"

DIOGENES

He used to say that when in the course of his life he saw pilots, and physicians, and philosophers, he thought man the most sensible of animals; but when he saw interpreters of dreams, and soothsayers, and those who paid attention to them, and those puffed up by fame or wealth, he believed no creature was sillier than man.

Some said to him, "You are an old man. Take life easy now." He replied, "And if I were running the long-distance race, should I when nearing the goal slacken, and not rather exert myself?"

When he saw a child drink out of his hands, he took the cup out of his wallet and flung it away, saying, "A child has beaten me in simplicity."

He used to argue thus, "All things belong to the gods. The wise are the friends of the gods. The goods of friends are common property. Therefore all things belong to the wise."

To one who argued that *motion* was impossible, he made no answer, but rose and walked away.

When the Athenians urged him to be initiated into the Mysteries, assuring him that in Hades those who were initiated have the front seats, he replied, "It is ludicrous, if Agesilaus and Epaminondas are to abide in the mud, and some ignoble wretches who are initiated are to dwell in the Isles of the Blest!"

Plato made the definition "Man is a two-footed featherless animal," and was much praised for it. Diogenes plucked a fowl and brought it into his

school, saying, "This is Plato's man!" So the addition was made to the definition, "with broad nails."

When a man asked him what was the proper hour for lunch, he said, "If you are rich, when you please; if you are poor, when you can get it."

He used often to shout aloud that an easy life had been given by the gods to men, but they had covered it from sight in their search for honey-cakes and perfumes and such things.

The musician who was always left alone by his hearers he greeted with "Good morning, cock!" When the other asked him the reason, he said, "Because your music starts everybody up."

When asked what animal had the worst bite, he said, "Of wild beasts, the sycophant; and of tame creatures, the flatterer."

Being asked when was the proper time to marry, he responded, "For young men, not yet; and for old men, not at all."

When he was asked what sort of wine he enjoyed drinking, he answered, "Another man's."

Some one advised him to hunt up his runaway slave. But he replied, "It is ridiculous if Manes lives without Diogenes, but Diogenes cannot live without Manes."

When asked why men give to beggars, but not to philosophers, he said, "Because they expect themselves to become lame and blind; but philosophers, never!"

PYTHAGORAS

Precepts

Do not stir the fire with a sword.

Do not devour your heart.

Always have your bed packed up.

Do not walk in the main street.

Do not cherish birds with crooked talons.

Avoid a sharp sword.

When you travel abroad, look not back at your own borders.

Consider nothing exclusively your own.

Destroy no cultivated tree, or harmless animal.

Modesty and decorum consist in never yielding to laughter, and yet not looking stern.

Translated by William C. Lawton

ATHENÆUS

LITTLE is known about the Græco-Egyptian man of letters, Athenæus, author of the 'Deipnosophistæ' or 'Feast of the Learned,' except his literary bequest. It is recorded that he was born at Naucratis, a city of the Nile Delta; and that after living at Alexandria he migrated to Rome. His date is presumptively fixed in the early part of the third century by his inclusion of Ulpian, the eminent jurist (whose death occurred 228 A.D.) among the twenty-nine guests of the banquet whose wit and learning furnished its viands. He was perhaps a contemporary of the physician Galen, another of the putative banqueters, who served as a mouthpiece of the author's erudition.

Probably nothing deserved preservation except the 'Feast of the Learned.' Of the fifteen books transmitted under the above title, the first two, and portions of the third, eleventh, and fifteenth, exist only in epitome — the name of the compiler and his time being equally obscure; yet it is curious that for many centuries these garbled fragments were the only memorials of the author extant. The other books have been pronounced authentic by eminent scholars with Bentley at their head. Without the slightest pretense of literary skill, the 'Feast of the Learned' is an immense storehouse of table-talk. Into its receptacles the author gathers fruitage from nearly every branch of contemporary learning. He seemed to anticipate Macaulay's "vice of omniscience," though he lacked Macaulay's literary virtues. Personal anecdote, criticism of the fine arts, the drama, history, poetry, philosophy, politics, medicine, and natural history enter into his pages, illustrated with an aptness and variety of quotation which seem to have no limit. He preserves old songs, folk-lore, and popular gossip, and relates without sifting it whatever he may have heard. He gives, for example, a vivid account of the procession which greeted Demetrius Poliorcetes: —

"When Demetrius returned from Leucadia and Corcyra to Athens, the Athenians received him not only with incense and garlands and libations, but they even sent out processional choruses, and greeted him with ithyphallic hymns and dances. Stationed by his chariot-wheels, they sang and danced and chanted that he alone was a real god; the rest were sleeping or were on a journey, or did not exist: they called him son of Poseidon and Aphrodite, eminent for beauty, universal in his goodness to mankind; then they prayed and besought and supplicated him like a god."

The hymn which Athenæus evidently disapproved has been preserved, and turned into English by J. A. Symonds. It belongs to the class of Prosodia, or processional hymns, which were sung at religious festivals by young men and

maidens, marching to the shrines in time with the music, their locks crowned with wreaths of olive, myrtle, or oleander; their white robes shining in the sun.

See how the mightiest gods, and best beloved,
 Towards our town are winging!
 For lo! Demeter and Demetrius
 This glad day is bringing!
 She to perform her Daughter's solemn rites;
 Mystic pomps attend her;
 He joyous as a god should be, and blithe,
 Comes with laughing splendor.
 Show forth your triumph! Friends all, troop around,
 Let him shine above you!
 Be you the stars to circle him with love;
 He's the sun to love you.
 Hail, offspring of Poseidon, powerful god,
 Child of Aphrodite!
 The other deities keep far from earth;
 Have no ears, though mighty;
 They are not, or they will not hear us wail:
 Thee our eye beholdeth;
 Not wood, not stone, but living, breathing, real,
 Thee our prayer enfoldeth.
 First give us peace! Give, dearest, for thou canst;
 Thou art Lord and Master!
 The Sphinx, who not on Thebes, but on all Greece
 Swoops to gloat and pasture;
 The Ætolian, he who sits upon his rock,
 Like that old disaster;
 He feeds upon our flesh and blood, and we
 Can no longer labor;
 For it was ever thus the Ætolian thief
 Preyed upon his neighbor;
 Him punish Thou, or, if not Thou, then send
 Ædipus to harm him,
 Who'll cast this Sphinx down from his cliff of pride,
 Or to stone will charm him.

The Swallow song, which is cited, is an example of the folk-lore which Athenæus delighted to gather; and he tells how in springtime the children used to go about from door to door, begging presents, and singing such half-sensible, half-foolish rhymes as —

She is here, she is here, the swallow!
 Fair seasons bringing, fair years to follow!
 Her belly is white,
 Her back black as night!
 From your rich house
 Roll forth to us
 Tarts, wine, and cheese;
 Or, if not these,
 Oatmeal and barley-cake
 The swallow deigns to take.
 What shall we have? or must we hence away?
 Thanks, if you give: if not, we'll make you pay!
 The house-door hence we'll carry;
 Nor shall the lintel tarry;
 From hearth and home your wife we'll rob;
 She is so small,
 To take her off will be an easy job!
 Whate'er you give, give largess free!
 Up! open, open, to the swallow's call!
 No grave old men, but merry children we!

The 'Feast of the Learned' professes to be the record of the sayings at a banquet given at Rome by Laurentius to his learned friends. Laurentius stands as the typical Mæcenas of the period. The dialogue is reported after Plato's method, or as we see it in the more familiar form of the 'Satires' of Horace. The discursiveness with which topics succeed each other, their want of logic or continuity, and the pelting fire of quotations in prose and verse, make a strange mixture. It may be compared to one of those dishes known both to ancients and to moderns, in which a great variety of scraps is enriched with condiments to the obliteration of all individual flavor. The plan of execution is so cumbersome that its only defense is its imitation of the disjointed talk when the guests of a dinner party are busy with their wine and nuts. One is tempted to suspect Athenæus of a sly sarcasm at his own expense, when he puts the following flings at pedantry in the mouths of some of his puppets: —

"And now when Myrtilus had said all this in a connected statement, and when all were marveling at his memory, Cynulcus said:

 'Your multifarious learning I do wonder at,
 Though there is not a thing more vain and useless.'

"Says Hippo the Atheist, 'But the divine Heraclitus also says, "A great variety of information does not usually give wisdom." And Timon said, . . .
 "For what is the use of so many names, my good grammarian, which are more calculated to overwhelm the hearers than to do them any good?"' "

This passage shows the redundancy which disfigures so much of Athenæus. It is also typical of the cudgel-play of repartee between his characters, which takes the place of agile witticism. But if he heaps up piles of scholastic rubbish, he is also the Golden Dustman who shows us the treasure preserved by his pedantry. Scholars find the 'Feast of the Learned' a quarry of quotations from authors whose works have perished. Nearly eight hundred writers and twenty-five hundred separate writings are referred to and cited in this disorderly encyclopedia, most of them now lost and forgotten.

WHY THE NILE OVERFLOWS

THALES the Milesian, one of the Seven Wise Men, says that the overflowing of the Nile arises from the Etesian winds; for that they blow up the river, and that the mouths of the river lie exactly opposite to the point from which they blow; and accordingly, that the wind blowing in the opposite direction hinders the flow of the waters; and the waves of the sea, dashing against the mouth of the river, and coming on with a fair wind in the same direction, beat back the river, and in this manner the Nile becomes full to overflowing. But Anaxagoras, the natural philosopher, says that the fullness of the Nile arises from the snow melting; and so too says Euripides, and some others of the tragic poets. Anaxagoras says this is the sole origin of all that fullness; but Euripides goes further and describes the exact place where this melting of the snow takes place.

HOW TO PRESERVE THE HEALTH

ONE ought to avoid thick perfumes, and to drink water that is thin and clear, and that in respect of weight is light, and that has no earthy particles in it. And that water is best which is of moderate heat or coldness, and which, when poured into a brazen or silver vessel, does not produce a blackish sediment. Hippocrates says, "Water which is easily warmed or easily chilled is always lighter." But that water is bad which takes a long time to boil vegetables; and so too is water full of niter, or brackish. And in his book 'On Waters,' Hippocrates calls good water drinkable; but stagnant water he calls bad, such as that from ponds or marshes. And most spring-water is rather hard.

Erasistratus says that some people test water by weight, and that is a most stupid proceeding. "For just look," says he, "if men compare the water from the fountain Amphiaræus with that from the Eretrian spring, though one of them is good and the other bad, there is absolutely no difference in their respective weights." And Hippocrates, in his book 'On Places,' says that those waters are the best which flow from high ground, and from dry hills, "for

they are white and sweet, and are able to bear very little wine, and are warm in winter and cold in summer." And he praises those most, the springs of which break towards the east, and especially towards the northeast, for they must be inevitably clear and fragrant and light. Diocles says that water is good for the digestion and not apt to cause flatulency, that it is moderately cooling, and good for the eyes, and that it has no tendency to make the head feel heavy and that it adds vigor to the mind and body. And Praxagoras says the same; and he also praises rain-water. But Euenor praises water from cisterns, and says that the best is that from the cistern of Amphiaraus, when compared with that from the fountain in Eretria.

That water is really nutritious is plain from the fact that some animals are nourished by it alone, as for instance grasshoppers. And there are many other liquids that are nutritious, such as milk, barley-water, and wine. At all events, animals at the breast are nourished by milk; and there are many nations who drink nothing but milk. And it is said that Democritus, the philosopher of Abdera, after he had determined to rid himself of life on account of his extreme old age, and after he had begun to diminish his food day by day, when the day of the Thesmophorian festival came round, and the women of his household besought him not to die during the festival, in order that they might not be debarred from their share in the festivities, was persuaded, and ordered a vessel full of honey to be set near him: and in this way he lived many days with no other support than honey; and then some days after, when the honey had been taken away, he died. But Democritus had always been fond of honey; and he once answered a man, who asked him how he could live in the enjoyment of the best health, that he might do so if he constantly moistened his inward parts with honey, and the outer man with oil. And bread and honey was the chief food of the Pythagoreans, according to the statement of Aristoxenus, who says that those who ate this for breakfast were free from disease all their lives. And Lycus says that the Cyrneans (a people who live near Sardinia) are very long-lived, because they are continually eating honey; and it is produced in great quantities among them.

THE LOVE OF ANIMALS FOR MAN

AND even dumb animals have fallen in love with men; for there was a cock who took a fancy to a man of the name of Secundus, a cup-bearer of the king; and the cock was nicknamed "the Centaur." This Secundus was a slave of Nicomedes, the king of Bithynia; as Nicander informs us in the sixth book of his essay on 'The Revolutions of Fortune.' And at Ægium, a goose took a fancy to a boy; as Clearchus relates in the first book of his 'Amatory Anecdotes.' And Theophrastus, in his essay 'On Love,' says that the name of this boy was Amphilochus, and that he was a native of

Olenus. And Hermeas the son of Hermodorus, who was a Samian by birth, says that a goose also took a fancy to Lacydes the philosopher. And in Leucadia (according to a story told by Clearchus), a peacock fell so in love with a maiden there that when she died, the bird died too. There is a story also that at Iasus a dolphin took a fancy to a boy, and this story is told by Duris, in the ninth book of his 'History'; and the subject of that book is the history of Alexander, and the historian's words are these: —

"He likewise sent for the boy from Iasus. For near Iasus there was a boy whose name was Dionysius, and he once, when leaving the palæstra with the rest of the boys, went down to the sea and bathed; and a dolphin came forward out of the deep water to meet him, and taking him on his back, swam away with him a considerable distance into the open sea, and then brought him back again to land."

The dolphin is in fact an animal which is very fond of men, and very intelligent, and one very susceptible of gratitude. Accordingly, Phylarchus, in his twelfth book, says: —

"Coiranus the Milesian, when he saw some fishermen who had caught a dolphin in a net, and who were about to cut it up, gave them some money and bought the fish, and took it down and put it back in the sea again. And after this it happened to him to be shipwrecked near Myconos, and while everyone else perished, Coiranus alone was saved by a dolphin. And when at last he died of old age in his native country, as it so happened that his funeral procession passed along the seashore close to Miletus, a great shoal of dolphins appeared on that day in the harbor, keeping only a very little distance from those who were attending the funeral of Coiranus, as if they also were joining in the procession and sharing in their grief."

The same Phylarchus also relates, in the twentieth book of his 'History,' the great affection which was once displayed by an elephant for a boy:

"Now there was a female elephant kept with this elephant, and the name of the female elephant was Nicæa; and to her the wife of the king of India, when dying, intrusted her child, which was just a month old. And when the woman did die, the affection for the child displayed by the beast was most extraordinary; for it could not endure the child to be away; and whenever it did not see him, it was out of spirits. And so, whenever the nurse fed the infant with milk, she placed it in its cradle between the feet of the beast; and if she had not done so, the elephant would not take any food; and after this, it would take whatever reeds and grass there were near, and, while the child was sleeping, beat away the flies with the bundle. And whenever the child wept, it would rock the cradle with its trunk, and lull it to sleep. And very often the male elephant did the same."

Translated by C. D. Yonge

ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM

A STRONG soldier of the Cross and from good fighting stock was that John of Antioch who, among the people that were first to bear the name of Christian, was called Chrysostom — "mouth of gold." His father Secundus, who died about the time of Chrysostom's birth, was a military commander in Syria under Constantine and Constantius II. John was born at Antioch, 347 A.D., when the Eastern Empire and the City of Constantine were new. His young mother Arethusa, a Christian, then but twenty years of age, devoted herself to the education of her son in the city of his birth. The youth's early years were passed under her careful guidance, and at the age of twenty he entered on the study of oratory and philosophy under the celebrated Libanius. In 369 he became a baptized Christian and reader in the house of Meletius the bishop. The unhappy reigns of Valens and Valentinian, when neo-paganism in the West and in the Gothic settlement in the East began to work the Empire's fall, saw John devoted to an ascetic life, after the example of the monks and hermits who sheltered in the mountains about the gay and queenly city of his birth. His mother's grief and loneliness brought him back from his cave to an energetic career as a preacher. His eloquence, such as had been unknown to Greeks since Demosthenes, and his labor and self-denial won the regard of the people of Antioch. On the death of Nectarius, the successor of Gregory of Nazianzus, Theophilus of Alexandria and Arcadius the Emperor made him Metropolitan of Constantinople, 397 A.D. His elevation to an imperial neighborhood did not stay him. He cleared Byzantium of pagan shows, gathered the relics of the martyrs, and sent missionaries to preach to the Goths in their own speech. Not many years of this kind of leadership were allowed him. Arcadius, well disposed but indolent, was under the rule of a wilful woman; and when Chrysostom attacked her pet vanities, the vexed Eudoxia contrived his deposition. In 403 John went into exile in Bithynia, with the words "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away" upon his lips. A great earthquake so frightened the Imperial City and family that with one outcry they called Chrysostom back. When the fear of the infirm earth had worn away, Eudoxia remembered her enmity. Under the plea that his restoration had been unwarranted, the Metropolitan was sent to a forced wandering in the wilds of outer provinces, from which there returned of him only the venerated relics of a martyr. Driven from spot to spot, sometimes in chains, always under the prod of spears, one day of September 407 he dragged himself to the tomb of the martyr Basiliscus at Comana in Pontus, and laid his soul in the hands of God. Thirty years afterward, Theodosius the Younger brought the body back to Constantinople.

In person Chrysostom was small and spare. His life of rigorous fasting and toil made him still more slight and hollow-cheeked, but it is said that there was always a blaze of fire in the deep-set eyes. The work of Chrysostom was chiefly ecclesiastical oratory, in which no one surpassed him. First of the great Christian preachers after the Church came from the caves, he was not less able as a teacher. His letters, full of sweetness and firm honesty; his poetry, delicate and musical; and his philosophic essays, rich with the clear-cut jewels of dialectics, are worthy of his station among the Doctors of the Church.

JOHN MALONE

THAT REAL WEALTH IS FROM WITHIN

From the 'Treatise to prove that no one can harm the man who does not injure himself'

WHAT I undertake is to prove (only make no commotion) that no one of those who are wronged is wronged by another, but experiences this injury at his own hands.

But in order to make my argument plainer, let us first of all inquire what injustice is, and of what kind of things the material of it is wont to be composed; also what human virtue is, and what it is which ruins it: and further, what it is which seems to ruin it but really does not. For instance (for I must complete my argument by means of examples), each thing is subject to one evil which ruins it: iron to rust, wool to moth, flocks of sheep to wolves. The virtue of wine is injured when it ferments and turns sour; of honey when it loses its natural sweetness and is reduced to a bitter juice. Ears of corn are ruined by mildew and drought, the fruit and leaves and branches of vines by the mischievous host of locusts, other trees by the caterpillar, and irrational creatures by diseases of various kinds; and not to lengthen the list by going through all possible examples, our own flesh is subject to fevers and palsies and a crowd of other maladies. As then each one of these things is liable to that which ruins its virtue, let us now consider what it is which injures the human race, and what it is which ruins the virtue of a human being. Most men think that there are divers things which have this effect; for I must mention the erroneous opinions on the subject, and after confuting them, proceed to exhibit that which really does ruin our virtue, and to demonstrate clearly that no one could inflict this injury or bring this ruin upon us unless we betrayed ourselves. The multitude then, having erroneous opinions, imagine that there are many different things which ruin our virtue; some say it is poverty, others bodily disease, others loss of property, others calumny, others death, and they are perpetually bewailing and lamenting these things: and whilst they are com-

miserating the sufferers and shedding tears, they excitedly exclaim to one another, "What a calamity has befallen such and such a man! he has been deprived of all fortune at a blow." Of another again one will say, "Such and such a man has been attacked by severe sickness and is despaired of by the physicians in attendance." Some bewail and lament the inmates of the prison, some those who have been expelled from their country and transported to the land of exile, others those who have been deprived of their freedom, others those who have been seized and made captives by enemies, others those who have been drowned, or burnt, or buried by the fall of a house, but no one mourns those who are living in wickedness; on the contrary, which is worse than all, they often congratulate them, a practice which is the cause of all manner of evils. Come then (only, as I exhorted you at the outset, do not make a commotion), let me prove that none of the things which have been mentioned injure the man who lives soberly, nor can ruin his virtue. For tell me, if a man has lost his all either at the hands of calumniators or of robbers, or has been stripped of his goods by knavish servants, what harm has the loss done to the virtue of the man?

But if it seems well, let me rather indicate in the first place what is the virtue of a man, beginning by dealing with the subject in the case of existences of another kind, so as to make it more intelligible and plain to the majority of readers.

What then is the virtue of a horse? Is it to have a bridle studded with gold and girths to match, and a band of silken threads to fasten the housing, and clothes wrought in divers colors and gold tissue, and head-gear studded with jewels, and locks of hair plaited with gold cord? Or is it to be swift and strong in its legs, and even in its paces, and to have hoofs suitable to a well-bred horse, and courage fitted for long journeys and warfare, and to be able to behave with calmness in the battle-field, and if a rout takes place, to save its rider? Is it not manifest that these are the things which constitute the virtue of the horse, not the others? Again, what should you say was the virtue of asses and mules? Is it not the power of carrying burdens with contentment, and accomplishing journeys with ease, and having hoofs like rock? Shall we say that their outside trappings contribute anything to their own proper virtue? By no means. And what kind of vine shall we admire? One which abounds in leaves and branches, or one which is laden with fruit? Or what kind of virtue do we predicate of an olive? Is it to have large boughs and great luxuriance of leaves, or to exhibit an abundance of its proper fruit dispersed over all parts of the tree? Well, let us act in the same way in the case of human beings also: let us determine what is the virtue of man, and let us regard that alone as an injury, which is destructive to it. What then is the virtue of man? Not riches, that thou shouldst fear poverty; nor health of body, that thou shouldst dread sickness; nor the opinion of the public, that thou shouldst view an evil reputation with alarm, nor life simply for its own sake, that death

should be terrible to thee; nor liberty that thou shouldst avoid servitude: but carefulness in holding true doctrine, and rectitude in life. Of these things not even the devil himself will be able to rob a man, if he who possesses them guards them with the needful carefulness, and that most malicious and ferocious demon is aware of this.

Thus in no case will anyone be able to injure a man who does not choose to injure himself; but if a man is not willing to be temperate, and to aid himself from his own resources, no one will ever be able to profit him. Therefore also that wonderful history of the Holy Scriptures, as in some lofty, large, and broad picture, has portrayed the lives of the men of old time, extending the narrative from Adam to the coming of Christ: and it exhibits to you both those who are vanquished and those who are crowned with victory in the contest, in order that it may instruct you by means of all examples that no one will be able to injure one who is not injured by himself, even if all the world were to kindle a fierce war against him. For it is not stress of circumstances, nor variation of seasons, nor insults of men in power, nor intrigues besetting thee like snow-storms, nor a crowd of calamities, nor a promiscuous collection of all the ills to which mankind is subject, which can disturb even slightly the man who is brave and temperate and watchful; just as on the contrary the indolent and supine man who is his own betrayer cannot be made better, even with the aid of innumerable ministrations.

ON ENCOURAGEMENT DURING ADVERSITY

From the 'Letters to Olympias'

TO my Lady, the most reverend and divinely favored Deaconess Olympias, I John, Bishop, send greeting in the Lord: Come now, let me relieve the wounds of thy despondency, and disperse the thoughts which gather this cloud of care around thee. For what is it which upsets thy mind, and why art thou sorrowful and dejected? Is it because of the fierce black storm which has overtaken the Church, enveloping all things in darkness as of a night without a moon, and is growing to a head every day, travailing to bring forth disastrous shipwrecks, and increasing the ruin of the world? I know all this as well as you; none shall gainsay it, and if you like I will form an image of the things now taking place so as to present the tragedy yet more distinctly to thee. We behold a sea upheaved from the very lowest depths, some sailors floating dead upon the waves, others engulfed by them, the planks of the ships breaking up, the sails torn to tatters, the masts sprung, the oars dashed out of the sailor's hands, the pilots seated on the deck, clasping their knees with their hands instead of grasping the rudder, bewailing the hopeless-

ness of their situation with sharp cries and bitter lamentations, neither sky nor sea clearly visible, but all one deep and impenetrable darkness, so that no one can see his neighbor; whilst mighty is the roaring of the billows, and monsters of the sea attack the crews on every side.

But how much further shall I pursue the unattainable? for whatever image of our present evils I may seek, speech shrinks baffled from the attempt. Nevertheless, even when I look at these calamities I do not abandon the hope of better things, considering as I do who the Pilot is in all this — not one who gets the better of the storm by his art, but calms the raging waters by his rod. But if he does not effect this at the outset and speedily, such is his custom — he does not at the beginning put down these terrible evils; but when they have increased and come to extremities, and most persons are reduced to despair, then he works wondrously and beyond all expectation, thus manifesting his own power and training the patience of those who undergo these calamities. Do not therefore be cast down. For there is only one thing, Olympias, which is really terrible, only one real trial, and that is sin; and I have never ceased continually harping upon this theme: but as for all other things, plots, enmities, frauds, calumnies, insults, accusations, confiscation, exile, the keen sword of the enemy, the peril of the deep, warfare of the whole world, or anything else you like to name, they are but idle tales. For whatever the nature of these things may be, they are transitory and perishable, and operate in a mortal body without doing any injury to the vigilant soul. Therefore the blessed Paul, desiring to prove the insignificance both of the pleasures and sorrows relating to this life, declared the whole truth in one sentence when he said, "For the things which are seen are temporal." Why then dost thou fear temporal things which pass away like the stream of a river? For such is the nature of present things, whether they be pleasant or painful. Another prophet compared all human prosperity not to grass, but to another material even more flimsy, describing the whole of it "as the flower of grass." For he did not single out any one part of it, as wealth alone, or luxury alone, or power, or honor; but having comprised all the things which are esteemed splendid amongst men under the one designation of glory, he said, "All the glory of man is as the flower of grass."

Nevertheless, you will say, adversity is a terrible thing and grievous to be borne. Yet look at it again compared with another image, and then also learn to despise it. For the railing, and insults, and reproaches, and gibes, inflicted by enemies and their plots, are compared to a worn-out garment and moth-eaten wool, when God says, "Fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be ye afraid of their revilings, for they shall wax old as doth a garment, and like moth-eaten wool so shall they be consumed." Therefore let none of these things which are happening trouble thee; but ceasing to invoke the aid of this or that person, and to run after shadows (for such are human alliances), do thou persistently call upon Jesus whom thou servest, merely to bow his head and in a moment of time all these evils will be dissolved. But if thou hast already called upon him,

and yet they have not been dissolved, such is the manner of God's dealing (for I will resume my former argument); he does not put down evils at the outset, but when they have grown to a head, when scarcely any form of the enemy's malice remains ungratified, then he suddenly converts all things to a state of tranquillity and conducts them to an unexpected settlement. For he is not only able to turn as many things as we expect and hope, to good, but many more, yea infinitely more. Wherefore also Paul saith, "Now to Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." Could he not, for example, have prevented the Three Children at the outset from falling into trial? But he did not choose to do this, thereby conferring great pain upon them. Therefore he suffered them to be delivered into the hands of barbarians, and the furnace to be heated to an immeasurable height and the wrath of the king to blaze even more fiercely than the furnace, and hands and feet to be bound with great severity, and they themselves to be cast into the fire; and then, when all they who beheld despaired of their rescue, suddenly and beyond all hope the wonder-working power of God, the supreme artificer, was displayed, and shone forth with exceeding splendor. For the fire was bound and the bondmen were released; and the furnace became a temple of prayer, a place of fountains and dew, of higher dignity than a royal court, and the very hairs of their head prevailed over that all-devouring element which gets the better even of iron and stone, and masters every kind of substance. And a solemn song of universal praise was instituted there by these holy men, inviting every kind of created thing to join in the wondrous melody: and they uttered hymns of thanksgiving to God for that they had been bound, and also burnt, as far at least as the malice of their enemies had power; that they had been exiles from their country, captives deprived of their liberty, wandering outcasts from city and home, sojourners in a strange and barbarous land: for all this was the outpouring of a grateful heart. And when the malicious devices of their enemies were perfected (for what further could they attempt after their death?) and the labors of the heroes were completed, and the garland of victory was woven, and their rewards were prepared, and nothing more was wanting for their renown, then at last their calamities were brought to an end, and he who caused the furnace to be kindled, and delivered them over to that great punishment, became himself the panegyrist of those holy heroes and the herald of God's marvelous deed, and everywhere throughout the world issued letters full of reverent praise, recording what had taken place, and becoming the faithful herald of the miracles wrought by the wonder-working God. For inasmuch as he had been an enemy and adversary, what he wrote was above suspicion even in the opinion of enemies.

Dost thou see the abundance of resource belonging to God? his extraordinary power, his loving-kindness and care? Be not therefore dismayed or troubled, but continue to give thanks to God for all things, praising and in-

voking him; beseeching and supplicating; even if countless tumults and troubles come upon thee, even if tempests are stirred up before thine eyes, let none of these things disturb thee. For our Master is not baffled by the difficulty, even if all things are reduced to the extremity of ruin. For it is possible for him to raise those who have fallen, to convert those who are in error, to set straight those who have been ensnared, to release those who have been laden with countless sins, and make them righteous, to quicken those who are dead, to restore luster to decayed things, and freshness to those who have waxen old. For if he makes things which are not to come into being, and bestows existence on things which are nowhere by any means manifest, how much more will he rectify things which already exist!

CONCERNING THE STATUTES

From Homily VIII

KNOWING these things, let us take heed to our life: and let us not be earnest as to the goods that perish; neither as to the glory that goeth out; nor as to that body which groweth old; nor as to that beauty which is fading; nor as to that pleasure which is fleeting: but let us expend all our care about the soul, and let us provide for the welfare of this in every way. For to cure the body when diseased is not an easy matter to everyone; but to cure a sick soul is easy to all: and the sickness of the body requires medicines, as well as money, for its healing; but the healing of the soul is a thing easy to procure, and devoid of expense. And the nature of the flesh is with much labor delivered from those wounds which are troublesome; for very often the knife must be applied, and medicines that are bitter; but with respect to the soul there is nothing of this kind. It suffices only to exercise the will and the desire, and all things are accomplished. And this hath been the work of God's providence. For inasmuch as from bodily sickness no great injury could arise (for though we were not diseased, yet death would in any case come, and destroy and dissolve the body); but everything depends upon the health of our souls; this being by far the more precious and necessary, he hath made the medicining of it easy, and void of expense or pain. What excuse therefore or what pardon shall we obtain, if when the body is sick, and money must be expended on its behalf, and physicians called in, and much anguish endured, we make this so much a matter of our care (though what might result from that sickness could be no great injury to us), and yet treat the soul with neglect? And this, when we are neither called upon to pay down money, nor to give others any trouble, nor to sustain any sufferings; but without any of all these things, by only choosing and willing, have it in our power to accomplish the entire amendment of it:

and knowing assuredly that if we fail to do this, we shall sustain the extreme sentence, and punishments, and penalties, which are inexorable! For tell me, if any one promised to teach thee the healing art in a short space of time, without money or labor, wouldst thou not think him a benefactor? Wouldst thou not submit both to do and to suffer all things, whatsoever he who promised these things commanded? Behold now, it is permitted thee without labor to find a medicine for wounds, not of the body, but of the soul, and to restore it to a state of health without any suffering! Let us not be indifferent to the matter! For pray what is the pain of laying aside anger against one who hath aggrieved thee? It is a pain indeed to remember injuries, and not to be reconciled! What labor is it to pray, and to ask for a thousand good things from God, who is ready to give? What labor is it, not to speak evil of any one? What difficulty is there in being delivered from envy and ill-will? What trouble is it to love one's neighbor? What suffering is it not to utter shameful words, nor to revile, nor to insult another? What fatigue is it not to swear? for again I return to this same admonition. The labor of swearing is indeed exceedingly great. Oftentimes, whilst under the influence of anger or wrath, we have sworn, perhaps, that we would never be reconciled to those who have injured us.

I am now for the sixth day admonishing you in respect of this precept. Henceforth I am desirous to take leave of you, meaning to abstain from the subject, that ye may be on your guard. There will no longer be any excuse or allowance for you; for of right, indeed, if nothing had been said on this matter, it ought to have been amended of yourselves, for it is not a thing of an intricate nature, or that requires great preparation. But since ye have enjoyed the advantage of so much admonition and counsel, what excuse will ye have to offer, when ye stand accused before that dread tribunal and are required to give account of this transgression? It is impossible to invent any excuse; but of necessity you must either go hence amended, or if you have not amended, be punished, and abide the extremest penalty! Thinking therefore upon all these things, and departing hence with much anxiety about them, exhort ye one another, that the things spoken of during so many days may be kept with all watchfulness in your minds; so that whilst we are silent, ye instructing, edifying, exhorting one another, may exhibit great improvement: and having fulfilled all the other precepts may enjoy eternal crowns; which God grant we may all obtain through the grace and loving-kindness of our Lord Jesus Christ.

[The above extracts are from 'A Select Library of the Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers of the Christian Church, First Series.' Copyright by the Christian Literature Company, New York.]

HELIODORUS

THE modern novel is the progeny of the Greek romance of Heliodorus. If the simple-minded old bishop could have foreseen the hosts of the children of his mind, as numerous as the sands of his native Syria, would he have suppressed the romance? A legend still preserved leads us to think he would not; the story says that after some Thessalian young persons, in the fourth century, had been led astray by this 'Æthiopica' of Heliodorus, the synod of the Church decreed that such amorous and inflaming literature should be committed to the flames, and the author deprived of his bishopric of Tricca. To the glory of Heliodorus, he preferred resigning his prelacy to repressing his genius.

Heliodorus was not the first romance writer. Other Greeks had humanized Oriental allegory and fictitious narrative; and the Greek story-tellers, even before the Bishop of Tricca, made their heroes men and their heroines women, living natural lives without the intervention of genii or magic. But the tales of these forerunners have not been preserved except in summaries. It was Heliodorus whose art so charmed that it preserved his little tales, and became a model for Longus, Achilles Tatius, and others who came after him. To his contemporaries Heliodorus was of so small value that the closing sentence of his romance—"Thus endeth the Æthiopian historie of Theagenes and Cariclea, the author whereof is Heliodorus of Emesos, a citie in Phœnicia, sonne of Theodosius, which fetched his petigree from the Sunne"—is about all the record we have of him.

His romance was brought to light by a German soldier, who in the plunder of a library at Buda in 1526, attracted by its rich binding, stole the manuscript. He brought this treasure westward and sold it to Vincent Obsopæus, who published it in Basel in 1534. "Until this period," says Huet in his treatise on the origin of romances (Huet was a courtier of Louis XIV), "nothing had been seen better conceived or better executed than those adventures of Theagenes and Chariclea. Nothing can be more chaste than their loves, in which the author's own virtuous mind assists the religion of Christianity, which he professed, in diffusing over the whole work that air of *honnêteté* in which the earlier romances are deficient. The incidents are numerous, novel, probable, and skilfully unfolded. The dénouement is admirable: it is natural; it grows out of the subject; and it is in the highest degree pathetic." Quickly told, the story is this. The lovers—Chariclea, a priestess of Delphi, and Theagenes, a descendant of Achilles—fly to Egypt. After many adventures and misfortunes, they come to Æthiopia and are about to suffer immolation to the sun

and moon, when it is revealed that Chariclea is the daughter of the king of that country. By a miracle she had been born white. The marriage of the lovers follows.

In 1547 Jacques Amyot translated the story into French. It was also translated into several other languages, and has exerted a wide influence upon fictitious narrative. It was universally read. "Heliodorus, that good Bishop of Tricca," says Montaigne in one of his essays, "rather chose to lose the dignity, profit, and devotion of so venerable a prelacy than to lose his daughter: a daughter that continues to this day very graceful and comely; but peradventure a little too curiously and wantonly tricked, and too amorous for an ecclesiastical and sacerdotal daughter." In this century — the century in which Montaigne wrote — Tasso, promising the courtiers of the French king that such favorite reading of theirs should be preserved in the glories of Italian verse, transferred to the heroine Clorinda the incidents of the birth and early life of Chariclea; Tasso's friend Guarini imitated the proposed sacrifice and the discovery of the birth of Chariclea in his pastoral drama 'Il Pastor Fido.' Racine was also inspired by Heliodorus' story at Port Royal. The fathers burnt the first copy that he had got hold of, and the second, and a third, but the mischief had been done; Racine's imagination had been fired, and throughout his life the story was beloved of him. Both French and English writers of tragedy have used the plot; and Raphael, aided by Giulio Romano, took two of the most striking incidents of the story for his canvases. In one he has painted the moment when Theagenes and Chariclea meet in the temple of Delphi; in the other, Chariclea on board the Tyrian ship is imploring the captain of the pirates that she may not be separated from her lover and the Egyptian priest.

The following are two episodes taken from the English version of Underdowne — "An Æthiopian Historie written in Greeke by Heliodorus no lesse wittie then pleasaunt Englished by Thomas Underdowne and newly corrected and augmented with divers and sundry new additions by the said authour whereunto is also annexed the argument of every booke in the beginning of the same for the better understanding of the storie. 1587." The relation to the Greek original is often remote or casual; the version is of value, however, as a piece of English prose.

THE LOVERS

From 'The First Booke'

AS soone as the day appeared and the Sunne began to shine on the tops of the hilles, men whose custome was to live by rapine and violence ranne to the top of a hill that stretched towards the mouth of Nylus called Heracleot: where standing awhile they viewed the sea underneath them,

and when they had looked a good season a far off into the same, and could see nothing that might put them in hope of pray, they cast their eyes somewhat neare the shoare: where a shippe, tyed with cables to the maine land, lay at road, without sailers, and full fraughted, which thing they who were a farre of might easily conjecture: for the burden caused the shippe to drawe water within the bourdes of the decke. But on the shore every place was ful of men, some quite dead, some halfe dead, some whose bodies yet panted, and plainly declared that there had ben a battell fought of late.

But there could be seene no signes or tokens of any just quarell, but there seemed to be an ill and unluckie banket, and those that remained, obtained such ende. For the tables were furnished with delicate dishes, some whereof laie in the handes of those that were slaine, being in steede of weapons to some of them in the battaile, so souddeyly begunne. Others covered such as crope under them to hide themselves, as they thought. Besides, the cuppes were overthrowen, and fell out of the handes, either of them that dranke, or those who had in steade of stones used them. For that soudaine mischiefe wrought newe devises, and taught them in steade of weapons to use their pottes. Of those who lay there, one was wounded with an axe, an other was hurte with the shelles of fishes, whereof on the shore there was great plentie, an other was al to crushed with a lever, many burnt with fire, and the rest by divers other meanes, but most of all were slaine with arrowes. To be brieve, God shewed a wonderfull sight in so shorte time, bruining bloude with wine, joyning battaile with banketting, mingling indifferently slaughters with drinkings, and killing with quaffinges, providing such a sight for the theeves of Egypt to gaze at.

For they, when they had given these thinges the lookinge-on a good while from the hill, coulde not understande what that sight meante: for asmuch as they saw some slaine there, but the conquerors coulde they see no where; a manifest victorie but no spoysl taken away; a shippe without mariners onely, but as concerning other things untouched, as if shee had beene kept with a garde of many men, and lay at road in a faulse harbour. But for all that they knew not what that thing meant, yet they had respect to their lucre and gaine.

When therefore they had determind that themselves were the victors, they drewe neare unto the same: and not being farre from the ship and those that were slaine, they saw a sight more perplexed then the rest a great deale. A maid endued with excellent beautie, which also might be supposed a goddessse, sate uppon a rocke, who seemed not a little to bee grieved with that present mischaunce, but for al that of excellent courage: she had a garland of laurell on her head, a quiver on her backe, and in her lefte hand a bowe, leaning upon her thigh with her other hande, and looking downewarde, without moving of her head, beholding a certaine young man a good way off, the which was sore wounded, and seemed to lift up himselfe as if he had bin wakened out of a deep sleepe, almost of death it selfe: yet was he in this case of singular beautie, and for all that his cheekes were besprinkled with bloude, his whitenes did ap-

peare so much the more. He was constrained for griefe to cloase his eyes, yet caused he the maide to looke stedfastly upon him, and these things must they needs see, because they saw her. But as soone as he came to him selfe a little, he uttered these words very faintly. And art thou safe in deede my sweet hart, quoth hee? or else hast thou with thy death by any mischance augmented this slaughter? Thou canst not, no, not by death, be separated from me. But of the fruition of thy sight and thy life, doeth all mine estate depend. Yea in you (answered the maide) doeth my whole fortune consist, whither I shall live or die; and for this cause, you see (shewing a knife in her hande) this was hetherto readie, but only for your recovering was restrayned. And as soone as shee had saide thus, she leapt from the stone, and they who were on the hill, as well for wonder as also for the feare they had, as if they had beene stricken with lightning, ranne everie man to hide them in the bushes there beside. For she seemed to them a thing of greater price, and more heavenlie, when she stooode upright, and her arrowes with the sudden moving of her bodie, gave a clashe on her shoulders, her apparrell wrought with golde glistered against the Sunne, and her haire under her garlande, blowen about with the winde, covered a great part of her backe. The theeves were greatly afraide of these thinges, the rather for that they understoode not what that should meane which they sawe. Some of them said indeede it was a Goddesse and Diana, other said it was Isis, which was honoured there: but some of them said it was some Priest of the Gods, that replenished with Divine furie had made the great slaughter which there appeared; and thus everie man gave his verdict, because they knewe not the trueth. But she hastilie running to the young man embraced him, wept for sorrow, kissed him, wiped away his bloud, and made pitiful mone, being very carefull for his safetie.

THEAGENES AND THE BULL

From 'The Tenth Booke'

AS soone as Hidaspes had in fewe woordes declared to the people his victorie, and what he had done else luckily for the common wealth, he commanded them who had to do with the holy affaires to beginne their sacrifice. There were three altars made: two which appertained to the Sunne and Moon were set together; the third, the altar of Bacchus, was erected a good way off; to him they sacrificed al manner of living things, because that his power is wel knowen, as I suppose, and pleaseth all. Uppon the other altars to the Sunne were offered young white horses, and to the Moone a yoke of oxen, by reason that they helpe them in their husbandrie. Not farre from thence, while these thinges were in doing, there was a soudaine uncertain voice

heard (as is like would be among such a multitude) which cried: Let the sacrifice which our countrie accustometh to do, be now made for all our safeties, then let the first fruits that were gotten in the war be offered.

Hidaspes perceived that they called for humane sacrifices, which are woont to be offered of those that are taken in straung warres; and beckoned with hand, and told them that he would by and by doo what they required; and therewith he commaunded the prisoners appointed for the purpose to be brought foorth, among whom came Theagenes, and Cariclea, not bound, but garded about with men: all the other were heaue — and good reason why — saving Theagenes; and Cariclea smiled, and went with a cheerefull countenance. . . . At the altar of the Moone stode two bullockes; and at the altar of the Sunne foure white horses, to be sacrificed: when the monstrous and strounge beast came in sight, they were as sore troubled, and afraid as if they had sene a sprite; and one of the bulles, which as might be thought sawe the beast alone, and two horses, brake out of their handes that helde them, and ranne about as fast as they could: mary, they could not breake out of the compasse of the army, because the souldiers with their shieldes had made as it were a wall round; but they ranne here and there, and overthrewe all that stode in their way, were it vessel or anything els; so that there was a great shout, as well of those to whome they came for feare, as also for joy and pleasure that other had to see them overrunne their mates, and tread them under their feete. . . .

Then Theagenes, either moved with his own manly courage or else sturred forwarde with strength sent him of God, when he sawe his keepers that attended uppon him dispersed here and there, with the tumulte start up soudainely (for before he kneeled at the altar, and looked every minute to be slaine) and tooke up a cleft sticke, whereof there lay a great many upon the altar, and leapt uppon one of the horses that was broken loose, and holding him by the mane in steede of a bridle, and with his heeles and the cleft sticke making him to go, folowed the Bull. At the first every man thought that Theagenes would have bene gone, and therefore encouraged one another that they would not let him goe out of compasse of the souldiers. But by that hee did after, they sawe he did it not for feare, not to avoid the sacrificing: for when he had overtaken the Bull, in verie short time, he tooke him by the taile, and drave him forward of purpose to weary him in making him runne faster, which way so ever he went, hee followed after him, and with great skill so tooke heede to his shorte turnes that they hurt him not. After he had acquainted the Bull with this, he rode at his side, so neare that their skinnes touched, and their breathes and sweatte were mingled together, and he made them keepe so equall a course too, that those who were a farre off deemed that they had bene made but one, and commended Theagenes to the heavens, that had so straungly yoked a horse and a Bull together.

And upon this looked all the people; but when Cariclea saw it, shee trembled

and quaked, because she knew not what hee meant, and was as sore afraide of his hurte, if he should by ill happe have a fall, as if she should have bene slaine herself. . . . Theagenes, after he had let the horse runne as faste as he coulde, so long till his breast was equall with the Bulles head, he let him go at libertie, and fell upon the Bulles head betweene his hornes, and cast his armes about his head like a garlande, and clasped his fingers on his forehead before, and let the rest of his body hang downe by the right shoulder of him. So that the Bull in going hurt him a little. After Theagenes perceived that he was weary with the great burthen, and his muscles were faint with too much travell, and that hee came before the place where Hydaspes sate, he turned himselfe before and set his feete before the Bull, who beatte upon his hoofes stil, and so tripped him. He being let of his course, and overcome with the strength of the young man, fell downe upon his head and shoulders, so that his hornes stucke so fast in the ground, that he could not move his head, and his feete stoode upward, with which he sprawled in vaine a great while, and by his feeblenes declared that he was overcome. Theagenes lay uppon him, and with his left hand held him downe, but lifted his right hand up to heaven, and looked merrilie upon Hydaspes and all that were there els, who laughed and were much delighted with that sight, and they heard that the Bull with his lowing declared the famousnesse of the victorie, as wel as if it had beene declared with a trumpet. On the other side was a great shoute of the people, that said plainly nothing that one could understand to his praise, but with their wide throates and gaping mouthes (as in like assemblies doeth oft happen) they seemed to extoll him to the heavens with one consent.

LONGUS

LONGUS seems to have been influenced by the imaginary letters of Alciphron (c. 200 A.D.) and to have been imitated in his turn by Achilles Tatius, so that we may with some degree of probability place his work in the third or fourth century A.D. His familiarity with Lesbos and in particular with the region about Mitylene, where the scene of his 'Daphnis and Chloe' is laid, is perhaps the source of the tradition that he was a Lesbian sophist. This pastoral tale, so different from the wildly improbable stories of adventure of Heliodorus, describes the awakening of passion between a simple shepherd and shepherdess left without any restraint in each other's companionship. In its origins it goes back to the bucolic idyls of Theocritus and the poems of Bion and Moschus, of which it is in a sense a prose revival. The refinements of city life were bringing back a literary and affected idealization of the simple life.

Longus seems to have discerned, in a higher degree than any other writers of his time, the true nature of romance. With him melodramatic narrative, that snatches the reader in haste from one crisis to another, yielded to a quiet portrayal of homely life and character within narrow limits of time and place. The development of the passion of the two children is the main theme and the one adventurous incident; the kidnapping of Chloe by a pirate and her rescue by the God Pan is of no especial moment in the story. His descriptions of the groves and mountains of Lesbos, of its fountains and grottoes, may be exaggerated and affected, but they are taken from nature itself, and evidence a highly poetic imagination.

The work is marred by the author's evident desire to appeal to the sensual emotions of his readers, and the slow and lingering discovery of the lovers' feelings for each other is not as ingenuous as the sophisticated writer would have us believe. The translation of Amyot, revised by Paul-Louis Courier, softens the effect as does also Bernardin de Saint-Pierre's 'Paul et Virginie.' 'Arcadia' by Sir Philip Sidney and 'The Gentle Shepherd' of Allan Ramsay are English adaptations of the story.

THE TWO FOUNDLINGS

From 'Daphnis and Chloe'

IN the island of Lesbos, whilst hunting in a grove sacred to the Nymphs, I beheld the most beauteous sight that I have seen in all my life: a painting which represented the incidents of a tale of love. The grove itself was charming; it contained no lack of flowers, trees thick with foliage, and a cool spring which nourished alike trees and flowers. But the picture was more pleasing than aught else by reason both of its amorous character and its marvelous workmanship. So excellently was it wrought, indeed, that the many strangers who had heard speak of it came thither to render worship to the Nymphs and to view it. Women in the throes of childbirth were depicted in it, nurses wrapping infants in swathing-clothes, little babes exposed to the mercy of fortune, animals suckling them, shepherds carrying them away, young people exchanging vows of love, pirates at sea, a hostile force scouring the country; with many other incidents, all amorous, which I viewed with so much pleasure and found so beautiful that I felt desirous of recording them in writing. Accordingly I sought for some one who could fully explain them to me: and having been informed of everything, I composed these four books, which I dedicate as an offering to Cupid, to the Nymphs, and to Pan; hoping that the tale will prove acceptable to many classes of people, inasmuch as it may serve to cure illness, console grief, refresh the memory of him who has already loved, and instruct him who as yet knows not what love is. Never was there and never will there be a man able to resist love, so long as beauty exists in the world and there are eyes to behold it.

The gods grant that whilst describing the emotions of others, I may remain undisturbed myself.

Mitylene is a beautiful and extensive city of Lesbos, intersected by various channels of the sea flowing through and around it, and adorned with bridges of polished white stone. You might imagine on beholding it that it was a collection of islets rather than a city. About twenty-four miles from Mitylene, a rich man had an estate, none finer than which could be found in all the surrounding country. The neighboring woods abounded with game, the fields yielded corn, the hillocks were covered with vines, there was pasture land for the herds; and the whole was bounded by the sea, which washed an extensive smooth and sandy shore.

On this estate, whilst a goatherd named Lamon was tending his herds in the fields, he found a little child whom one of his she-goats was suckling. There was here a dense thicket of brakes and brambles, covered with intermingling branches of ivy; whilst underneath, the soil was carpeted with soft fine grass, upon which the infant was lying. To this spot the she-goat often betook her-

self, abandoning her own kid and remaining with the child, so that it was not known what had become of her. Lamon, who was grieved to see the kid neglected, watched the dam's movements; and one day when the sun was burning in his meridian heat, he followed her and saw her softly enter the thicket, stepping carefully over the child so that she might not injure it, whilst the babe took hold of her udder as if this had been its mother's breast. Greatly surprised, and advancing close to the spot, Lamon discovered that the infant was a male child with well-proportioned limbs and handsome countenance, and wearing richer attire than seemed suited to such an outcast; for its little mantle was of fine purple and fastened by a golden clasp, whilst near it lay a small knife with a handle of ivory.

At first Lamon resolved to leave the infant to its fate, and only to carry off the tokens which had been left with it; but he soon felt ashamed of showing himself less humane than his goat, and at the approach of night he took up the infant and the tokens, and with the she-goat following him, went home to Myrtale his wife.

Myrtale, who was astonished at the sight, asked if goats now gave birth to babes instead of kids; whereupon her husband recounted to her every particular of the discovery, saying how he had found the child lying on the grass and the goat suckling it, and how ashamed he had felt at the idea of leaving the babe to perish. His wife declared that it would have been wrong to do so, and they thereupon agreed to conceal the tokens and to adopt the child. They employed the goat as his nurse, affirmed on all sides that he was their own offspring, and in order that his name might accord with their rustic condition they called him Daphnis.

Two years had elapsed, when Dryas, a neighboring shepherd, met with a similar adventure whilst tending his flock. In this part of the country there was a grotto of the Nymphs, which was hollowed out of a large rock rounded at the summit. Inside there were statues of the Nymphs carved in stone, their feet bare, their arms also naked, their hair flowing loosely upon their shoulders, their waists girt, their faces smiling, and their attitudes similar to those of a troop of dancers. In the deepest part of the grotto a spring gurgled from the rock; and its waters, spreading into a copious stream, refreshed the soft and abundant herbage of a delightful meadow that stretched before the entrance, where milk-pails, transverse flutes, flageolets, and pastoral pipes, were suspended — the votive offerings of many an old shepherd.

A ewe of Dryas' flock, which had lately lambed, frequently resorted to this grotto, raising apprehensions that she was lost. The shepherd, to prevent her straying in future, and to keep her with the flock as previously, twisted some green osiers so as to form a noose, and went to seize her in the grotto. But upon his arrival there, he beheld a sight far contrary to his expectation. He found his ewe presenting, with all the tenderness of a real mother, her udder to an infant; which, without uttering the faintest cry, eagerly turned its

clean and glossy face from one teat to the other, the ewe licking it as soon as it had had its fill. This child was a girl; and in addition to the garments in which it was swathed, it had, by way of tokens to insure recognition, a head-dress wrought with gold, gilt sandals, and golden anklets.

Dryas imagined that this foundling was a gift from the gods: and, inclined to love and pity by the example of his ewe, he raised the infant in his arms, placed the tokens in his bag, and invoked the blessing of the Nymphs upon the charge which he had received from them; and when the time came for driving his cattle from their pasture, he returned to his cottage and related all the circumstances of his discovery to his wife, exhibiting the foundling, and entreating her to observe secrecy and to regard and rear the child as her own daughter.

Nape (for so his wife was called) at once adopted the infant, for which she soon felt a strong affection; being stimulated thereto, perhaps, by a desire to excel the ewe in tenderness. She declared herself a mother; and in order to obtain credit for her story, she gave the child the pastoral name of Chloe.

Daphnis and Chloe grew rapidly, and their comeliness far exceeded the common appearance of rustics. The former had completed his fifteenth year and Chloe her thirteenth, when on the same night a vision appeared to Lamon and Dryas in a dream. They each thought that they beheld the Nymphs of the grotto, where the fountain played and where Dryas had found the little girl, presenting Daphnis and Chloe to a young boy of very sprightly gait and beautiful mien, who had wings on his shoulders, and who carried a little bow and some arrows in his hand. The urchin lightly touched the young people with one of his shafts, and commanded them to devote themselves to a pastoral life. To Daphnis he committed the care of the sheep.

When this vision appeared to the shepherd and the goatherd, they were grieved to think that their adopted children should, like themselves, be destined to tend animals. From the tokens found with the infants, they had augured for the latter a better fortune; and in this expectation they had brought them up in a more delicate manner, and had procured for them more instruction and accomplishments, than usually fall to the lot of shepherds' offspring.

It appeared to them, however, that with regard to children whom the gods had preserved, the will of the gods must be obeyed; and each having communicated his dream to the other, they repaired to the grotto, offered up a sacrifice to the companion of the Nymphs — "the winged boy," with those name they were unacquainted — and then sent the youth and maiden forth into the fields, having, however, first instructed them in their pastoral duties. They taught them, for instance, whither they should guide their herds before the noonday heat, whither they should conduct them when it had abated, at what time it was meet to lead them to the stream, and at what hour they should drive them

home to the fold. They showed them also in which instances the use of the crook was required, and in which the voice alone would suffice.

The young people received the charge of the sheep and goats with as much exultation as if they had acquired some powerful sovereignty, and felt more affection for their animals than shepherds usually feel; for Chloe reflected that she owed her preservation to a ewe, and Daphnis remembered that a she-goat had suckled him.

It was then the beginning of spring. In the wood and meadows and on the mountains the flowers were blooming amid the buzzing murmurs of the bees, the warbling of the birds, and the bleating of the lambs. The sheep were skipping on the slopes, the bees flew humming through the meadows, and the songs of the birds resounded among the bushes. All nature joined in rejoicing at the springtide; and Daphnis and Chloe, as they were young and susceptible, imitated whatever they saw or heard. Hearing the carols of the birds, they sang; at sight of the playful skipping of the lambs they danced; and in imitation of the bees they gathered flowers, some of which they placed in their bosoms, whilst with others they wove chaplets which they carried as offerings to the Nymphs. They tended their flocks and herds together, and carried on all their vocations in common. Daphnis frequently collected such of the sheep as had strayed; and if a goat ventured too near a precipice, Chloe drove it back. Sometimes one took the entire management both of the goats and the sheep, whilst the other was engaged in some amusement.

Their sports were of a childish, pastoral character: Chloe would neglect her flocks to roam in search of day-lilies, the stalks of which she twisted into traps for locusts; while Daphnis often played from morn till eve upon a pipe which he had formed of slender reeds, perforating them between their joints and securing them together with soft wax. The young folks now often shared their milk and wine, and made a common meal of the food which they had brought from home as provision for the day; and the sheep might sooner have been seen to disperse and browse apart than Daphnis to separate himself from Chloe.

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

THE steadfast sight of the greater monuments of Greece warps our conception of Greek life. We behold the Parthenon; we forget that each village shrine had its sense of proportion and subtle curve. The Venus of Melos we remember, and the Victory is poised forever on its cliff; but Tanagra figurines tell as much of Greek life. Nor is it otherwise in letters. The great names we all know. For a brief span they stood close together, and the father who heard Æschylus might have told his experience to a long-lived son who read Aristotle, while between the two stood all the greatest genius that makes Greece Greek — save only Homer. And this pinnacle was gained by an ascent of hardly more than two hundred years from the first written Greek literature that still lives. The descent, to the last of the Greek verse which still remained poetry, ran through thirteen centuries. Over all this prodigious span of fifteen hundred years stretches the Greek Anthology, a collection of 4,063 short Greek poems, two to eight lines long for the most part, collected and re-collected through more than a thousand years. The first of these poets, Mimnermus, was the contemporary of Jeremiah, and dwelt in cities that shuddered over tidings of Babylonian invasion. The last, Cometas, was the contemporary of Edward the Confessor, and dreaded Seljuk and Turk.

As the epic impulse faded, and before Greek tragedy rose, the same race and dialect which had given to epic narrative its proud, full verse devised also the elegiac couplet. With its opening even flow, its swifter rush in the second line, and its abrupt pause, it was a medium in which not narrative but man spoke, whether personal in passion, or impersonal in the dedication of a statue, or in epitaph. This verse had conventions as rigorous and restrained as the sonnet. It served as well for the epitaph of Thermopylæ as for the bier of a child, dead new-born; and lent itself as gracefully to the gift of a bunch of roses as it swelled with some sonorous blast of patriotism. It could sharpen to a gibe, or sink to a moan at untoward fate. Through a period twice as long as the life of English letters, these short poems set forth the vision of life, the ways and works of men, the love and death of mortals. These lines of weight, of moment, always of grace and often of inspiration, stood on mile-stones; they graced the base of statues; they were inscribed on tombs; they stood over doorways; they were painted on vases. The rustic shrines held them, and they were carved on the front of the great temple. In this form, friend wrote to friend and lover to lover. Four or five of the best express the emotion of the passing Greek traveler at the statue of Memnon on the Nile. The quality of verse that fills the inn album today we all know; but Greek life was so compact

of form and thought that even this unknown traveler's verse, scrawled with a stylus, still thrills as the statue still sounds its ancient note.

In this long succession of short poems is delineated the Greek character, not of Athens, but of the whole circle of the Mediterranean. The complete life of the race is in its subjects. Each great Greek victory has its epigrams. In them, statues have an immortal life denied to marble and to bronze. The admiration of the Hellene for his great men of letters stands recorded here; his early love for the heroes of his brief-lived freedom, and his sedulous flattery of his Roman lords in the days of his slavery. Here too is his domestic life, its joy and its sorrow. In this epigram, the maid dedicates her dolls to Artemis; and in that, the mother, mother and priestess both, lays down a life overflowing in good deeds and fruited with honorable offspring. The splendid side of Greek life is painted elsewhere. Here is its homely simplicity. The fisher again spreads his nets and the sailor his peaked lateen sail. The hunter sets his snares and tracks his game in the light snow. The caged partridge stretches its weary wings in its cage, and the cat has for it a modern appetite. Men gibe and jest. They see how hollow life is, and also how truth rings true. Love is here, sacred and revered, in forms pure and holy; and not less, that shameful passion decked with beauty in which Greek manhood lost its virtue.

Half a century before Christ, when Greek life had overspread the eastern Mediterranean, and in every market-place Greek was the tongue of trade, of learning, and of gentle breeding, Greek literature grew conscious of its own riches. For six centuries and more, men had been writing these brief epigrams. One had the brevity of Simonides, another Alexandrian luxuriance. Many were carved by those who wrote much; more by those who composed but two or three. In Syrian Gadara there dwelt a Greek, Meleager, whose poetry is the very flower of fervent Greek verse. Yet so near did he live to the great awakening which was to overturn the gods he loved, and substitute morality for beauty as the mainspring of life, that some who knew him must also, a brief span later, have known Jesus the Christ. Meleager was the first who gathered Greek epigrams in an Anthology, prefacing it with such apt critical utterance as has been the despair of all critics called since to weigh verse in ruder scales. He had the best of Greek to pick from, and he chose with unerring taste. To his collection Philippus of Thessalonica, working when Paul was preaching in Jason's house, added the work of the Roman period, a newer development of the epigram. Other collections and later have perished, one in the third or Byzantine period, in which this verse had a renaissance under Justinian. In the tenth century a Byzantine scholar, Constantinos Cephalas, rearranged his predecessors' collections — Meleager's included — and brought together the largest number which has come down to us. The collection is known today as the 'Palatine Anthology,' from the library which long owned it. This work was in the last flare of life in the Lower Empire, when Greek heroism, for the last time, stemmed the Moslem tide and gave Eastern

Europe breathing-space. When his successor, Maximus Planudes, of the time of Petrarch — monk, diplomat, theologian, and phrase-maker — addressed himself to making the last collection, the shadow of new Italy lay over Greek life, and the Galilean had recast the minds of men. The collection of Planudes long remained the only one known (first edition Florence, 1594). That of Cephalas survived in a single manuscript of varied fortune, seen in 1606 by Salmasius at eighteen — happy boy, and happy manuscript! — lost to learning for a century and a half in the Vatican, published by Brunck, 1776, and finally edited by Frederic Jacobs, 1794–1803.

Unless otherwise designated the translations below are by J. W. Mackail. But no translation equals the sanity, the brevity, the clarity of the Greek original, qualities which have made these epigrams consummate models of style to the modern world. In all the round of literature, the only exact analogue of the Greek epigram is the Japanese “ode,” with its thirty syllables, its single idea, and its constant use by all classes as a universal medium of familiar poetic expression.

TALCOTT WILLIAMS

ON THE ATHENIAN DEAD AT PLATÆA

SIMONIDES (556–467 B.C.)

IF to die nobly is the chief part of excellence, to us out of all men Fortune gave this lot; for hastening to set a crown of freedom on Greece, we lie possessed of praise that grows not old.

ON THE LACEDÆMONIAN DEAD AT PLATÆA

SIMONIDES

THESE men, having set a crown of imperishable glory on their own land, were folded in the dark clouds of death; yet being dead they have not died, since from on high their excellence raises them gloriously out of the house of Hades.

ON A SLEEPING SATYR

PLATO (429–347 B.C.)

THIS satyr Diodorus engraved not, but laid to rest; your touch will wake him; the silver is asleep.

A POET'S EPITAPH

SIMMIAS OF THEBES (405 B.C.)

QUIETLY, o'er the tomb of Sophocles,
 Quietly, ivy, creep with tendrils green;
 And roses, ope your petals everywhere,
 While dewy shoots of grape-vine peep between,
 Upon the wise and honeyed poet's grave,
 Whom Muse and Grace their richest treasures gave.

WORSHIP IN SPRING

THEÆTETUS (Fourth Century B.C.)

NOW at her fruitful birth-tide the fair green field flowers out in blowing roses; now on the boughs of the colonnaded cypresses the cicada, mad with music, lulls the binder of sheaves; and the careful mother swallow, having finished houses under the eaves, gives harborage to her brood in the mud-plastered cells; and the sea slumbers, with zephyr-wooing calm spread clear over the broad ship-tracks, not breaking in squalls on the sternposts, not vomiting foam upon the beaches. O sailor, burn by the altars the glittering round of a mullet, or a cuttlefish, or a vocal scarus, to Priapus, ruler of ocean and giver of anchorage; and so go fearlessly on thy seafaring to the bounds of the Ionian Sea.

SPRING ON THE COAST

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM (Third Century B.C.)

NOW is the season of sailing; for already the chattering swallow is come, and the gracious west wind; the meadows flower, and the sea, tossed up with waves and rough blasts, has sunk to silence. Weigh thine anchors and unloose thine hawsers, O mariner, and sail with all thy canvas set: this I, Priapus of the harbor, bid thee, O man, that thou mayest set forth to all thy trafficking.

LOVE

POSIDIPPUS (Third Century B.C.)

JAR of Athens, drip the dewy juice of wine, drip, let the feast to which all bring their share be wetted as with dew; be silenced the swan-sage Zeno, and the Muse of Cleanthes, and let bittersweet Love be our concern.

SORROW'S BARREN GRAVE

HERACLITUS (Third Century B.C.)

KEEP off, keep off thy hand, O husbandman,
 Nor through this grave's calm dust thy plowshare drive;
 These very sods have once been mourned upon,
 And on such ground no crop will ever thrive,
 Nor corn spring up with green and feathery ears,
 From earth that has been watered by such tears.

PAN OF THE SEA-CLIFF

ARCHIAS (First Century B.C.)

ME, Pan, the fishermen placed upon this holy cliff — Pan of the sea-shore, the watcher here over the fair anchorages of the harbor: and I take care now of the baskets and again of the trawlers off this shore. But sail thou by, O stranger, and in requital of this good service of theirs I will send behind thee a gentle south wind.

THE TALE OF TROY

ALPHEUS (First Century B.C.)

STILL we hear the wail of Andromache, still we see all Troy toppling from her foundations, and the battling Ajax, and Hector, bound to the horses, dragged under the city's crown of towers — through the Muse of Mæonides, the poet with whom no one country adorns herself as her own, but the zones of both worlds.

REST AT NOON

MELEAGER (First Century B.C.)

VOICEFUL cricket, drunken with drops of dew, thou playest thy rustic music that murmurs in the solitude, and perched on the leaf edges shrillest thy lyre-tune with serrated legs and swart skin. But, my dear, utter a new song for the tree-nymphs' delight, and make thy harp-notes echo to Pan's, that escaping Love I may seek out sleep at noon, here, lying under the shady plane.

ANACREON'S GRAVE

ANTIPATER OF SIDON (First Century B.C.)

O STRANGER who passeth by the humble tomb of Anacreon, if thou hast had aught of good from my books, pour libation on my ashes, pour libation of the jocund grape, that my bones may rejoice, wetted with wine; so I, who was ever deep in the wine-steeped revels of Dionysus, I who was bred among drinking tunes, shall not even when dead endure without Bacchus this place to which the generation of mortals must come.

MELEAGER'S OWN EPITAPH

MELEAGER

TREAD softly, O stranger; for here an old man sleeps among the holy dead, lulled in the slumber due to all; Meleager son of Eucrates, who united Love of the sweet tears and the Muses with the joyous Graces; whom god-begotten Tyre brought to manhood, and the sacred land of Gadara, but lovely Cos nursed in old age among the Meropes. But if thou art a Syrian, say "Salam," and if a Phœnician, "Naidios," and if a Greek, "Hail": they are the same.

EPILOGUE

PHILODEMUS (60 B.C.)

I WAS in love once; who has not been? I have reveled; who is uninitiated in revels? Nay, I was mad; at whose prompting but a god's? Let them go; for now the silver hair is fast replacing the black, a messenger of wisdom that comes with age. We too played when the time of playing was; and now that it is no longer, we will turn to worthier thoughts.

DOCTOR AND DIVINITY

NICARCHUS

MARCUS the doctor called yesterday on the marble Zeus; though marble, and though Zeus, his funeral is today.

LOVE'S IMMORTALITY

STRATO (First Century A.D.)

WHO may know if a loved one passes the prime, while ever with him and never left alone? Who may not satisfy today who satisfied yesterday? and if he satisfy, what should befall him not to satisfy tomorrow?

AS THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELD

STRATO

IF thou boast in thy beauty, know that the rose too blooms, but quickly being withered, is cast on the dunghill; for blossom and beauty have the same time allotted to them, and both together envious time withers away.

SUMMER SAILING

ANTIPHILUS (First Century A.D.)

MINE be a mattress on the poop, and the awnings over it, sounding with the blows of the spray, and the fire forcing its way out of the hearthstones, and a pot upon them with empty turmoil of bubbles; and let me see the boy dressing the meat, and my table be a ship's plank covered with a cloth; and a game of pitch-and-toss, and the boatswain's whistle: the other day I had such fortune, for I love common life.

THE GREAT MYSTERIES

CRINAGORAS (First Century A.D.)

THOUGH thy life be fixed in one seat, and thou sailest not the sea nor treadest the roads on dry land, yet by all means go to Attica, that thou mayest see those great nights of the worship of Demeter; whereby thou shalt possess thy soul without care among the living, and lighter when thou must go to the place that awaiteth all.

TO PRIAPUS OF THE SHORE

MÆCIUS (Roman period)

PRIAPUS of the sea-shore, the trawlers lay before thee those gifts by the grace of thine aid from the promontory, having imprisoned a tunny shoal in their nets of spun hemp in the green sea entrances: a beechen cup, and a rude stool of heath, and a glass cup holding wine, that thou mayest rest thy foot, weary and cramped with dancing, while thou chasest away the dry thirst.

THE COMMON LOT

AMMIANUS (Second Century A.D.)

THOUGH thou pass beyond thy landmarks even to the pillars of Heracles, the share of earth that is equal to all men awaits thee, and thou shalt lie even as Irus, having nothing more than thine obelus moldering into a land that at last is not thine.

"TOMORROW, AND TOMORROW"

MACEDONIUS (Third Century A.D.)

TOMORROW I will look on thee"—but that never comes for us, while the accustomed putting-off ever grows and grows. This is all thy grace to my longing; and to others thou bearest other gifts, despising my faithful service. "I will see thee at evening." And what is the evening of a woman's life?—old age, full of a million wrinkles.

THE PALACE GARDEN

ARABIUS (527-567 A.D.)

IAM filled with waters, and gardens, and groves, and vineyards, and the joyousness of the bordering sea; and fisherman and farmer from different sides stretch forth to me the pleasant gifts of sea and land: and them who abide in me, either a bird singing or the sweet cry of the ferrymen lulls to rest.

THE YOUNG WIFE

JULIANUS ÆGYPTIUS (532 A.D.)

IN season the bride-chamber held thee, out of season the grave took thee,
 O Anastasia, flower of the blithe Graces; for thee a father, for thee a
 husband pours bitter tears; for thee haply even the ferryman of the dead
 weeps; for not a whole year didst thou accomplish beside thine husband, but
 at sixteen years old, alas! the tomb holds thee.

RESIGNATION

JOANNES BARBUCALLUS (Sixth Century A.D.)

GAZING upon my husband as my last thread was spun, I praised
 the gods of death, and I praised the gods of marriage — those, that
 I left my husband alive, and these, that he was even such an one; but
 may he remain, a father for our children.

THE HOUSE OF THE RIGHTEOUS

MACEDONIUS (Sixth Century A.D.)

RIGHTEOUSNESS has raised this house from the first foundation
 even to the lofty roof; for Macedonius fashioned not his wealth by
 heaping up from the possessions of others with plundering sword,
 nor has any poor man here wept over his vain and profitless toil, being robbed
 of his most just hire; and as rest from labor is kept inviolate by the just man,
 so let the works of pious mortals endure.

THE SINGING REED

ANONYMOUS

ITHE reed was a useless plant; for out of me grow not figs, nor apple, nor
 grape cluster: but man consecrated me a daughter of Helicon, piercing
 my delicate lips and making me the channel of a narrow stream; and
 thenceforth whenever I sip black drink, like one inspired I speak all words
 with this voiceless mouth.

YOUTH AND RICHES

ANONYMOUS

I WAS young, but poor; now in old age I am rich: alas, alone of all men pitiable in both, who then could enjoy when I had nothing, and now have when I cannot enjoy.

GOOD-BY TO CHILDHOOD

ANONYMOUS

HER tambourines and pretty ball, and the net that confined her hair, and her dolls and dolls' dresses, Timareta dedicates before her marriage to Artemis of Limnæ — a maiden to a maiden, as is fit; do thou, daughter of Leto, laying thine hand over the girl Timareta, preserve her purely in her purity.

HOPE AND EXPERIENCE

ANONYMOUS

WHOSO has married once and seeks a second wedding, is a shipwrecked man who sails twice through a difficult gulf.

THE SERVICE OF GOD

ANONYMOUS

ME, Chelidon, priestess of Zeus, who knew well in old age how to make offering on the altars of the immortals, happy in my children, free from grief, the tomb holds; for with no shadow in their eyes the gods saw my piety.

THE PURE IN HEART

ANONYMOUS

HE who enters the incense-filled temple must be holy; and holiness is to have a pure mind.

THE WATER OF PURITY

ANONYMOUS

HALLOWED in soul, O stranger, come even into the precinct of a pure god, touching thyself with the virgin water: for the good a few drops are set; but a wicked man the whole ocean cannot wash in its waters.

THE EMPTIED QUIVER

MNESALCUS (Second Century B.C.)

THIS bending bow and emptied quiver, Promachus hangs as a gift to thee, Phæbus. The swift shafts men's hearts hold, whom they called to death in the battle's rout.

Translated by Talcott Williams

A YOUNG HERO'S EPITAPH

DIOSCORIDES (Third Century B.C.)

HOME to Petana comes Thrasybulus lifeless on his shield, seven Argive wounds before. His bleeding boy the father Tynnichos lays on the pyre, to say: — "Let your wounds weep. Tearless I bury you, my boy — mine and my country's."

Translated by Talcott Williams

TO A COY MAIDEN

ASCLEPIADES (286 B.C.)

BELIEVE me love, it is not good
To hoard a mortal maidenhood;
In Hades thou wilt never find,
Maiden, a lover to thy mind;
Love's for the living! presently
Ashes and dust in death are we!

Translated by Andrew Lang

ROSE AND THORN

ANONYMOUS

THE rose is at her prime a little while; which once past, thou wilt find
when thou seekest, no rose, but a thorn.

A LIFE'S WANDERING

ANONYMOUS

KNOW ye the flowery fields of the Cappadocian nation? Thence I
was born of good parents: since I left them I have wandered to the
sunset and the dawn; my name was Glaphyrus, and like my mind. I
lived out my sixtieth year in perfect freedom; I know both the favor of fortune
and the bitterness of life.

HEAVEN HATH ITS STARS

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS (First Century B.C.)

FEASTING, I watch with westward-looking eye
The flashing constellations' pageantry,
Solemn and splendid; then anon I wreath
My hair, and warbling to my harp I breathe
My full heart forth, and know the heavens look down
Pleased, for they also have their Lyre and Crown.

Translated by Richard Garnett

ON A FOWLER

ISIDORUS

WITH reeds and bird-lime from the desert air
Eumelus gathered free though scanty fare.
No lordly patron's hand he deigned to kiss,
Nor luxury knew, save liberty, nor bliss.
Thrice thirty years he lived, and to his heirs
His reeds bequeathed, his bird-lime, and his snares.

Translated by William Cowper

A NAMELESS GRAVE

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

MY name, my country, what are they to thee?
 What, whether proud or bare my pedigree?
 Perhaps I far surpassed all other men;
 Perhaps I fell below them all. What then?
 Suffice it, stranger, that thou seest a tomb.
 Thou knowest its use. It hides — no matter whom.

Translated by William Cowper

"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY"

MELEAGER

NOW the white iris blossoms, and the rain-loving narcissus,
 And now again the lily, the mountain-roaming, blows.
 Now too, the flower of lovers, the crown of all the springtime,
 Zenophila the winsome, doth blossom with the rose.
 O meadows, wherefore vainly in your radiant garlands laugh ye?
 Since fairer is the maiden than any flower that grows!

Translated by Alma Strettell

LOVE'S FERRIAGE

AGATHIAS (527-565 A.D.)

SINCE she was watched and could not kiss me closely,
 Divine Rhodanthe cast her maiden zone
 From off her waist, and holding it thus loosely
 By the one end, she put a kiss thereon;
 Then I — Love's stream as through a channel taking —
 My lips upon the other end did press
 And drew the kisses in, while ceaseless making,
 Thus from afar, reply to her caress.
 So the sweet girdle did beguile our pain,
 Being a ferry for our kisses twain.

Translated by Alma Strettell

FIRST LOVE AGAIN REMEMBERED

ANONYMOUS

WHILE yet the grapes were green thou didst refuse me;
When they were ripe, didst proudly pass me by:
But do not grudge me still a single cluster,
Now that the grapes are withering and dry.

Translated by Alma Strettell

SLAVE AND PHILOSOPHER

ANONYMOUS

IEPICLETUS was a slave while here,
Deformed in body, and like Irus poor,
Yet to the gods immortal I was dear.

Translated by Lilla Cabot Perry; reprinted by permission of the American Publishers' Corporation.

WISHING

ANONYMOUS

IT'S oh! to be a wild wind, when my lady's in the sun:
She'd just unbind her neckerchief, and take me breathing in.
It's oh! to be a red rose, just a faintly blushing one,
So she'd pull me with her hand, and to her snowy breast I'd win.

Translated by William M. Hardinge

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